

Hymns
of
Grace and Truth

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HYMNS

OF

GRACE AND TRUTH

“Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.”
(Eph. v. 19.)



NEW YORK
LOIZEAUX BROTHERS, BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT
1 East 13th Street

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NEW YORK

PREFACE.

THE compilers have sought in every way to make the book now put before the Lord's people answer to its name,—HYMNS OF GRACE AND TRUTH. Mere poetry, no matter how beautiful or endeared to the minds of many by long use and hallowed associations, can never take the place of that which must be the solid foundation of all worship. Therefore, in the hymns selected, alterations have been made, but only where necessary to correct an error, secure dignity of expression, or guard against misapprehension. In this difficult task the desire has always been to depart as little as possible from the words of the original author, whose right to his own expressions should be respected.

A wide range of subjects has been covered, thus meeting in a general way all demands likely to be made upon a hymn-book.

The first part of the book is devoted to hymns of praise and worship, sufficiently numerous for all general purposes. Considerable space, also, has been given to those voicing Christian experience, dealing with the needs, trials, sorrows, and mercies of the people of God in their wilderness journey. This feature will be found especially useful for the prayer-meeting and other gatherings of that character, as well as for family and private use. While all true worship must rise to God, it is a comfort to know He also takes knowledge of the circumstances of His people, and would have them bring these, together with the experiences produced by His Spirit in connection with them, to Him in spiritual songs.

Special attention has been given to hymns for the gospel, and those suited for children, both of which are, it is believed, sufficiently numerous to warrant the recommendation of the book as meeting the need for all gospel-meetings and Sunday-school work. Nor has the blessed hope of the Lord's coming been omitted—a hope, surely, which causes the pilgrim to burst forth into song; while the glories of heaven, which lie just beyond our view, fittingly close the collection. There are also a few hymns referring to the death of the believer and suitable for funerals.

The same principle of truth which has guided in the selection of hymns has been followed in selecting tunes which are an appropriate vehicle of expression for the truth embodied in the hymns, without attracting from the words by too great ornateness, or marring, by unworthy or light melody, the solemn and holy dignity that ever

becomes the praises of God. A very large collection of the best compilations of music has been searched through to secure appropriate tunes, which shall be neither too common-place nor too light on the one hand, nor too intricate and classic on the other. Many old and loved tunes have been preserved, as was proper, and where needed, slight changes in the harmony have been made. In most cases where tunes which are general favorites do not appear with the words with which they are associated in the mind, the explanation is found in the fact that these tunes are copyright property, permission for the use of which has been withheld.

An attempt has been made to have all tunes written in a key easily sung by the average voice, and adapted to congregational singing. A large number of new tunes, in accordance with the principles indicated, will be found. These have been copyrighted, with no desire to prevent their general use by the Lord's people, but to keep them under the care of the compilers. Permission will readily be granted, upon application to the Publishers, to any desiring to make proper use of these tunes, in connection with the hymns for which they were composed.

The compilers desire to express their special acknowledgment and thanks to Mr. Robert L. Haslup of Baltimore, for his kindly and painstaking interest in the work—all the music having passed under his eye.

A word will not be out of place as to the proper use of hymns. It is surely abhorrent to a God of truth for unsaved persons to use the language of hymns suited only to believers. It is proper for the evangelist to warn the unconverted of this. Nor should the saints of God be less careful to avoid giving expression to sentiments which do not truly represent their state of soul. It is certainly more pleasing to our God to receive the lowly confessions of our coldness or failure, than to listen to expressions of loftiest devotedness and joy to which the heart for the time is, alas, a stranger. Let us ever remember that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

With much gratitude to the Lord for His help, and for the sweet fellowship enjoyed in this work, we would commend it to Him who alone can enable His people to use it aright, in the confident desire that it may be a means of rich and lasting blessing to His own, and the witness of the conversion of multitudes of the unsaved.

THE COMPILERS.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE rapid exhaustion of the first edition of HYMNS OF GRACE AND TRUTH has brought about the happy necessity of a second and larger edition. The Compilers and Publishers take this opportunity publicly to express their gratitude to the Lord for the general favor and many expressions of appreciation with which this work has been received.

Thanks are due to those who have sent in friendly criticisms, and acknowledgment is made of the valuable services of those who have supplied corrections. To all who have thus in any degree become our fellow-laborers in this work we express our gratitude.

A revision of the book at this time, involving material changes in words or music, would not be just to purchasers of the first edition. It would make impracticable the use of the two editions side by side. Therefore the changes have been confined to corrections of authors' names and typographical errors. The mistakes detected have not been numerous for a first edition of a work of this kind. On the other hand, all suggestions for more important changes have been filed with the Publishers, for reference in the event of a future revision. But happy will it be if, before the time for this arrive, our Lord's expected coming shall have translated our song from earth to heaven!

This new edition is now sent forth with renewed prayers, and with confidence in God who alone can make human efforts fruitful. May this service of song be so accompanied by His blessing that His saints shall be refreshed, and many a weary sinner guided to "the Lamb of God."

THE COMPILERS.

February, 1901.

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1 Glory to God on High.

GLORIA.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

BENJAMIN MILGROVE.

1. "Glo - ry to God on high, Peace up - on earth and joy,

Good-will to man!" We who God's bless - ing prove, His name all

names a - bove, Sing now the Sav - iour's love, Too vast to scan.

2 Mercy and truth unite :

Oh, 'tis a wondrous sight,
All sights above !

Jesus the curse sustains!
Guilt's bitter cup He drains !
Nothing for us remains—
Nothing but love.

3 Love that no tongue can teach,

Love that no thought can reach,—
No love like His.

God is its blessed source,
Death ne'er can stop its course,
Nothing can stay its force ;
Matchless it is.

4 Blest in this love, we sing ;
To God our praises bring ;
All sins forgiven.

Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
Honor and majesty
Now and forever be,
Here and in heaven.

Thomas Kelly.

2 When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

GENEVA.

C. M.

J. COLE.

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God! My ris - ing
soul sur - veys, Trans - port - - ed with the
view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

And in eternal glory bright
The precious theme renew.

3 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

4 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

3 O God, How Wide Thy Glory Shines.

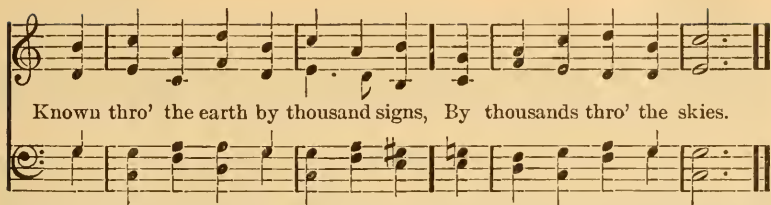
ST. ANNE.

C. M.

W. CROFT.

1. O God, how wide Thy glo - ry shines! How high Thy wonders rise!

O God, How Wide Thy Glory Shines.—Concluded.



Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power ;
Their motions speak Thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.</p> <p>3 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :</p> | <p>4 Here Thy bright character is known,
Nor dare a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,—
The justice, or the grace.</p> <p>5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly throne,
While saints on earth that know His
name,
Their Lord and Saviour own.</p> |
|---|---|

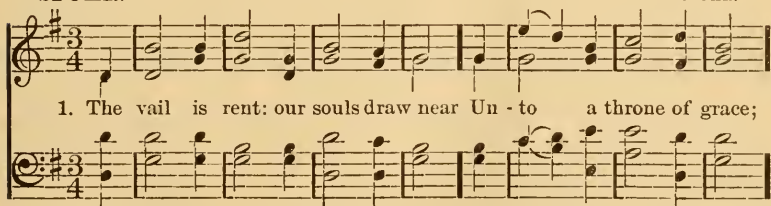
Isaac Watts.

4 The Vail is Rent: Our Souls Draw Near.

SPOHR.

C. M.

SPOHR.



1. The vail is rent: our souls draw near Un - to a throne of grace;



The mer - its of the Lord ap - pear, They fill the ho - ly place.

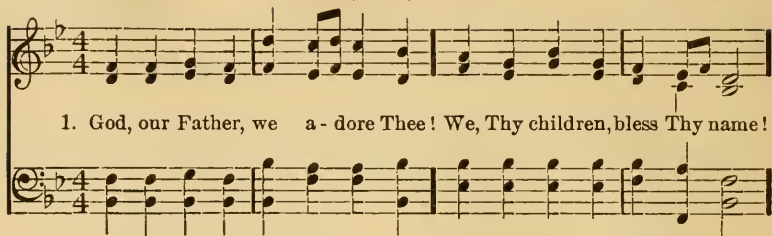
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 His precious blood has spoken there,
Before and on the throne ;
And His own wounds in heav'n
declare
Th' atoning work is done.</p> <p>3 'Tis finished! here our souls have rest;
His work can never fail :
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
We pass within the vail.</p> | <p>4 Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before the throne we prostrate fall,
And worship Thee, O God!</p> <p>5 Boldly the heart and voice we raise,
His blood, His name, our plea ;
Assured our prayers and songs of
praise
Ascend, by Christ, to Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

5 God, Our Father, We Adore Thee.

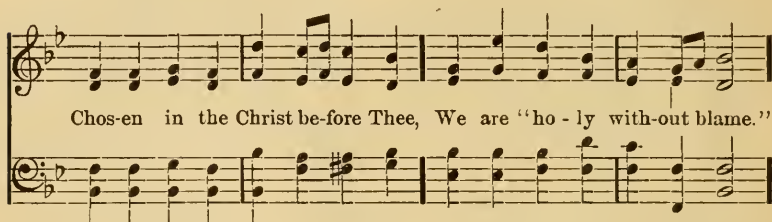
BEECHER

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7..

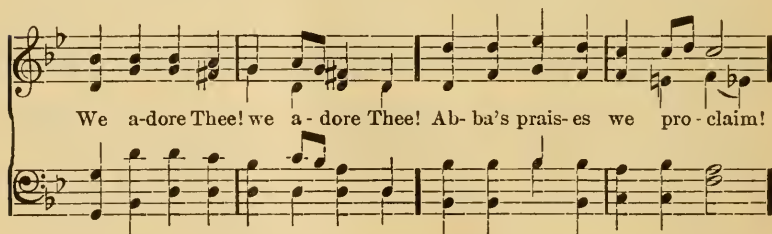
JOHN ZUNDEL.



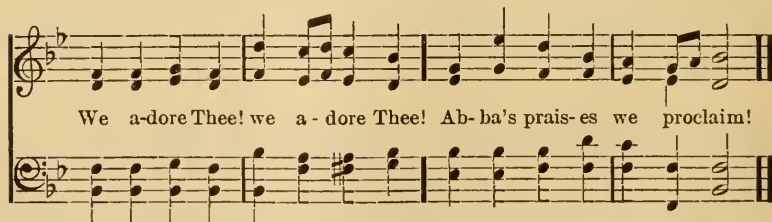
1. God, our Father, we a - dore Thee! We, Thy children, bless Thy name!



Chos-en in the Christ be-fore Thee, We are "ho - ly with-out blame."



We a-dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Ab - ba's prais-es we pro - claim!



We a-dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Ab - ba's prais-es we proclaim!

2 Son Eternal, we adore Thee!

Lamb upon the throne on high!

Lamb of God, we bow before Thee,—

Thou hast brought Thy people nigh!

||: We adore Thee! we adore Thee!

Son of God, who came to die! :||

3 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—

Three in One! we give Thee praise!

For the riches we inherit,

Heart and voice to Thee we raise!

||: We adore Thee! we adore Thee!

Thee we bless, thro' endless days! :||

SONSHIP.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

GEO. TREMBLAY.

1. O God of grace, our Fa - ther, We bless Thy ho - ly name,—

We who en - joy Thy fa - vor, Made ho - ly with-out blame;

In love which sought and found us, And brought us nigh to Thee,

And won the rest of glo - ry, Our heav'nly home shall be.

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2 Thy deep eternal counsel
 Chose us in Christ the Son
 Before the earth's foundation,
 Or sin had yet begun;
 That we might all the nearness
 Of the Belovéd know,
 And brought to Thee as children,
 Our children's praises flow.

3 We worship Thee, our Father;
 Soon shall Thy children be
 At home in heav'nly glory,—
 Thy house their home shall be;—
 We worship Thee, our Father,
 And praise Thy perfect love;
 Soon shall we chant Thy glory
 In better strains above.

"Abba, Father," We Approach Thee.

ADOPTION.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

BACH.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. This is followed by a half note C5, which is marked with a 'P' (piano) dynamic. The melody then descends: a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. This is followed by a half note F#4, marked with an 'F' (forte) dynamic. The system concludes with a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a final quarter note C4. A double bar line is placed after the first measure of the second half of the system.

1. "Ab-ba, Father," we approach Thee In our Sav-iour's precious name:

The first system of the musical score is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), D5 (quarter), E5 (quarter), F#5 (quarter), G5 (quarter), F#5 (quarter), E5 (quarter), D5 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), and F#4 (half). The notes are grouped into measures by vertical bar lines.

We, Thy chil-dren here as-sembling, Now the promised bless-ing claim.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. This is followed by a half note C5, then a quarter note D5, and a quarter note E5. The melody then descends: a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4. This is followed by a half note A4, then a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F#4. The system concludes with a half note E4 and a final quarter note D4.

From our guilt His blood has wash'd us, 'Tis thro' Him our souls draw nigh;

Musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final quarter note. The notation is written on a single staff.

And Thy Spir-it, too, has taught us "Ab - ba, Father," thus to cry.

2 Once as prodigals we wandered,
In our folly, far from Thee ;
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery.
Clothed in garments of salvation,
At Thy table is our place ;
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,
In the riches of Thy grace.

3 "Abba, Father," we adore Thee,
While the hosts in heav'n above
E'en in us now learn the wonders
Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.
Soon before Thy throne assembled,
All Thy children shall proclaim
Abba's love as shown in Jesus,
And how full is Abba's name!

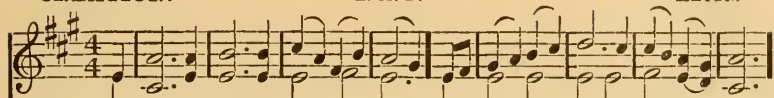
James G. Deck.

8 Father! Thy Sovereign Love Has Sought.

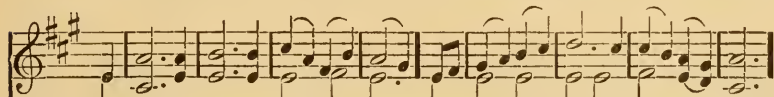
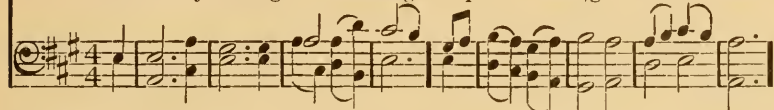
CREATION.

L. M. D.

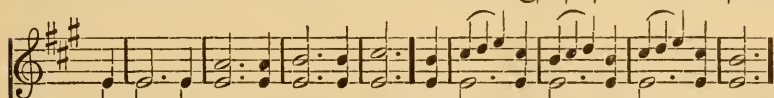
HAYDN.



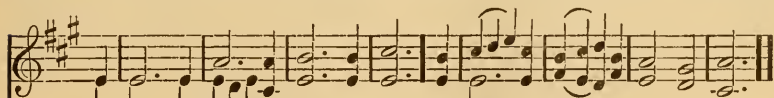
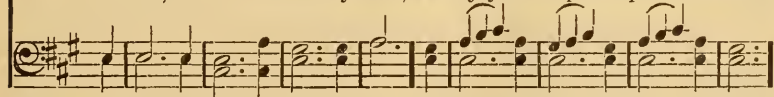
1. Father! Thy sov'reign love has sought Captives to sin, gone far from Thee:



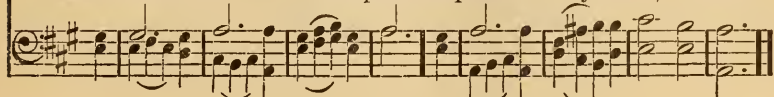
The work that Thine own Son hath wrought Has brought us back, in peace, and free!



And now, as sons before Thy Face, With joy-ful steps the path we tread

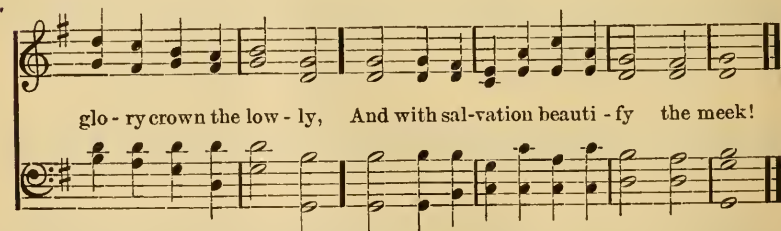
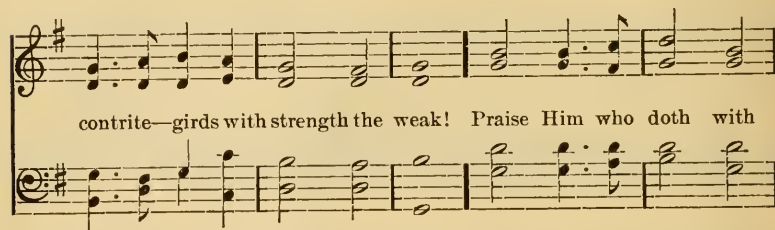
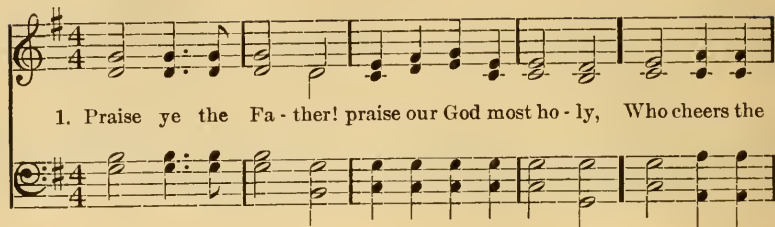


Which leads us on to that blest place Prepared for us by Christ, our Head!



2 Thou gav'st us in eternal love
To Christ, to bring us home to Thee,
Sued to Thine own thoughts above,—
As sons, like Him, with Him to be!
O glorious grace! what fills with joy,
Unmingled, all that enter there—
God's Nature, Love without alloy—
Our hearts are giv'n e'en now to
share!

3 God's righteousness with glory bright,
Which fills with radiance all that
sphere, [Light—
E'en Christ—of God, the Power and
Our title is that Light to share!
O Mind Divine! so must it be:
That glory all belongs to God!
O Love Divine! that did decree [blood.
Our part with Thee, through Jesu's



2 Praise ye the Father! for His loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercies He hath shown!
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own!

3 Praise ye the Father—Source of all our blessing,
Before whose gifts earth's richest boons wax dim!
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him!

4 Praise ye the Father! praise ye Him who gave us,
In full and perfect love, His only Son!
Praise ye the Christ, who died Himself to save us!
Praise Father, Son, and Spirit—Three in One!

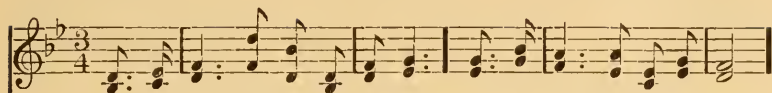
Lady Margaret Cockburn-Campbell.

10 Son of God, With Joy We Praise Thee.

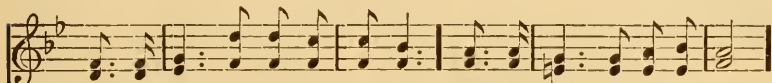
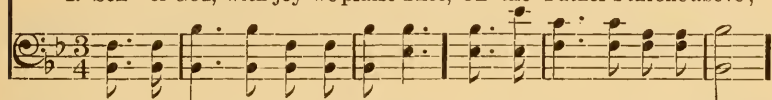
ADORATION.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

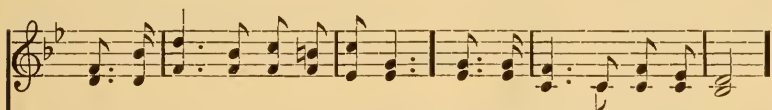
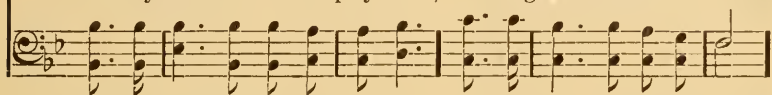
L. BURGMILLER.



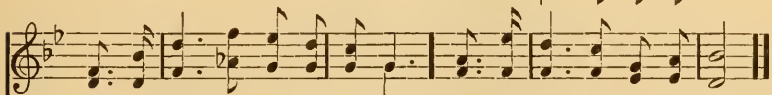
1. Son of God, with joy we praise Thee, On the Father's throne above ;



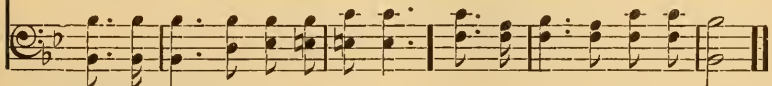
All Thy wondrous work displays Thee, Full of grace and full of love !



Lord, ac-cept our ad - o - ra - tion— For our sins Thou once wast slain ;



Thro' Thy blood we have sal - va - tion—Soon shall share Thine endless reign.



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2 God, in Thee, His love unfolding,
Shows how vast, how rich, His grace;
Blest our lot, with joy beholding
All His glory in Thy face.
Oh, the mercy which hath blessed us,
Purposed thus ere time began,—
Mercy which in Christ hath kept us,
Where His blessed race He ran !

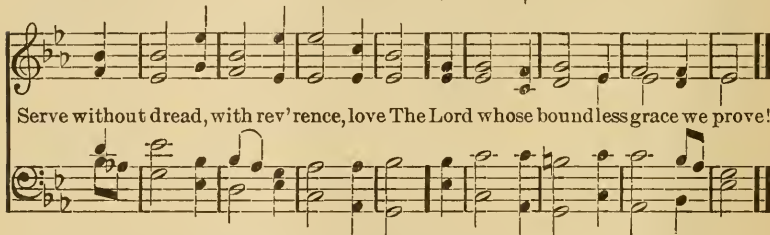
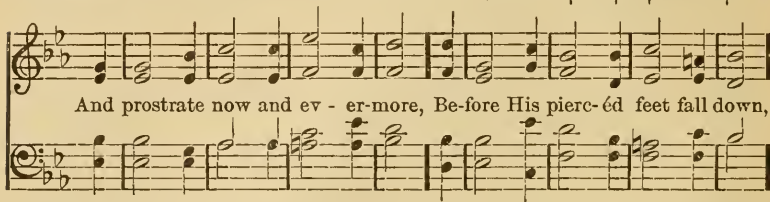
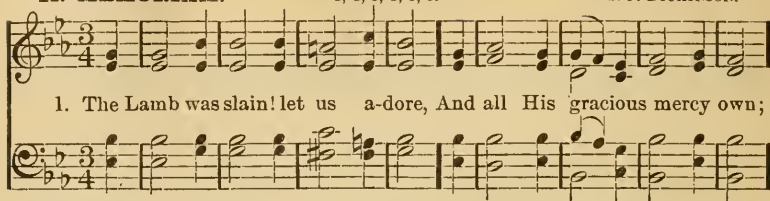
S. P. Tregelles.

11 The Lamb Was Slain! Let Us Adore.

IN MEMORIAM.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

C. J. DICKINSON.



2 Through Him alone we live, for He
Hath drownéd our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea :
O love, unknown, unsearchable !
The holy Lamb for sin was slain,
That sinners endless life might gain !

3 As ground, when parched with summer's heat,
Gladly drinks in the welcome shower,
So would we, list'ning at His feet,
Receive His words, and feel His power,—
Have nothing in our hearts remain
Like this great truth, "The Lamb was slain!"

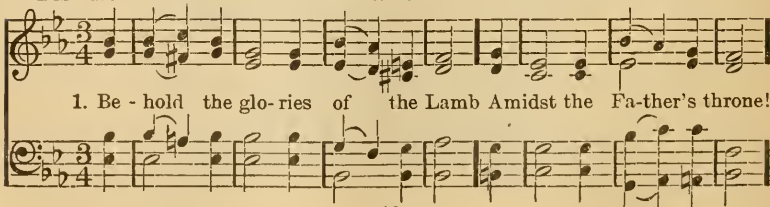
Gerhardt Ter Steegen.

12 Behold the Glories of the Lamb.

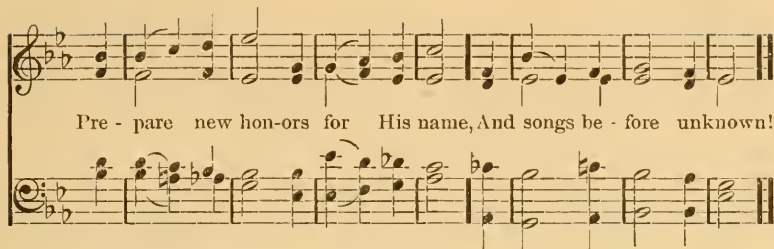
PARACLETE.

C. M.

F. C. MAKER.



Behold the Glories of the Lamb.—Concluded.



2 Ye elders, worship at His feet—
His saints adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound!

3 To Thee, O Lamb, to Thee, once slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on Thy head!

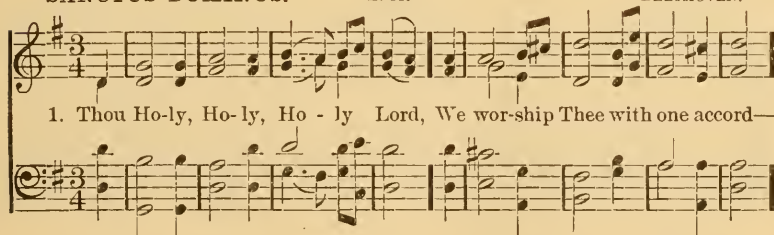
Isaac Watts.

13 Thou Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.

SANCTUS DOMINUS.

L. M.

BEETHOVEN.



2 From brightest glory Thou didst come
To Calv'ry's deepest, darkest gloom:
We worship Thee, Thou Son of God,
Who stooped to meet wrath's lifted rod!

3 To Thee in glory we shall raise
What rich, eternal bursts of praise,
Blest Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Thou Living God's Eternal Son!

G. W. Frazer.

14 Come, Let us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

CHRISTMAS.

C. M.

Arr. fr. HANDEL by H. P. MAIN.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs, And thus surround the throne: Had we ten thousand thousand tongues, Our theme of joy's but one, Our theme of joy's but one:—

2 "Worthy the Lamb that's gone on high,
To be exalted thus!"

"Worthy the Lamb that died!" we cry,
||: "For He was slain for us." :||

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
Yea, blessings more than we can give
||: Be, Lord, forever 'Thine. :||

4 Soon shall Thy saints, exalted high,
A glorious anthem raise;
And all that dwell beneath the sky
||: Speak forth Thine endless praise. :||

5 Redeemed creation join in one,
T'adore the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
||: And to exalt the Lamb. :||

15 Lord of Glory, We Adore Thee.

EVENING PRAYER.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Lord of glo-ry, we a-dore Thee, Christ of God, as-cend-ed high!

Heart and soul we bow be-fore Thee, Glorious now be-yond the sky:

Thee we wor-ship, Thee we praise, Excellent in all Thy ways.

2 Anointed King, with glory crownéd,	3 Lord of life! to death once subject;
Rightful heir and Lord of all!	Blessor, yet a curse once made;
Once rejected, scorned, disownéd,	Of Thy Father's heart the Object,
E'en by those Thou can'st to call:	Yet in depths of anguish laid:
Thee we honor, Thee adore,	Thee we gaze on, Thee recall,
Glorious now and evermore.	Bearing here our sorrows all.

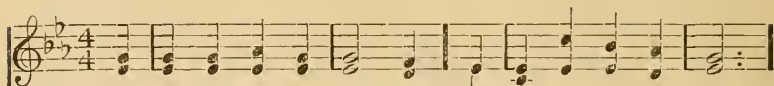
4 Royal robes shall soon invest Thee,
 Royal splendors crown Thy brow;
 Christ of God, our souls confess Thee—
 King and Sov'reign even now!
 Thee we rev'rence, Thee obey—
 Own Thee Lord and Christ alway.

Richard Holden,

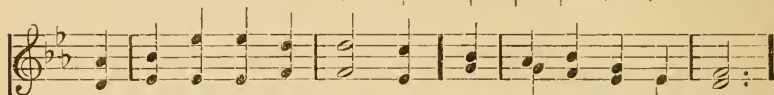
AURELIA.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

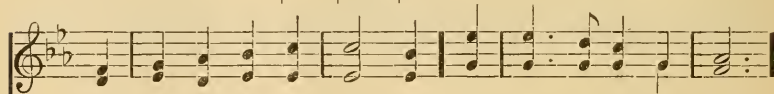
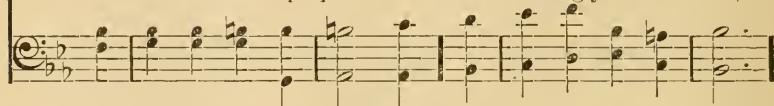
S. S. WESLEY.



1. Hail to the Lord's A-noint-ed—Great Da-vid's great-er Son!



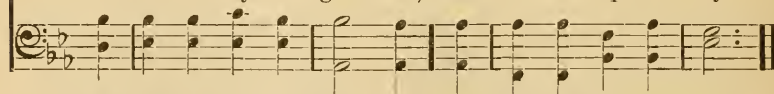
When to the time ap-point-ed The roll-ing years shall run,



He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the cap-tive free,



To take a-way trans-gres-sion, And rule in eq-ui-ty.



2 The heav'ns which now conceal Him

In counsels deep and wise,

In glory shall reveal Him

To our rejoicing eyes:

He who with hands uplifted

Went from the earth below,

Shall come again, all gifted

His blessing to bestow!

3 He shall come down like showers

Upon the new-mown grass,

And joy and hope, like flowers,

Spring up where He doth pass,

Before Him, on the mountains,

Shall Peace, the herald, go;

And righteousness, in fountains,

From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him.

And gold and incense bring;

All nations shall adore Him,—

His praise all people sing!

Outstretched His wide dominion

O'er river, sea, and shore,

Far as the eagle's pinion,

Or dove's light wing can soar!

17 O Could We Speak the Matchless Worth.

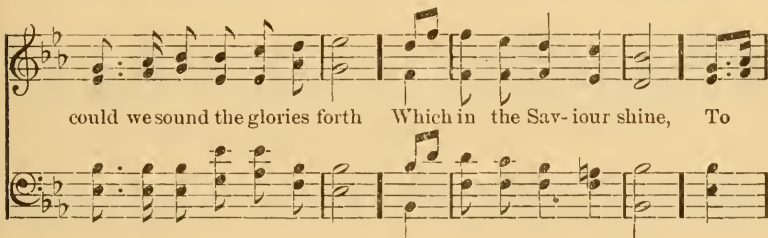
ARIEL.

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

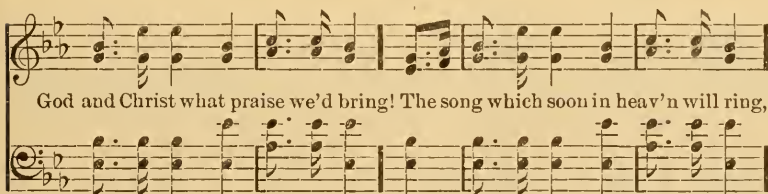
MOZART.



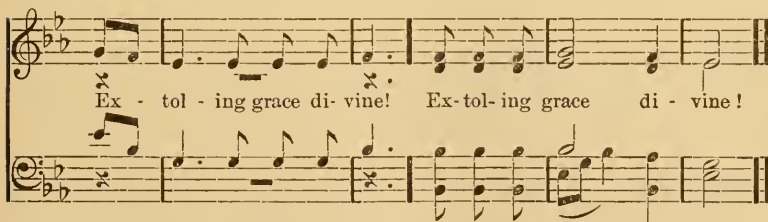
1. O could we speak the match - less worth— O



could we sound the glories forth Which in the Sav-iour shine, To



God and Christ what praise we'd bring! The song which soon in heav'n will ring,



Ex - tol - ing grace di - vine! Ex-tol-ing grace di - vine!

2 We'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt—
From sin and wrath divine!
We'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heav'nly dress
||: Our souls shall ever shine! :||

3 We'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on the throne!

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would through everlasting days
||: Make all His glories known! :||

4 Soon that delightful day will come
When our dear Lord will bring us
And we shall see His face! [home,
Then with our Saviour, Lord and
A blest eternity we'll spend, [Friend,
||: Triumphant in His grace! :||

SPREAD HIS GLORY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - lasting, Be to Him who bore the cross,

Who redeemed our souls by tasting Death, the death deserved by us!

Spread His glo - ry! spread His glo - ry! Who redeemed His peo - ple thus.

Spread His glory! spread His glo - ry! Who redeemed His peo - ple thus.

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2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend:

||: Praise the Saviour! praise the Saviour! ||: Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Magnify the sinner's Friend! :||

3 While we tell the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb."
Give ye glory to His name! :||

19 We Adore Thee Evermore, Halleluiah.

EASTER HYMN.

7, 4, 7, 4, 7, 4, 7, 4.

J. WORGAN.

1. We a - dore Thee ev - er - more, Hal - - le - lu - iah !

Sav-iour, for Thy boundless grace ; Hal - - le - lu - iah !

For the cross, whereby to us, Hal - - le - lu - iah !

Sure is made e - ter - nal bliss ; Hal - - le - lu - iah !

2 For Thy death, which set us free, Halleluiah !

From Sin's cruel slavery ; Halleluiah !

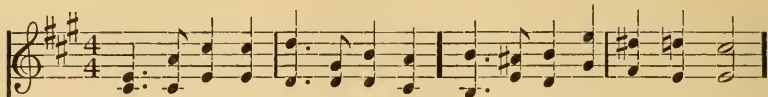
For Thine all-atoning blood, Halleluiah !

Which hath brought us nigh to God ; Halleluiah !

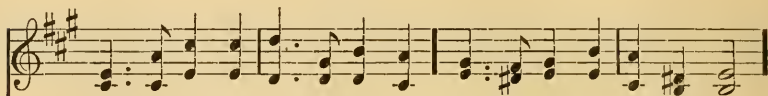
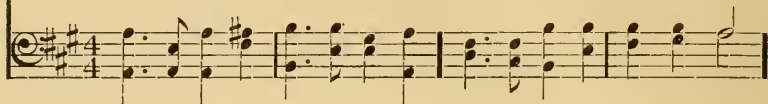
A. G. Spangenberg.

SPREAD HIS GLORY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

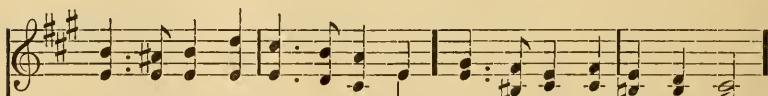
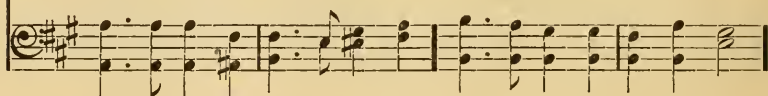
C. and F. JOUARD.



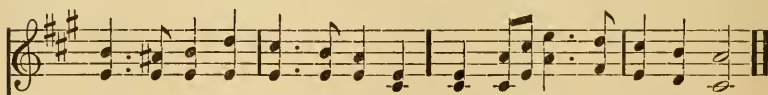
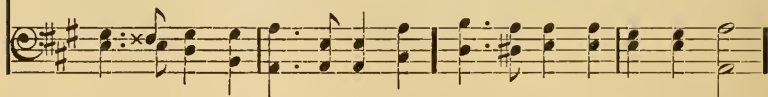
1. Glo-ry, glo-ry ev - er-lasting, Be to Him who bore the cross,



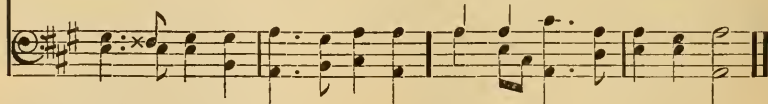
Who redeemed our souls by tasting Death, the death deserved by us!



Spread His glo-ry! spread His glo-ry! Who redeemed His peo-ple thus.



Spread His glory! spread His glo-ry! Who redeemed His peo-ple thus.



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2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend:

||: Praise the Saviour! praise the Saviour! ||: Hallelujah! hallelujah!

Magnify the sinner's Friend! :||

3 While we tell the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
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For the cross, whereby to us, Hal - - le - lu - iah!

Sure is made e - ter - nal bliss; Hal - - le - lu - iah!

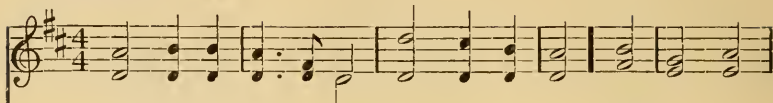
2 For Thy death, which set us free, Halleluiah !
 From Sin's cruel slavery ; Halleluiah !
 For Thine all-atoning blood, Halleluiah !
 Which hath brought us nigh to God ; Halleluiah !

A. G. Spangenberg.

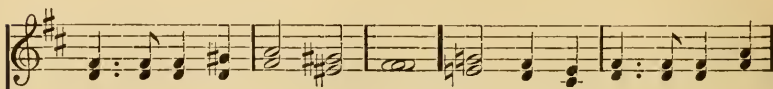
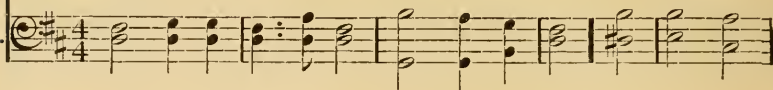
RUSSIAN HYMN.

10, 10, 12, 10.

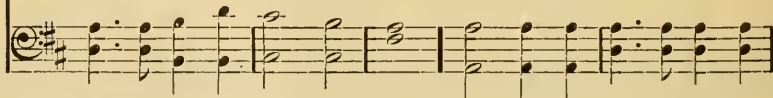
A. T. LWOFF.



1. God who at sun-dry times, in old - en days, Spoke thro' pro -



phet - ic lips, made known His ways, In the in - car - nate Son, to



whom all knees must bow, Spoke to make known Himself—is speaking now!



2 Jesus of all things Heir, God hath ordained;
All worlds were made by Him, by Him sustained.
Brightness of Glory He, Effulgence of God's love,
Image of Deity, sent from above.

3 When He had purged our sins with His own blood,
He took His seat at the right hand of God.
There at His Father's side—the Majesty on High—
He sits who was made man, for man to die!

4 Angels were praising Him—sang at His birth
"Glory to God on High, Peace on the earth!"
Angels shall praise again when, in the Victor's train,
"Heirs of salvation" come with Him to reign!

H. A. Gray.

OUTSHINING.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. O soul-in-spir-ing sto-ry—God's maj-es-ty and grace

In lustrous strokes of glo-ry Deep-carved in Je-su's face!

Hearts rapt in con-tem-pla-tion Of God-head's Im-age bright,

Break forth in ad-o-ra-tion, In won-der and de-light!

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2 There Manhood, all perfection,
And Godhead-fullness shine;
God's love and Man's affection,
The human, the divine;
A life, a death, transcendent,
Revealing God as love:
Here, lowly Man, dependent—
God over all, above!

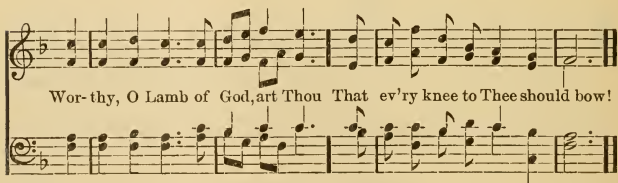
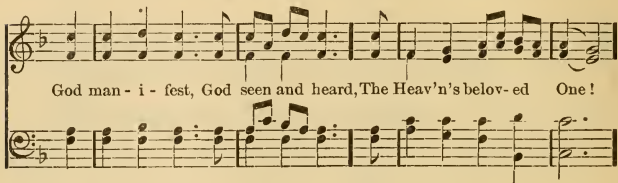
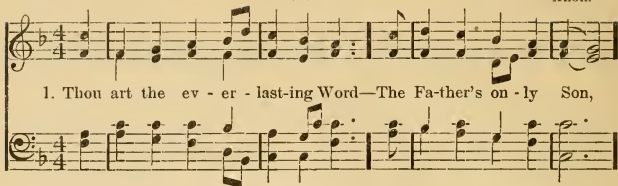
3 Unsullied blaze of glory!
O ever-radiant Face!
Thy rich, unfathomed story
Transfigures us in grace!
Made like Thee, soon, completely,
With love-lit eyes we'll scan
God's face unvailéd sweetly
In Thine, Thou Son of man!

F. Allaben.

ARABIA.

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

Anon.



2 In Thee most perfectly expressed,
The Father's self doth shine,
Fullness of Godhead, too: the Blest,
Eternally divine !
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev'ry knee to Thee should bow !

4 The higher myst'ries of Thy fame
The creature's grasp transcend;
The Father only Thy blest name
Of Son can comprehend.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev'ry knee to Thee should bow !

3 Image of th' Infinite Unseen,
Whose being none can know,
Brightness of light no eye hath seen,—
God's Love revealed below !
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev'ry knee to Thee should bow !

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
The worshipers, O Lord, above,
As one with Thee, are blest.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev'ry knee to Thee should bow !

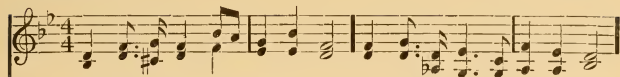
6 Of the vast universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and Sun !
Th' eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heav'n's beloved One :
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev'ry knee to Thee should bow !

25 Thy Sorrows, Saviour, We Retrace.

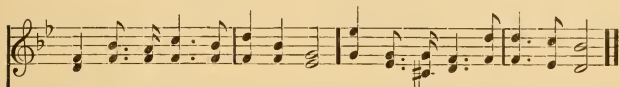
IMMANUEL.

L. M.

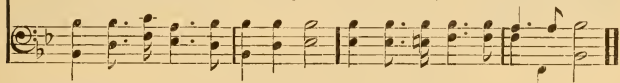
C. and F. JOUARD.



1. Thy sorrows, Sav - iour, we re-trace, And tears of praise Thy griefs compel.



What love and grace il-lume Thy face As Je - sus, as Im-man-u - el !



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2 Amid Thy loneliness below,
What scorn and outrage Thee
befell :
Deep shame and woe, rude blow on
blow,
Endured for us, Immanuel !

3 But oh, what grief, what agony,
When wrathful judgment's awful
spell
Burst over Thee, on Calv'ry's tree
God's Lamb for us, Immanuel !

4 Arisen radiant from the dead,
Thy sorrow's scars forever tell,

Creation's Head is He who bled—
Still Jesus, still Immanuel !

5 E'en now from saints, in concord
sweet,
Celestial strains of worship well;
For O, 'tis meet glad songs should
greet
Thy heart of love, Immanuel !

6 But when Thy glorious face we see,
How shall the bursting pæan swell!
Our souls shall be outpoured for
Thee—
Outpoured for Thee, Immanuel !

F. Allaben.

26

1 Incarnate Word, God over all !
Compassion's depths, in Thee that
dwell,
Moved Thee to call from creature-fall
Our guilty souls, Immanuel !

2 Eternal fragrance fills the scene,
Eternal glories cast their spell,
Where Thou, once slain to rend our
chain,
Didst Love unvail—Immanuel !

3 The cost, that cry from Calv'ry's
gloom :
God's face averted, whilst the knell
Of soundless doom—the curse, the
tomb—
Tolled through Thy soul, Immanuel !

4 Now love and light, divinely bright,
Shine forth forever, to dispel [sight
The glooms of night, and thrill our
With beauty—Thine, Immanuel !

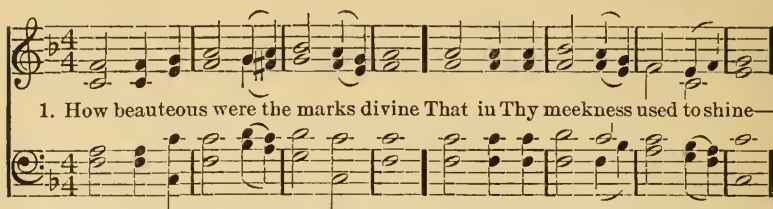
F. Allaben.

27 How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine.

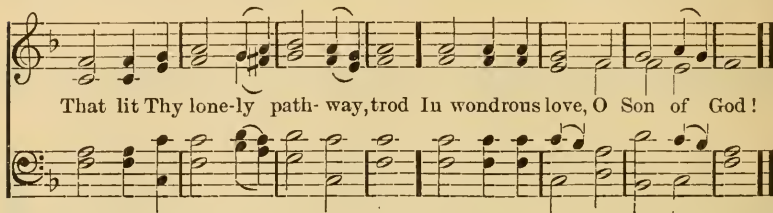
HAMBURG.

L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. How beauteous were the marks divine That in Thy meekness used to shine—



That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of light—
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

3 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before!
So meek, so lowly, yet so high—
So glorious in humility!

4 Death—death that sets the pris'ner free—
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee!
Yet love through all Thy anguish glowed,
And mercy in Thy life-blood flowed!

5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee,
With heart engaged, along the road,
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

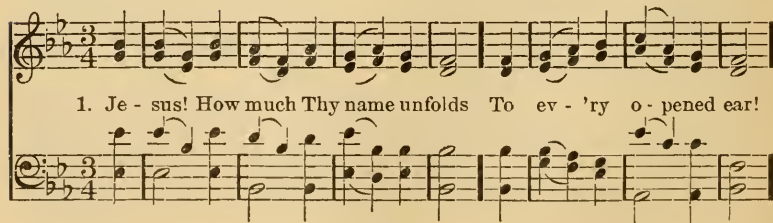
Arthur C. Cox.

28 Jesus! How Much Thy Name Unfolds.

ARNOLD.

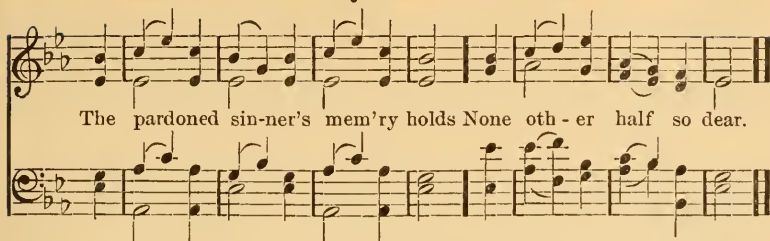
C. M.

WM. ARNOLD.



1. Je - sus! How much Thy name unfolds To ev - 'ry o - pened ear!

Jesus! How Much Thy Name Unfolds.—Concluded.



The pardoned sin-ner's mem'ry holds None oth - er half so dear.

2 Thy name encircles every grace
That God as man could show ;
There only could He fully trace
A life divine below.

4 Jesus—the One who knew no sin,
Made sin to make us just ;
Thou gav'st Thyself our love to win—
Our full confiding trust.

3 Jesus—it speaks a life of love,
Of sorrows meekly borne ;
It tells of sympathy above—
Whatever makes us mourn.

5 The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee ;
The Chiefest of ten thousand Thou,
Whose love has set us free.

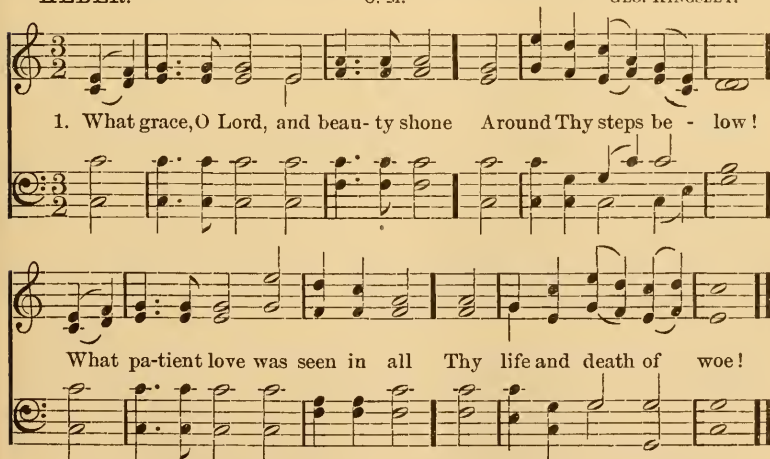
Mary Bowley Peters.

29 What Grace, O Lord, and Beauty Shone.

HEBER.

C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. What grace, O Lord, and beau-ty shone Around Thy steps be - low !

What pa-tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe !

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes did hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love !

Sir Edward Denny.

30 Lamb of God, Our Souls Adore Thee.

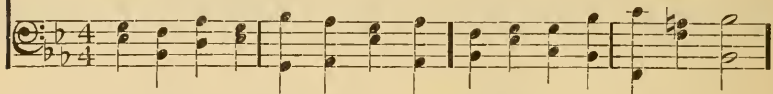
AMNOS.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

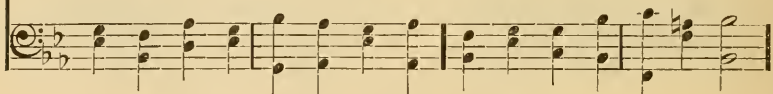
BACH.



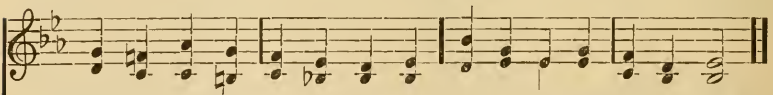
1. Lamb of God, our souls a-dore Thee, While up-on Thy face we gaze!



There the Father's love and glo - ry Shine in all their brightest rays.



Thy al-might-y pow'r and wis-dom All cre - ation's works proclaim :



Heav'n and earth a - like con-fess Thee, As the ev - er-great I AM.



2 Son of God, Thy Father's bosom
Ever was Thy dwelling-place,—
His delight, in Him rejoicing,
One with Him in pow'r and grace.
O what wondrous love and mercy!
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven
As the Lamb of God to die.

3 Lamb of God, when we behold Thee
Lowly in the manger laid;
Wand'ring as a homeless stranger
In the world Thy hands had made;
When we see Thee in the garden
In Thine agony of blood,
At Thy grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless Lamb of God!

Lamb of God, Our Souls Adore Thee.—Concluded.

4 When we see Thee as the Victim
Nailed to the accurs'd tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee,

Lord, we own, with hearts adoring.
Thou hast washed us in Thy blood:
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God !

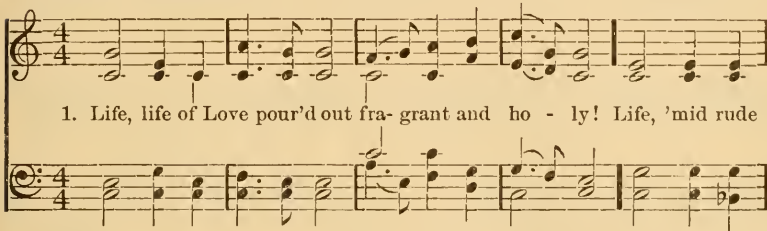
James G. Deck.

31 Life, Life of Love Poured Out, Fragrant and Holy.

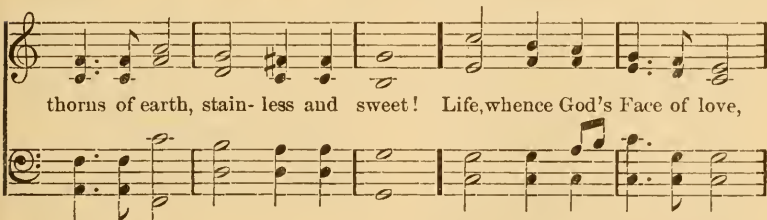
FRANKINCENSE.

11, 10, 11, 10.

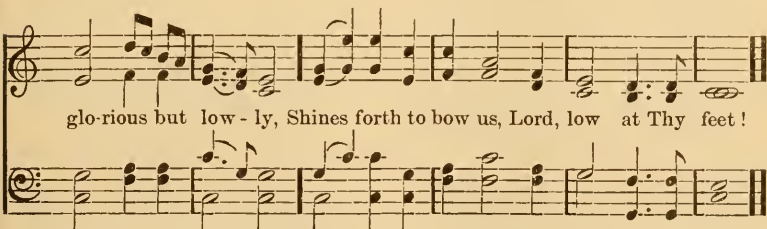
SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Life, life of Love pour'd out fra- grant and ho - ly! Life, 'mid rude



thorns of earth, stain- less and sweet! Life, whence God's Face of love,



glo-rious but low - ly, Shines forth to bow us, Lord, low at Thy feet !

2 Grief, grief of Love that drew hate's ev'ry arrow !
Grief that Thy suff'ring heart only could meet !
Grief, whence Thy Face of love, shining in sorrow,
Draws us, adoring, Lord, low at Thy feet !

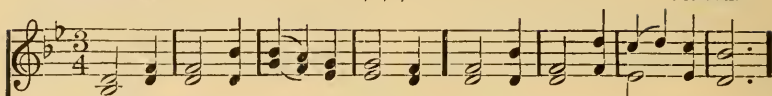
3 Death, death of stricken Love, wrath's sea exploring !
Death, Life's mysterious death—Deep meeting deep !
Death, whence Thy bursting Heart fills ours—outpouring
All, all in worship, Lord, low at Thy feet !

F. Allaben.

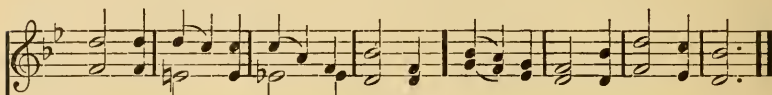
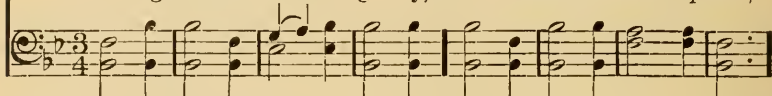
RHINELAND.

8, 7, 8, 7.

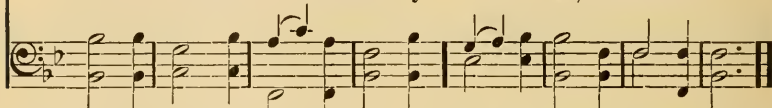
German.



1. Gaz-ing on the Lord in glo-ry, While our hearts in worship bow,



There we read the wondrous sto-ry Of the cross, its shame and woe:



2 Ev'ry mark of dark dishonor
Heaped upon the thorn-crowned
brow,

All the depths of Thy heart's sorrow,
Told in answer'ing glory now!

3 On that cross, alone, forsaken,
Where no pitying eye was found;
Now, to God's right hand exalted,
With Thy praise the heav'n's re-
sound!

4 Did Thy God e'en then forsake Thee,
Hide His face from Thy deep need?

In Thy face, once marred and smitten,
All His glory now we read.

5 Gazing on it we adore Thee,
Blesséd, precious, holy Lord!
Thou, the Lamb, alone art worthy—
This be earth's and heav'n's ac-
cord.

6 Rise our hearts, and bless the Fa-
ther—
Ceaseless song e'en here begun;
Endless praise and adoration
To the Father and the Son!

Miss C. Thompson.

33

1 Sweet to trace Christ's toiling footsteps
Here amidst the desert sands;
Bear in mem'ry all His sorrow,
Thorn-clad head and piercéd hands;

2 Learn His love beside the manger,
Learn it on the stormy wave,
By the well, and in the garden—
Learn it by the cross and grave!

3 Still His heart amidst the glory
Beareth all our grief and care,

Ev'ry burden, ere we feel it, [there!
Weighed and measured by Him

4 All His love, His joy, His glory,
By His Spirit here made known,
Whilst that Spirit speaks the sorrows
Of His saints before the throne!

5 Girt with glory's golden girdle,
Shining as the mighty sun,
Still His piercéd hands will finish
All His work of love begun.

O Jesus, Man of Sorrows.

BOCHIM.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

F. ALLABEN.

Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.

1. O Je - sus Man of Sor - rows! Weigh'd down by grief and shame,

All marred with bleeding fur - rows, Crushed un - der hate and blame,

How couldst Thou from the smi - ter Bear forth Thy heav - y cross,

To meet a doom more bit - ter, The wrath of God, for us?

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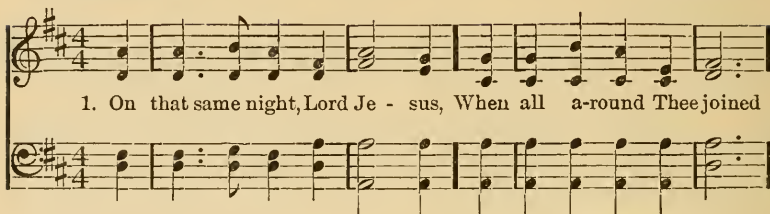
2 O Jesus, Man of Sorrows,
 What pangs of agony!
 Thy heart the goal of arrows
 Of creature-enmity!
 Thy soul, 'mid all that harrows,
 Wrath-bruised on the tree!
 O Jesus, Man of Sorrows,
 We weep to think of Thee!

3 O Man of Love and Sorrows!
 Thy glory-radiant face
 Its tend'rest lustre borrows
 From bruises and disgrace!
 That love-light, ever breaking
 Anew upon our gaze,
 Stirs deeper chords, awaking
 A deep and deeper praise!

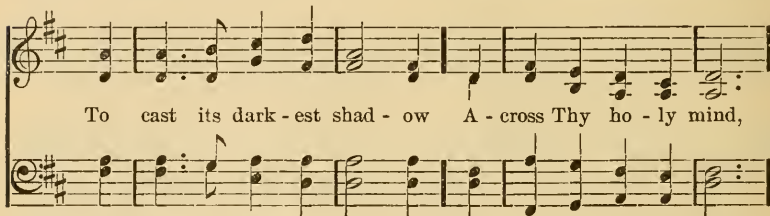
TRENCH.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

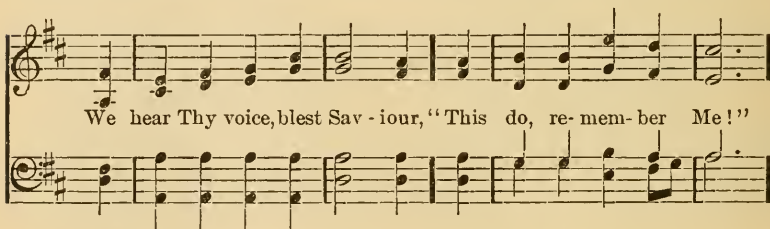
J. C. TRENCH.



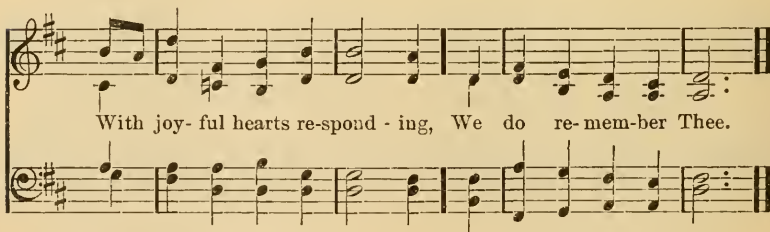
1. On that same night, Lord Je - sus, When all a-round Thee joined



To cast its dark - est shad - ow A - cross Thy ho - ly mind,



We hear Thy voice, blest Sav - iour, "This do, re - mem - ber Me!"



With joy - ful hearts re - spond - ing, We do re - mem - ber Thee.

2 The depth of all Thy suff'ring
 No heart could e'er conceive;
 The cup of wrath, o'erflowing,
 For us Thou didst receive:
 And oh, of God forsaken
 On the accurséd tree!
 With grateful hearts, Lord Jesus,
 We now remember Thee.

3 We think of all the darkness
 Which round Thy spirit pressed—
 Of all those waves and billows
 Which rolled across Thy breast:
 Oh, there Thy grace unbounded,
 And perfect love, we see!
 With joy and sorrow mingling,
 We would remember Thee.

On that Same Night, Lord Jesus.—Concluded.

4 We know Thee now as risen,
The Firstborn from the dead !
We see Thee now ascended,
The Church's glorious Head !
In Thee by grace accepted,
The heart and mind set free,
We think of all Thy sorrow,
And thus remember Thee.

5 Till Thou shalt come in glory,
And call us hence away,
To rest in all the brightness
Of that unclouded day,
We show Thy death, Lord Jesus,
And here would seek to be
More to Thy death conformed,
Whilst we remember Thee!
G. W. Frazer.

36 According to Thy Gracious Word.

RAPPELLE-TOI.

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Ac-cord-ing to Thy gracious word, In deep hu-mil-i-ty,
This will I do, my dy-ing Lord, I will re-mem-ber Thee.

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2 Thy body, given for my sake,
My bread from heav'n shall be ;
Thy blood my peace, this cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy sorrow see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, blest Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee !

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ?
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember Thee !

James Montgomery.

37 To Calvary, Lord, in Spirit Now.

COVENTRY.

C. M.

English.



1. To Cal-v'ry, Lord, in spir - it now, Our wait-ing souls re - pair,
To dwell up - on Thy dy - ing love, And taste its sweetness there.

- 2 Sweet resting-place of ev'ry heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.
- 3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suff'ring spirit pass'd;
Grace there its wondrous vict'ry gain'd,
And love endured its last.
- 4 Dear suff'ring Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

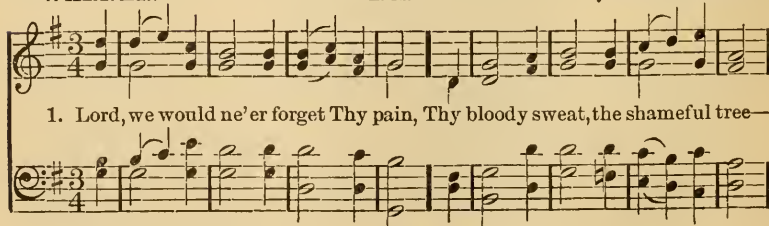
Sir Edward Denny.

38 Lord, We Would Ne'er Forget Thy Pain.

WARNER.

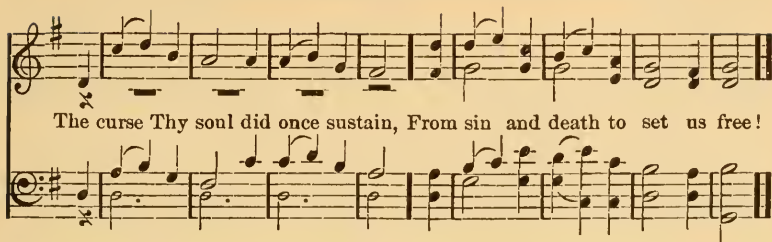
L. M.

ROSSINI.
Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Lord, we would ne'er forget Thy pain, Thy bloody sweat, the shameful tree—

Lord, We Would Ne'er Forget Thy Pain.—Concluded.



The curse Thy soul did once sustain, From sin and death to set us free!

- 2 Here, in the broken bread, the wine, 3 Lord, we are Thine! we praise Thy love!
 We hear Thee say, "Remember Me! We long Thy Form of grace to see!
 I gave My life to ransom thine; And waiting here, till called above,
 I bore the wrath in love to thee!" O Lord, we do remember Thee!

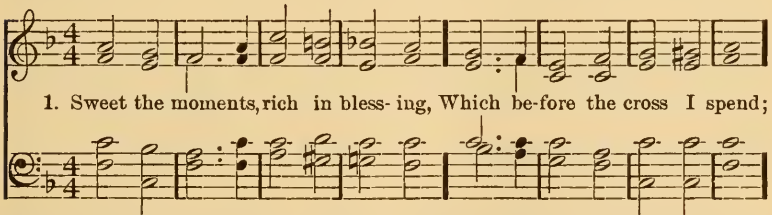
James G. Deck.

39 Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

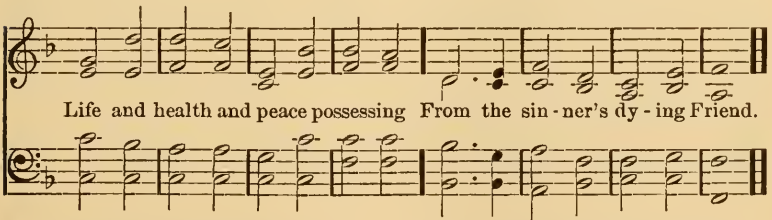
WEST.

8, 7, 8, 7.

Miss L. C. WELLESLEY.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;



Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Truly blessed is the station,
 Low before Thy cross to lie,
 Seeing, Lord, divine compassion
 Beaming in Thy gracious eye!
- 3 Here we rest, our sins forgiven,
 Here upon the Lamb we gaze,
 And we find the dawn of heaven,
 While our hearts o'erflow with
 praise!
- 4 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,—
 For the pains that wrought our
 peace!
 Gracious Saviour! we implore Thee,
 In our souls Thy love increase!
- 5 Still, in ceaseless contemplation,
 Fix, O Lord, our hearts on Thee,
 Till we taste Thy full salvation,
 And Thy unveiled glories see!

HEBRON.

S. M. D.

Anon.

1. "This do—re-mem-ber Me!" O bless—éd, liv-ing Lord,
 What depths of grace we now can trace In that most precious word!
 When dark—er grew Thy path, When o'er Thee loom'd the cross,
 With nought down here Thy heart to cheer, Thou didst re-mem-ber us!

2 "This do—remember me!"

The sword about to wake,
 Thy sweat as blood upon Thee stood
 When Thou the cup didst take!

There on the altar bound
 Wast Thou that night of woe,
 When man's dark hour and Satan's pow'r
 Their deepest gloom did throw!

3 "This do—remember Me!"

O deep desire of love, [roll—
 As round Thy soul those waves did
 The wrath of God above!

Made sin upon the tree,

What blackness veiled the sky—
 What torrents, dread, bowed low Thy
 As Thou for us didst die! [head

4 "This do—remember Me!"

O what a savor sweet,
 For God above—for man, what love—
 In all Thy work complete!

Now gathered round Thyself,
 With heart and conscience free,
 O Lord, once dead, our living Head,
 We do remember Thee!

O Head, Once Full of Bruises.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

F. C. MAKER.

1. O Head, once full of bruises, So full of pain and scorn—

'Mid other sore abuses, Mock'd with a crown of thorn!

O Head e'en now surrounded With brightest majesty—

In death once bowed and wounded On the accursed tree!

2 Thou Countenance transcendent !
 Thou life-creating Sun
 To worlds on Thee dependent—
 Yet bruised and spit upon !
 O Lord, what Thee tormented
 Was our sin's heavy load ;
 We had the debt augmented
 Which Thou didst pay in blood.

3 We give Thee thanks unfeigned,
 O Saviour, Friend in need,
 For what Thy soul sustained
 When Thou for us didst bleed !
 Grant us to lean unshaken
 Upon Thy faithfulness,
 Until, to glory taken,
 We see Thee face to face.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

GOLGOTHA.

12, 12, 12, 12, 13, 13, 13.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. O Lord, what wondrous love, what grace did Thee con - strain

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

To come from heav'n a - bove to bear our curse and pain!

The second system of music continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

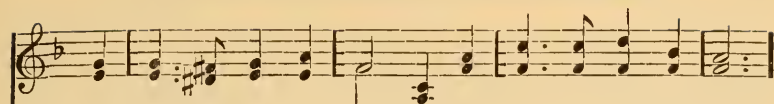
From man - ger to the cross en - dur - ing hate and sin,

The third system of music continues the melody and harmony. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

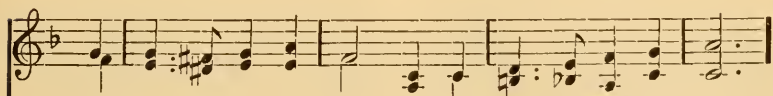
All else es-teen-ing loss our way-ward souls to win:

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

O Lord, What Wondrous Love.—Concluded.



Nought stay'd Thy love—no sor - rows, no taunts, no out-rage sore;



Not all the fier - y ar - rows of Sa - tan's wrath and pow'r—



Not all the storm-y bil - lows of judgment's dreadful hour!



2 The Just made sin for us who were through sin unjust !
 Thy cup filled with the curse, fruit of man's fall and lust !
 Dread darkness shut Thee in, and left Thy soul alone—
 Alone with God and Sin, for creatures to atone !
 There all God's waves and billows on Thee their fury spent ;
 Their throbbing, throbbing furrows Thy heart with anguish rent :
 "My God ! My God !" re-echoes—"But for this was I sent !"

3 I'll praise Thee, gracious Lord, because that cross of Thine
 Removed sin's grievous load, and wrought a work divine
 Whereon I rest my soul, and wonder, and adore,
 As I Thy grace behold, and all God's love explore—
 Explore its depths beneath me, its height, its length, its breadth :
 A Love whose flow so mighty, thro' life, thro' death, thro' wrath,
 To God hath brought full glory, and life from out of death !

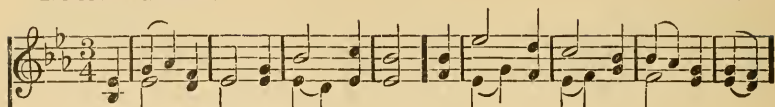
A. T. Eberhard.

43 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

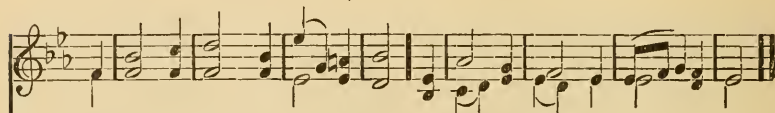
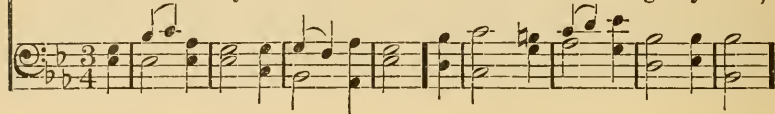
ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

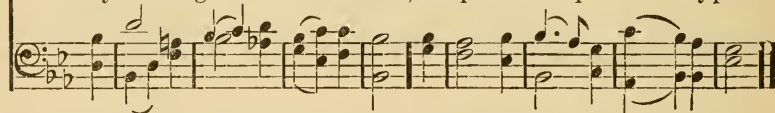
EDWARD MILLER.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Lord of glo-ry died,



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I'd sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

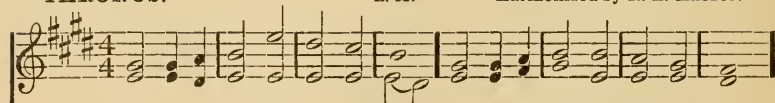
Isaac Watts.

44 When I Survey That Glorious Throne.

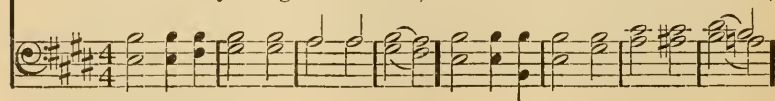
THRONOS.

L. M.

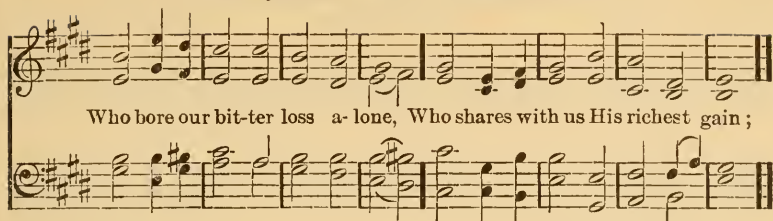
J. F. PARKER.
Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.



1. When I survey that glorious throne, And there behold the Lamb once slain,



When I Survey That Glorious Throne.—Concluded.



Who bore our bit-ter loss a-lone, Who shares with us His richest gain ;

2 I glory then as ne'er I did [me most,
When this vain world could charm
Nor does my Lord the boast forbid,
For He Himself is all my boast.

3 See Head and Side, see Hands and
Feet,—
What wondrous beauties all adorn,

For only love and glory meet,
Where pierced the nail, the spear,
the thorn.

4 The love has made the glory mine—
Oh, prostrate at His feet I'd fall !
And e'en the glory I'd resign
To have the love alone, my all.

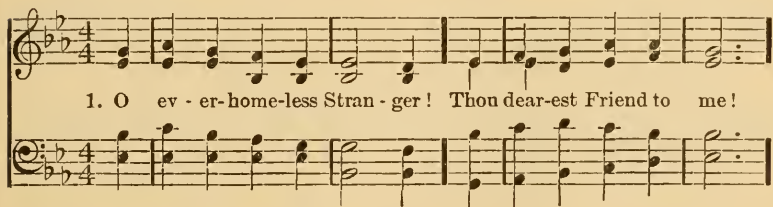
F. C. Jennings.

45 O Ever-Homeless Stranger.

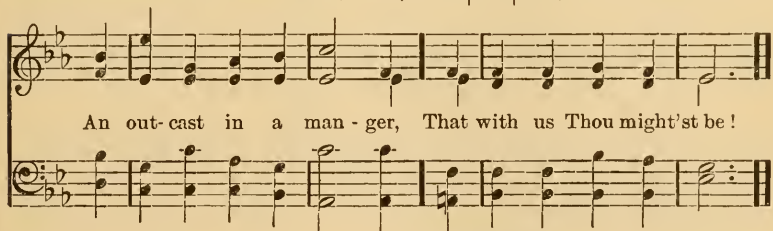
SACRIFICE.

7, 6, 7, 6.

Arr. fr. H. LAHEE.



1. O ev - er-home-less Stran - ger ! Thou dear-est Friend to me !



An out-cast in a man - ger, That with us Thou might'st be !

2 O Love, that bore our burden
On the accurs'd tree !
O Heart, that granted pardon,
And set the sinner free !

3 O day of mighty sorrow !
Day of unfathom'd grief !
When Thou didst taste the horror
Of wrath, without relief !

4 When, deep to deep still calling,
The waters reached Thy soul,

And death and wrath, appalling,
Their waves did o'er Thee roll !

5 O Lord, Thy wondrous story
My inmost soul doth move !
I ponder o'er Thy glory,
Thy lonely path of love !

6 Come, long-expected Saviour !
Thou Man of Sorrows, come !
Almighty, blest Deliv'rer,
Come, take us to Thee—home !

J. N. Darby.

FORSAKEN.

8, 7, 9, 7, 10, 8, 10, 8.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. A-maz-ing, ho-ly mys-ter-y, Un-fath-om-ed Sac-ri-fice,

Where In-car-nate Love on Calv'ry's tree, Ac-curs-ed for sin-ners, dies!

From His soul, pour'd out unto death, that cry Utters sorrow and love unknown,

"E-li, E-li, la-ma sabach-tha-ni?" O Suff'rer, so wounded, so lone!

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[crushed worm

2 How couldst Thou,—bruised, like
Trodden down in the dust of death,—
O'er that scene of wrathful gloom and
storm
Pour love's sweet undying breath?
'Twas our doom that wrung from Thy
soul the plea,
Out of depths of the direful cross,
"My God, O why hast Thou forsaken
Me?"
Forsaken, blest Saviour, for us!

3 For us Thy scars Thou wearest still,—
Sweet mark of our Advocate!
Soon Thy Form of love our souls shall
thrill,
Low bowed at Thy nail-pierced
feet!
How Thy wounds shall speak! how
Thy soul's deep cry
Shall in echo forever fall,
"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?"
Lord Jesus! our Glory, our All!

47 O Solemn Hour! O Hour Alone.

CRUCIFIXION.

8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8.

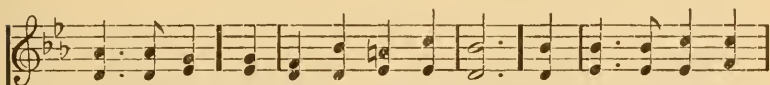
T. WILLEY.



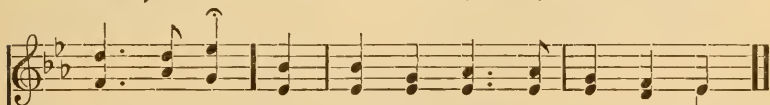
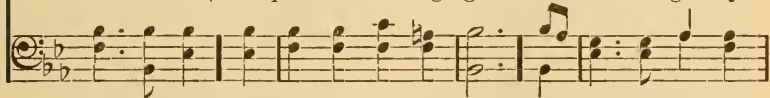
1. O sol-emu hour! O hour a-lone, In sol-i-ta-ry might,



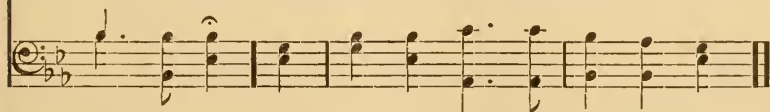
When God the Fa-ther's on-ly Son, As man, for sin-ners



to a-tone, Ex-pires—a-maz-ing sight! The Lord of glo-ry



ern-ci-fied! The Lord of life has bled and died!



2 O mystery of mysteries!

Of life and death the tree!

Centre of two eternities,

Which look with rapt, adoring eyes,

Onward and back to Thee!

O Cross of Christ, where all His pain

And death is our eternal gain!

3 Oh, how our inmost hearts do move,

While gazing on that cross!

The death of the Incarnate Love!

What shame, what grief, what joy we

That He should die for us! [prove,

Our hearts were broken by that cry,—

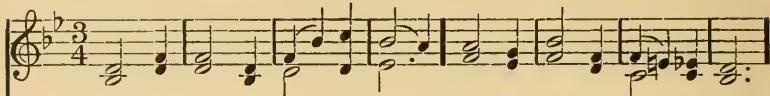
“Eli, lama sabachthani?”

James G. Deck.

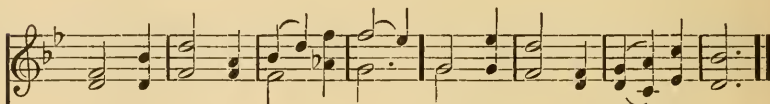
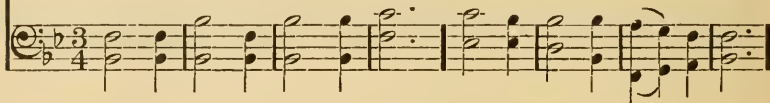
IRIS.

7, 7, 7, 7.

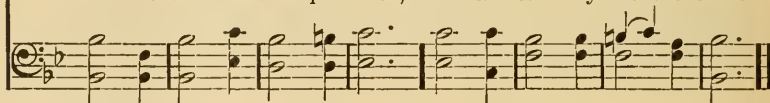
C. and F. JOUARD.



1. Low - ly Je - sus, mighty God, Suff'ring Lamb and stricken Dove,



In the wrathful wine-press trod, Who can tell Thy wondrous love?



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2 From Thy Father's bosom come,
Downward, downward didst Thou
Unto agony and doom,— [move
Lowly, self-abasing love!

4 Spotless Man, uniquely fair,
God Eternal from above,
Suffered infinitely there,—
Mighty, quenchless, deathless love!

3 Sin-abhorring, holy Word,
Cursed for sin how didst Thou prove
Fiery pangs of judgment's sword!
Bruised, profound, amazing love!

5 Floods of love like rivers, spilled
From the Bosom judgment clove,
All God's universe have filled,—
Fragrant, deep, atoning love!

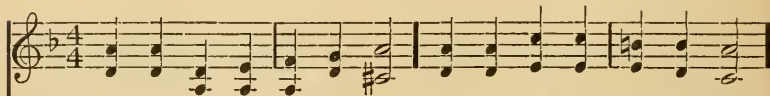
6 From Thy wondrous Cross alone,
Bruised Lamb and wounded Dove,
All God's radiancy hath shone:
Thou art all our Light and Love!

F. Allaben.

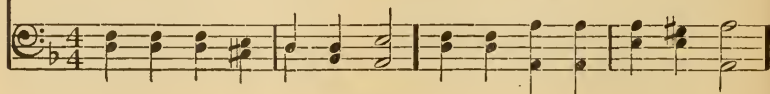
HEINLEIN.

7, 7, 7, 7.

P. HEINLEIN.



1. O my Sav-iour, cru - ci - fied! Near Thy cross would I a - bide,



O My Saviour, Crucified.—Concluded.

Gaz-ing with a - dor-ing eye On Thy dy - ing ag - o - ny.

2 Jesus, bruised and put to shame,
Tells the glories of God's name:
Holy judgment there I found,
Grace did there o'er sin abound.

O how vile my low estate,
Since my ransom was so great!

3 God is love I surely know,
In the Saviour's depth of woe;
In the Sinless, in God's sight,
Sin is justly brought to light.

5 Rent the vail that closed the way
To my home of heav'nly day,
In the flesh of Christ the Lord:
Ever be His name adored!

4 In His spotless soul's distress
I have learnt my guiltiness:

6 Yet in sight of Calvary,
Contrite should my spirit be,—
Rest and holiness there find,
Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.

R. Chapman.

50 O Perfect Life of Love!

ST. ANDREW.

S. M.

Sir J. BARNBY.

1. O per-fect life of love! All, all is fin-ished now,—

All that He left His throne a-bove To do for us be-low.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toils, His sorrows, one by one,
All Scripture have fulfilled.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

3 No pain that we can share,
But He has felt the smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

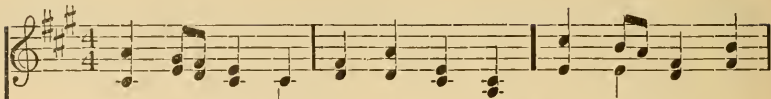
5 In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me!
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee!

Sir Henry W. Baker.

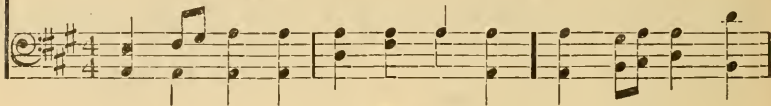
RESURRECTION.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7,

WM. L. VINER.



1. Go, and search the tomb of Je - sus, Where the Lord of



glo - ry lay ; Je - sus is not there, but ris - en,



And has borne our sins a - way. It is fin - ished!



it is fin - ished ! Cap - tive led, cap - tiv - i - ty !



2 Could not all our sins retain Him,
 Prisoned in the guarded cave?
 These He blotted out in dying,
 By His cross He spoiled the grave :
 Lo ! He's risen ! lo ! He's risen !
 Yes, the Lord is ris'n indeed !

R. Chapman.

52 The Lord is Risen!

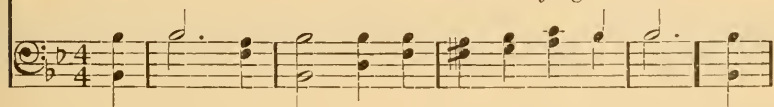
VICTOR.

11, 10, 11, 10. P.

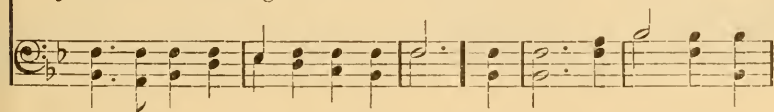
J. F. PARKER.
Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.



I. The Lord is ris - en! the Red Sea's judgment flood Is



pass'd in Him who bought us with His blood. The Lord is ris - en! we



stand be-yond the doom Of all our sin, thro' Je-su's emp-ty tomb.



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2 The Lord is risen! with Him we also rose,
And in His grave see vanquished all our foes.
The Lord is risen! beyond the judgment land,
In Him, in resurrection-life we stand.

3 The Lord is risen! redeeméd now to God,
We tread the desert which His feet have trod.
The Lord is risen! His presence is our place,
Where now we dwell before the Father's face.

4 The Lord is risen! the Lord is gone before:
We long to see Him, and to sin no more.
The Lord is risen! our triumph-shout shall be,
"Thou hast prevailed! Thy people, Lord, are free!"

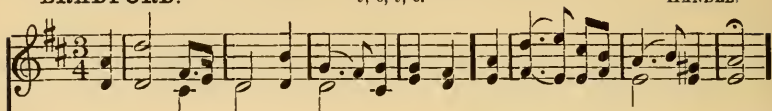
W. P. Mackay.

53 I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.

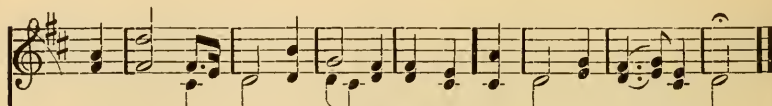
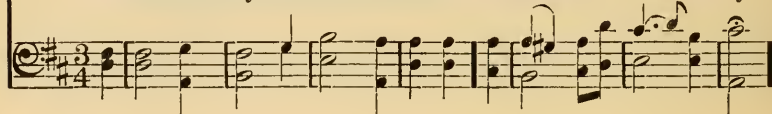
BRADFORD.

9, 6, 9, 6.

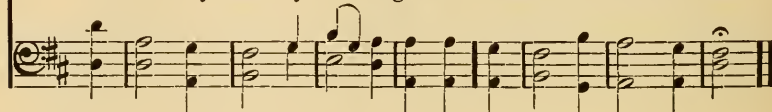
HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re - deem-er liv-eth—Once slain at Cal - va - ry!



I know my sins my God for-giveth—Christ bore their curse for me!



2 I know that my Redeemer liveth :

A quick'ning Spirit He,

I know eternal life He giveth—

Amazing grace—to me !

3 I know that my Redeemer liveth,

Beloved ineffably ;

I know in Him my God receiveth,

In sweetest favor, me !

4 I know Thou, my Redeemer, livest :

I know these eyes shall see

Thy form, Thy face of love, Who gavest

Thyself to purchase me !

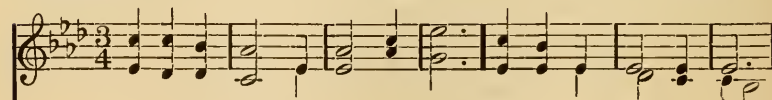
F. Allaben.

54 O Risen Lord, God's Deep Delights.

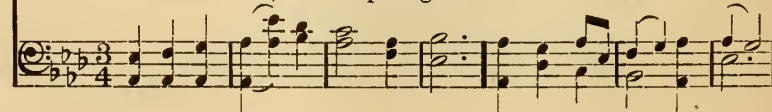
GERONTIUS.

C. M.

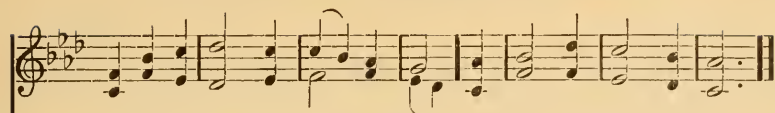
J. B. DYKES.



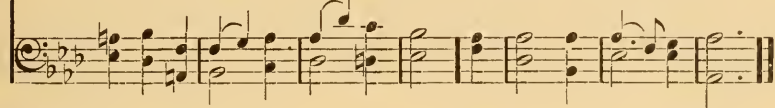
1. O ris-en Lord, God's deep delights Thou dost not taste a - lone!



O Risen Lord, God's Deep Delights.—Concluded.



In Thee we tread those ra-diant heights, And know Thy bliss our own!



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 We share, in glory far above
This scene that sense can see,
The sweetness of the Father's love,
In unison with Thee!</p> <p>3 By faith we see Thee glory-crown'd—
Ourselves in Thee through grace!
By faith we rest where Thou art
And gaze upon Thy face! [thron'd,</p> | <p>4 The fulness of Thy joy we share,—
Ours now for evermore!
Our need, ourselves, forgotten there,
Thee, Lord, our hearts adore!</p> <p>5 One Spirit with Thee, glorious Lord,
Our praise to Thee is sweet
As to Thy heart the love that poured
The ointment on Thy feet!</p> |
|---|--|

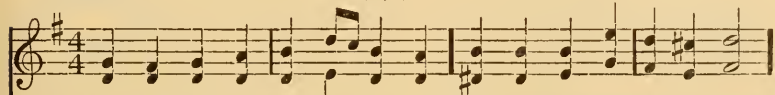
Selected.

55 Wondrous Joy, Thy Joy, Lord Jesus!

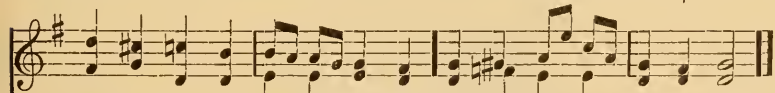
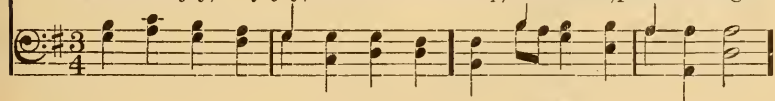
ROMANZA.

8, 7, 8, 7.

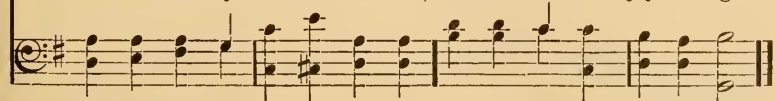
BEETHOVEN.



1. Wondrous joy, Thy joy, Lord Je-sus! Deep, e - ter-nal, pure and bright!



Once the lone - ly Man of Sor-rows, Thou canst tell of joy a - right!



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Now ascended unto glory,
From Thy love's unfailling spring
Thou dost pour Thy song of triumph—
Thou the song of songs dost sing!</p> <p>3 Won in travail of Thy spirit,—
Agony and shame and blood,—
That blest place beside the Father,
Nearest to the heart of God!</p> | <p>4 Won for me! my praises leading,
Thou dost sing that song divine—
All Thy joy my own for ever!
All Thy peace for ever mine!</p> <p>5 Hark, my soul! that hymn of glory
Filleth all the holy place!
Psalm of One who, for His people,
Gazeth on the Father's face!</p> |
|--|---|

Selected.

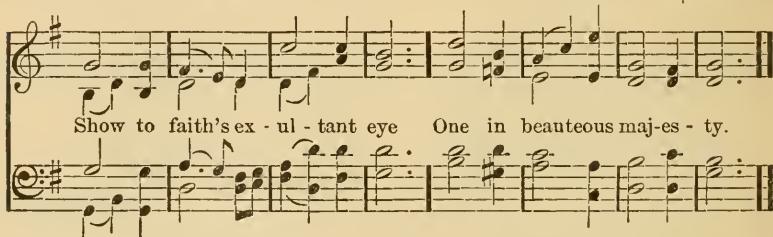
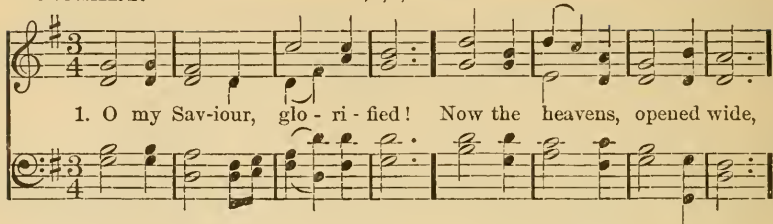
56

O My Saviour, Glorified.

MOZART.

7, 7, 7, 7.

MOZART.



2 Worthy of the sweetest praise
That my ransomed heart can raise,
Is that Man in whom alone
God Himself is fully known.

4 Holy Light, whose searching ray
Brings but into perfect day
Beauties that my heart must win
To the Sinless once made Sin!

3 For those clust'ring glories prove
That glad gospel, "God is Love,"
Whilst those wounds, in glory bright,
Voice the solemn, "God is Light."

5 Hark, my soul! thy Saviour sings;
Catch the joy that music brings;
And, with that sweet flood of song,
Pour thy whisp'ring praise along.

6 O my Saviour, glorified,
Turn my eye from all beside,
Let me but Thy beauty see,—
Other light is dark to me.

F. C. Jennings.

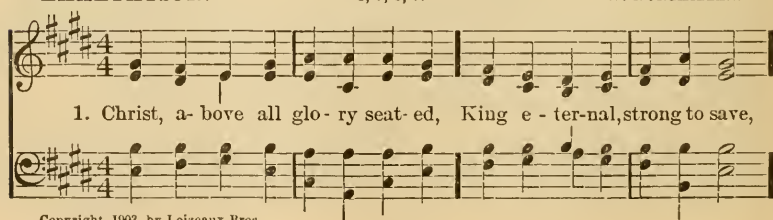
57

Christ, Above all Glory Seated.

EXALTATION.

8, 7, 8, 7.

W. BURGMILLER.



Christ, Above all Glory Seated.—Concluded.

Musical notation for the song 'Christ, Above all Glory Seated.—Concluded.' The notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The song concludes with a double bar line.

To Thee death—by death defeat-ed—Triumph high and glo-ry gave.

- 2 Thou art gone where now is given— 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 What no mortal might could gain— There forever to abide :
 On th' eternal throne of heaven, All the heav'nly host adore Thee,
 In Thy Father's power, to reign. Seated at Thy Father's side.

- 4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
 Thou art worthy to receive :
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

J. R. Woodford and J. Bakewell.

58 His Be the Victor's Name.

AHIRA.

S. M.

H. W. GREATOR EX.

Musical notation for the song 'His Be the Victor's Name.' The notation is in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The song begins with a key signature change from B-flat major to D-flat major (three flats).

1. His be the Victor's name, Who fought the fight a-lone ! Tri -

Musical notation for the song 'His Be the Victor's Name.' The notation is in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The song continues with the same key signature and time signature.

umph-ant saints no hon - or claim,—His conquest was their own.

- 2 By weakness and defeat 3 Bless, bless the Conq'r or slain,—
 He won the meed and crown,— Slain in His victory,—
 Trod all our foes beneath His feet Who lived, who died, who lives again,
 By being trodden down. For thee, His Church, for thee !

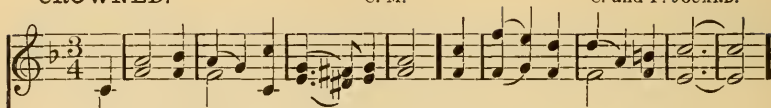
59

Jesus, Thy Head Once Crowned.

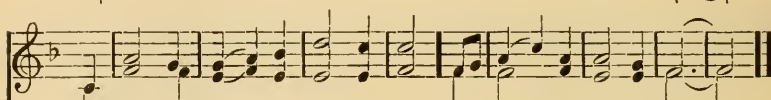
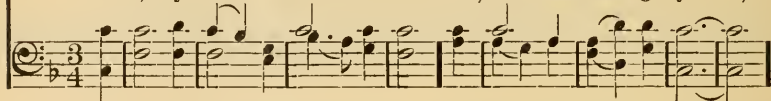
CROWNED.

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



1. Je-sus, Thy head once crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glory now ;



Heav'n's roy-al di - a - dem a-dorns The might - y Vic-tor's brow.



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2 Thou glorious Light of courts above,
Joy of the saints below,
To us still manifest Thy love,
That we its depths may know.

3 To us Thy cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, be giv'n ;
Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,
God honors it in heav'n.

4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
Shall reign with Thee above ;
Then let it be our joy to know
This way of peace and love.

5 To us Thy cross is life and health,—
'Twas shame and death to Thee,—
Our present glory, joy, and wealth,
Our everlasting stay.

Thomas Kelly.

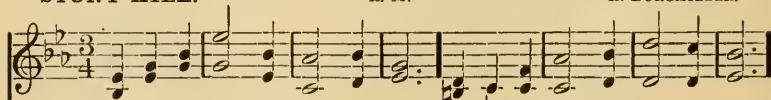
60

The Saviour Lives, No More to Die.

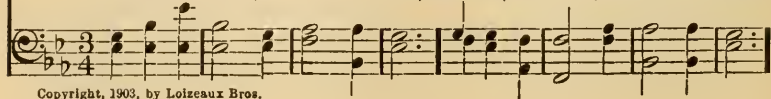
STONY HILL.

L. M.

L. BURGMILLER.

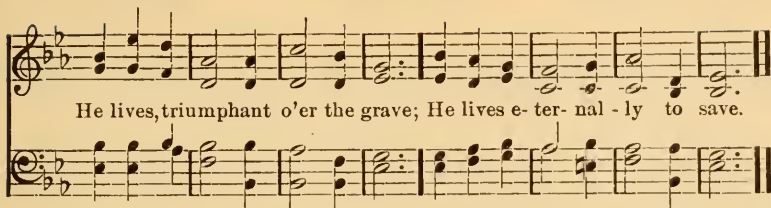


1. The Saviour lives, no more to die; He lives, our Head, enthron'd on high;



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The Saviour Lives, No More to Die.—Concluded.



2 The chief of sinners He receives,
His saints He loves and never leaves;
He'll guard us safe from ev'ry ill,
And all His promises fulfill.

3 Abundant grace will He afford,
Till we are present with the Lord:
And prove what we have sung before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

4 Then let our souls in Him rejoice,
And sing His praise with cheerful voice:
Our doubts and fears forever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

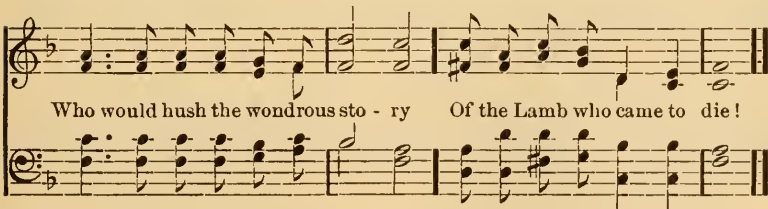
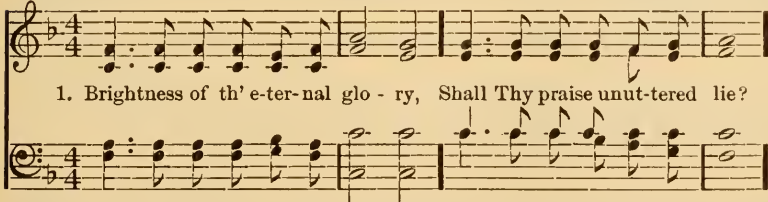
Samuel Medley.

61 Brightness of the Eternal Glory.

DIJON.

8, 7, 8, 7.

J. G. BITTHAUER.



2 Came from Godhead's throne eternal,
Down to Calv'ry's depth of woe;
Came to crush the powers infernal,—
Streams of praises ceaseless flow!

3 Sing His blest triumphant rising!
Sing Him on the Father's throne!
Sing, till heav'n and earth surprising,
Reigns the Nazarene alone!

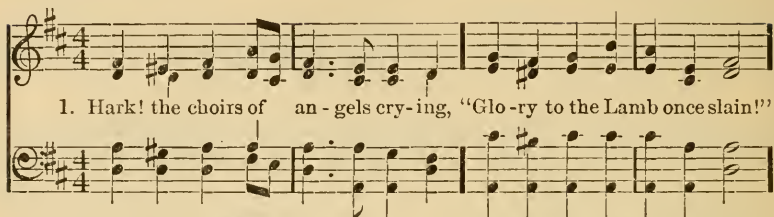
Robert Robinson.

62 Hark! The Choirs of Angels Crying.

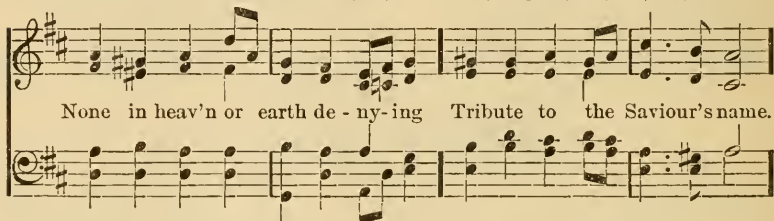
GLORIA AGNO.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

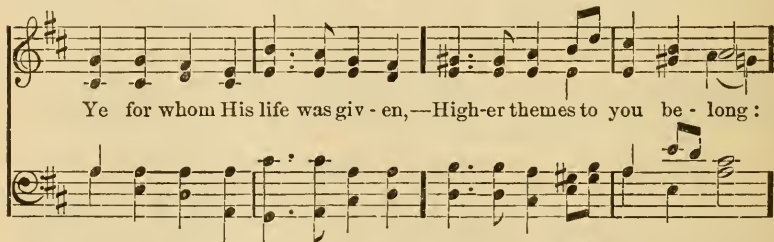
GEO. TREMBLAY.



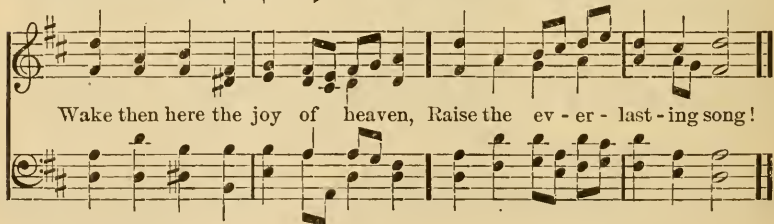
1. Hark! the choirs of an - gels cry - ing, "Glo - ry to the Lamb once slain!"



None in heav'n or earth de - ny - ing Tribute to the Saviour's name.



Ye for whom His life was giv - en, — High - er themes to you be - long :



Wake then here the joy of heaven, Raise the ev - er - last - ing song !

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2 See how God hath now enthroned Him
 At His own right hand on high !
 There the heav'nly hosts have owned Him,
 Filling with His praise the sky !
 Endless life in Him possessing,
 Let us praise His glorious name :
 Glory, honor, pow'r, and blessing
 Be forever to the Lamb !

BAPTISMA.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Lord Je - sus, we re - mem - ber The trav - ail of Thy soul,

When, thro' Thy love's deep pit - y, The waves did o'er Thee roll!

Bap - tized in death's dark wa - ters, For us Thy blood was shed:

For us Thou, Lord of glo - ry, Wast num - ber'd with the dead !

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2 O Lord, Thou now art risen,
 Thy travail all is o'er!
 For sin Thou once hast suffered :
 Thou liv'st, to die no more.
 Sin, death and hell are vanquished
 By Thee, the Church's Head,
 And lo! we share Thy triumphs,
 Thou First-born from the dead!

3 Unto Thy death baptizéd,
 We own with Thee we died;
 With Thee, our Life, we're risen,
 And shall be glorified :
 From sin, the world and Satan
 We're ransomed by Thy blood,
 And here would walk as strangers,
 Alive with Thee to God.

James G. Deck.

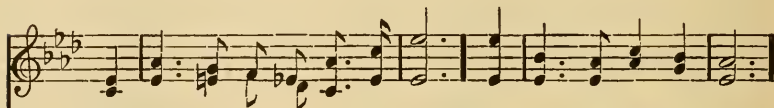
All Hail! O Glorious Son of God.

TRIUMPHUS.

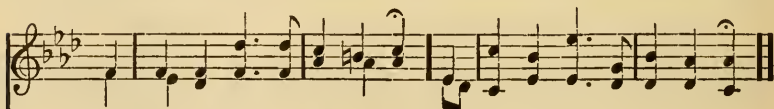
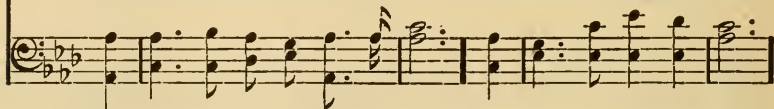
8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

F. ALLABEN.
Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.

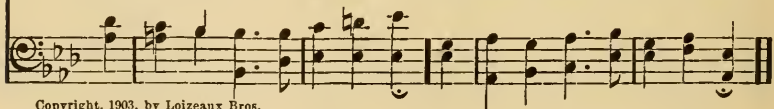
1. All hail! O glorious Son of God, In triumph ris'n a - gain!



All heav'n resounds with joyful laud— The songs of ransomed men!



The mighty chains of death are riv'n! The Risen Christ is thron'd in heav'n!



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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 O joy! the Second Adam stands
Within God's Paradise!
No longer barred by flaming brands,
The shining pathway lies:
Within, the glorious Head has passed:
Each member must be there at last!</p> | <p>3 Behind us lie the cross and grave;
Before, eternal bliss,
Where blossoms, from the garden cave,
The Tree of Righteousness!
The Face that shame and spitting bore,
Is crowned with radiance evermore!</p> |
|--|---|
- 4 Before Thee, Lord, in shining hosts,
Thy mighty angels bend!
Thy saved ones, from a thousand coasts,
Their psalms of vict'ry blend!
I join that song, so passing sweet!
I cast my crown before Thy feet!

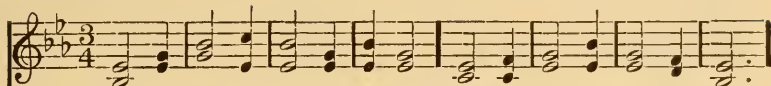
Selected.

65 Through the Vail God Bids Me Enter.

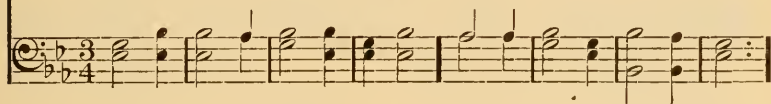
ACCESS.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

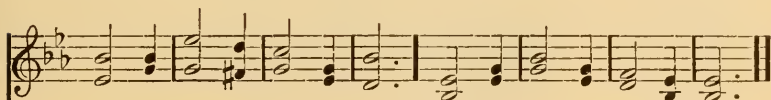
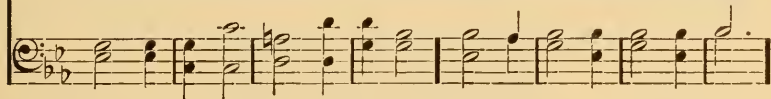
J. F. PARKER.
Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.



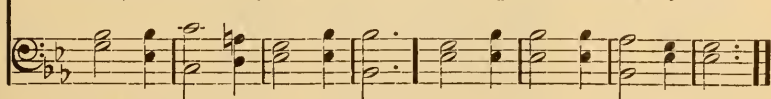
1. Thro' the vail God bids me en-ter By the new and liv-ing way ;



Not in trembling hope I venture—Bold-ly I His call o-bey :



There, with Christ my God, I meet God up-on the mer-cy-seat !



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2 O the welcome I have found there—
God in all His love made known!
O the glory that surrounds there
Those accepted in His Son!
Who can tell the depths of bliss
Spoken by the Father's kiss?

4 All the worth I have before Him
Is the value of the blood :
I present, when I adore Him,
Christ, the First-fruits, unto God.
Him with joy doth God behold :
Thus is my acceptance told!

3 All His joy told out unhindered—
Nought but Christ His eye can see!
Christ into His joy has entered,
And in Christ He welcomes me :
Would I know how dear to God?
Priceless as Christ's precious blood!

5 Place of glory, place of blessing,
Place where God His heart displays!
All in Thee, O Christ, possessing,
Thine the voice that leads our praise!
Thine the new eternal song,
Through the ages borne along!

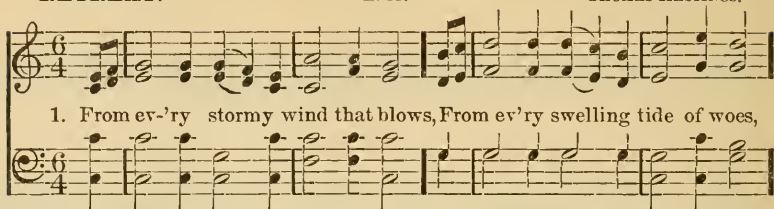
Selected.

66 From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

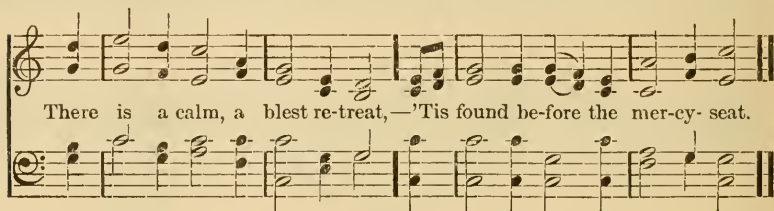
RETREAT.

L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,



There is a calm, a blest re-treat,—'Tis found be-fore the mer-cy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides, more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where souls unite,
Where saints hold fellowship in light :
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat !
- 5 There, there, by faith we upward soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
For freely God our souls doth greet,
Where glory crowns the mercy-seat.

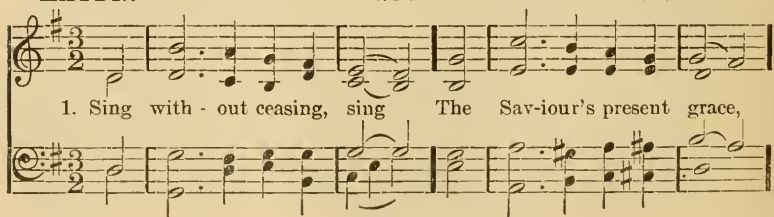
Hugh Stowell.

67 Sing Without Ceasing, Sing.

HAYDN.

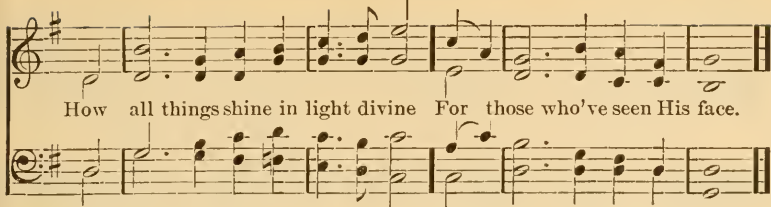
S. M.

Arr. fr. HAYDN.



1. Sing with - out ceasing, sing The Sav-iour's present grace,

Sing Without Ceasing, Sing.—Concluded.



How all things shine in light divine For those who've seen His face.

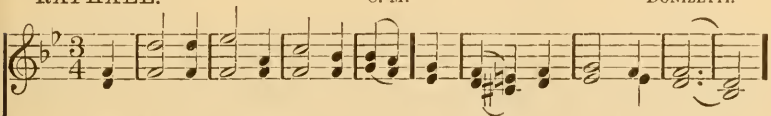
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 He's gone within the veil,
For us that place has won ;
In Him we stand, a heav'nly hand,
Where He Himself is gone.</p> <p>3 There all's unsullied light ;
Our hearts let in its rays ; [bright,
And heav'nly light makes all things
Seen in that blissful gaze.</p> | <p>4 Though here on earth we are,
Though here in weakness roam,
Our place on high, God's self so nigh—
His presence is our home.</p> <p>5 That way is upward still,
Where life and glory are ;
Our rest's above ; in perfect love,
The glory we shall share.</p> |
|--|--|
- J. N. Darby.

68 How Sweet and Holy is the Place.

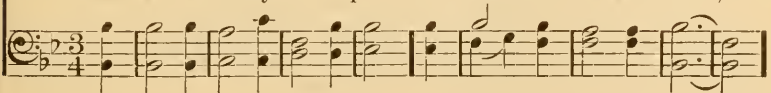
RAPHAEL.

C. M.

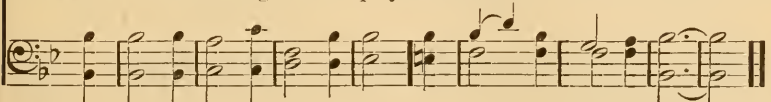
DONIZETTI.



1. How sweet and ho-ly is the place With Christ with-in the doors,



Where ev-er-last-ing love dis-plays The choic-est of her stores !



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful
tongue,
"Lord ! why am I a guest?</p> | <p>3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched
choice,
And rather starve than come?"</p> |
|--|--|

- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in :
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

Isaac Watts.

69

Jesus, Before Thy Face We Fall.

BONN.

L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Je-sus, be-fore Thy face we fall— Our Lord, our life, our hope, our all !

For we have no-where else to flee— No sanc-tu - a - ry, Lord, but Thee !

2 In Thee we ev'ry glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too:
'Tis all our rest and peace to see
Our sanctuary, Lord, in Thee !

3 Whatever foes or fears betide,
In Thy blest presence we may hide ;
And while we rest our souls on 'Thee,
Thou wilt our Sanctuary be !

4 Through time, with all its changing scenes,
Through all the grief that intervenes,
This shall support each fainting heart—
That Thou our Sanctnary art !

C. Medley.

70

The Throne of Grace Surrounding.

TWILIGHT.

7, 6, 7, 6.

GOUNOD.

1. The throne of graces surrounding In Je-su's peer-less Name, Sup -

The Throne of Grace Surrounding.—Concluded.



ply for need abounding With confidence we claim! With confidence we claim!



2 We seek Thy Spirit's leading,
To ask what suits Thy will,
While He, within us pleading,
||: Our hearts with thanks doth fill! :||

3 Thy love, for us availing,
Our hearts shall peaceful be:
O what sweet rest, unailing,
||: To cast each care on Thee! :||

4 For Thou, O Father, knoweth
All things Thy children need,
And from our hearts outfloweth
||: Our praises, while we plead! :||

G. W. Frazer.

71 Abba, Father, We Who Know Thee.

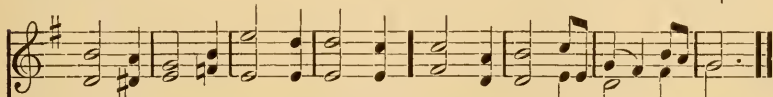
DULCETTA.

8, 7, 8, 7.

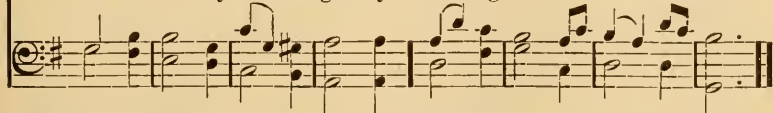
BEETHOVEN.



1. Ab - ba, Fa-ther, we who know Thee Gather round the throne of grace:



Here we see Thy love and glo - ry Shin - ing in the Sav - iour's face!



2 Weakness, failure, all confessing,
We Thy promised succor claim,
Pleading, for the needed blessing,
Jesu's ever-precious Name!

3 Guide in prayer our needs expressing
In sweet filial liberty,
Whilst with grateful hearts addressing
Worship, praise and thanks to Thee!

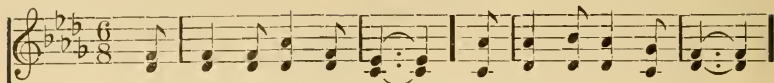
4 Ev'ry care upon Thee casting,
We would rest in love divine,
Till in glory everlasting
In Thy heav'nly light we shine!

Sweet Is Thy Mercy, Lord.

ELLINWOOD.

S. M.

FENELON B. RICE.



1. Sweet is Thy mer-cy, Lord! Be-fore the mer-cy seat



My soul, a-doring, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mercy sweet!



Used by per. of Mrs. Helen M. Rice.

2 My need, and God's desires,
Are all in Christ complete:
He has the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy, sweet!

3 Light Thou my weary way,
Lead Thou my weary feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet!

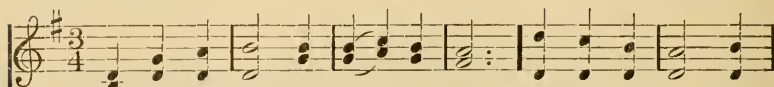
J. S. B. Monsell.

Father! In Thine Eternal Power.

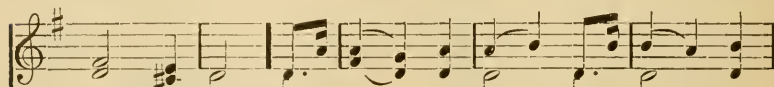
ETHELBERG.

L. M.

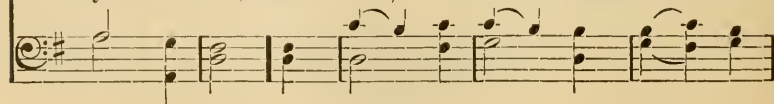
BEETHOVEN.



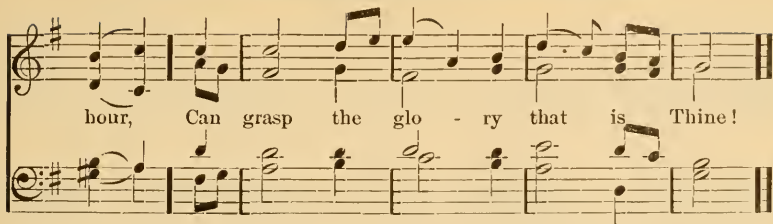
1. Fa-ther! in Thine e-ter-nal power, Thy grace, Thy maj-es-



ty di-vine, No soul, in this weak mor-tal



Father! In Thine Eternal Power.—Concluded.



2 And yet Thy love is not unknown
To those who have the Saviour seen;
Nor strange to those He calls His
own—
Pilgrims in scenes where He, has
been.

3 In Him Thy perfect love, revealed,
Has led our hearts that love to trace
Where nothing of the love's concealed,
But meets us, in our lowly place!

4 And here we walk as sons, through
grace,
A Father's love our present joy,—
Find, in the brightness of Thy Face,
A rest no sorrows can destroy!

5 How sweet Thy love, that ne'er
forgets [bear,—
To see what fruits Thy children
May chasten still, while sin besets,
But with a Father's tender care!

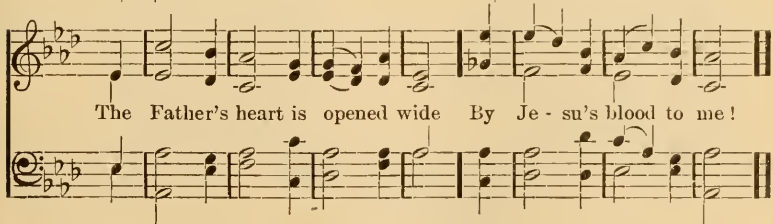
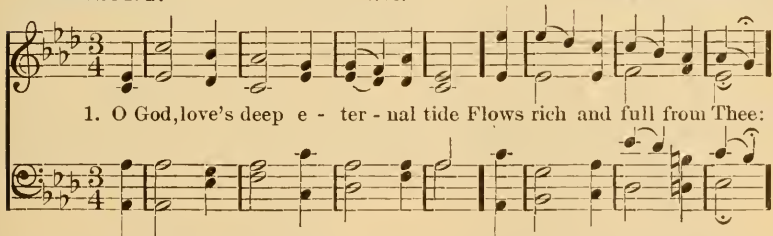
J. N. Darby.

74 O God, Love's Deep Eternal Tide.

BELMONT.

C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



2 It was Thyself, O God, who sought,
With tender yearnings deep, [not—
The loveless soul that sought Thee
The worthless wand'ring sheep.

3 I come, yet leave myself behind,
And thus unfearing come,

For nought save Christ and Thee I
In my eternal home. [find

4 By love's sweet magnet-force led on,
I reach the inmost rest—
The nameless rapture of the son
Upon the Father's breast.

Selected

BETHANY.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I was a wan-der-er, Far, far from home; Dark-ness was

o - ver me, Rest I had none. Grace bade the gloom depart,

Grace drew my weary heart Upward, my God, to Thee, Upward to Thee!

2 In me did sin abound,
Dregs of the fall;
In Thee is mercy found,
Full, free to all.
Pardon and peace I sought,
Then by the Cross was brought
Home, O my God, to be
Ever with Thee!

3 There did my Lord appear
My Way to heav'n:
Through faith in Him alone,
Sin is forgiv'n.
Hence, my victorious plea—
"Jesus hath died for me!"
Jesus hath died for me!
Yes, died for me!

4 Father, I now am brought
Nigh unto Thee,
Purchased by Jesu's blood,
That cleanseth me.
Endless my song shall be,
Glory, my God, to Thee!
Glory, my God, to Thee!
Glory to Thee!

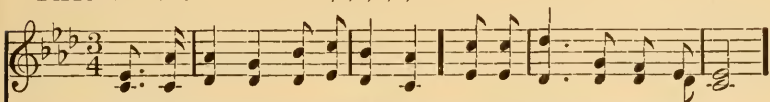
J. G. Boyd.

76 Sweet the Blessed Name of Father.

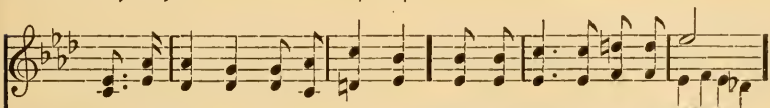
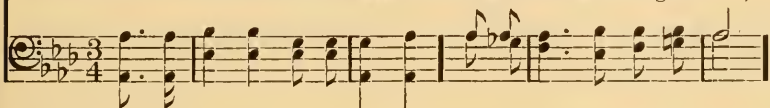
PATERNITY.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

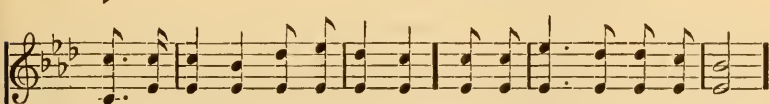
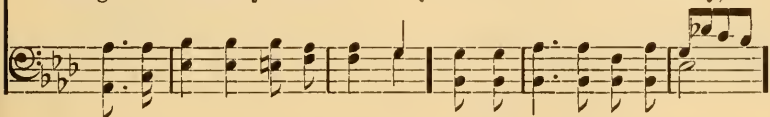
C. and F. JOUARD.



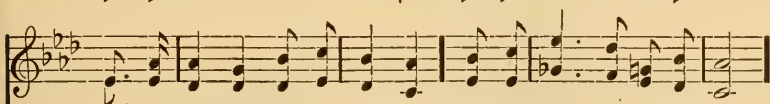
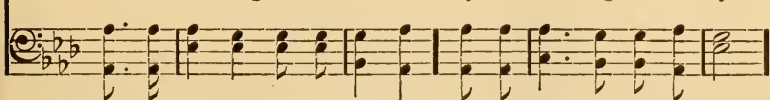
1. Sweet the bless-ed name of Father: Sweet and blest the thought to me,



Nought from Thee my soul shall sever—Lov'd of God in-ef-fa-bly,



Ab-ba's smile of grace for-ev-er My un-end-ing ec-sta-sy!



Ab-ba's smile of grace for-ev-er My un-end-ing ec-sta-sy!



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2 Sweet the blessed name of Father:
Sweet and blest the thought to me,
Thou shalt bear me as a jewel
On Thy heart unceasingly,
||: Purchase of the cross so cruel,
Trophy of Christ's agony! :||

3 Sweet the blessed name of Father:
Sweet and blest the thought to me,
Thou shalt plant me in Thy bosom,
Abba's love my sunshine be:
||: There my soul shall ever blossom,
Yielding praise eternally! :||

F. Allaben.

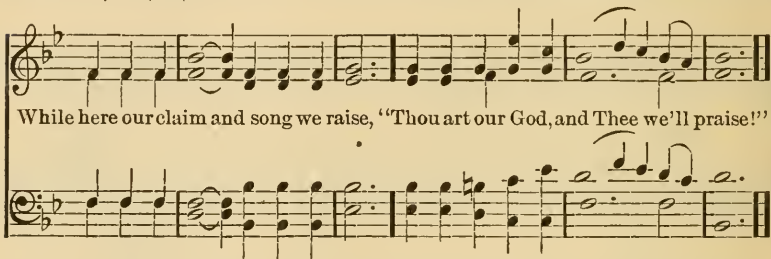
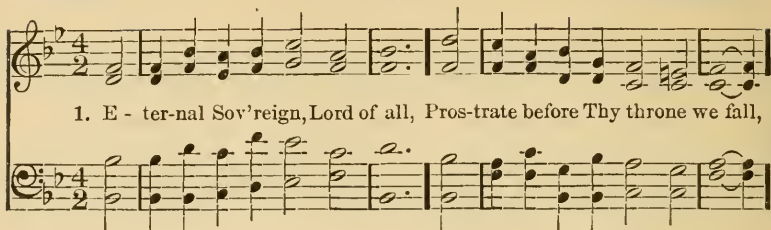
77

Eternal Sovereign, Lord of All.

AMES.

L. M.

NEUKOMM,



2 Thou art our Comfort, Safety, Peace,
Whence all those joys which never cease;
The Guide and Strength of all our ways—
"Thou art our God, and Thee we'll praise!"

3 In all our trials and our fears,
In all our sorrows and our tears,
In all our dark and gloomy days,
"Thou art our God, and Thee we'll praise!"

4 Be this our glory when we rise
To that bright world beyond the skies!
For ever there this song we'll raise,
"Thou art our God, and Thee we'll praise!"

Samuel Medley.

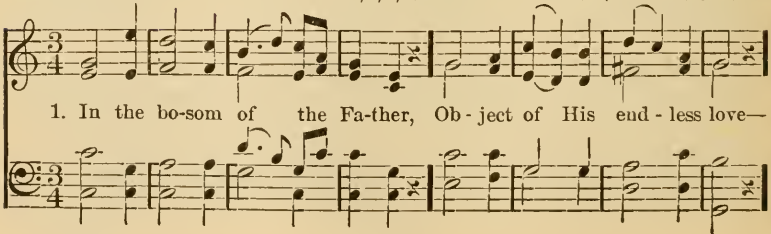
78

In the Bosom of the Father.

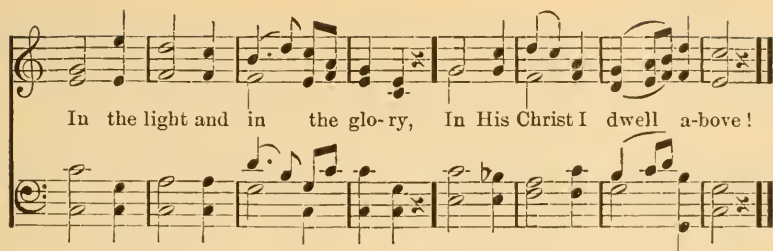
WILSON.

S, 7, 8, 7.

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



In the Bosom of the Father.—Concluded.



In the light and in the glo-ry, In His Christ I dwell a-bove!

2 There, O God, I rest untroubled,
All my service to adore,—
Sin and shame and death and sorrow
Left behind for evermore!

4 Gazing there, I never weary, [waste,
Though my feet press through the
For the bitter Marah-waters
Thou hast sweetened to my taste.

3 Father, all the wondrous secret
Of Thy perfect love to me—
All Thy heart's exhaustless fullness—
In Christ's blessed face I see!

5 Blesséd path that ends to-morrow
In the glory round Thy throne!
On! with silver trumpets sounding—
Through the waste we hasten on!

Selected.

79 O God, O Father, Thine Alone.

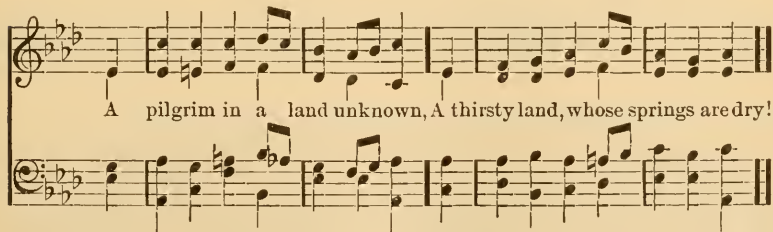
CANONBURY.

L. M.

SCHUMANN.



1. O God, O Fa-ther, Thine a-lone, I lift to Thee my fili-al cry,—



A pilgrim in a land unknown, A thirsty land, whose springs are dry!

2 Yet thro' this rough, this thorny maze,
I follow after Thee, my God:
Thy hand, unseen, upholds my ways—
I safely tread where Christ has
trod!

For whom have I in heav'n above,
Or what on earth, compared with
Thee?

[voice,

3 More dear than life itself, Thy love—
Dearer than all beside to me!

4 Praise shall my heart, my mind, my
To Thee, O Father, freely give!
Thy child, I do in Thee rejoice
In Whom for evermore I live!

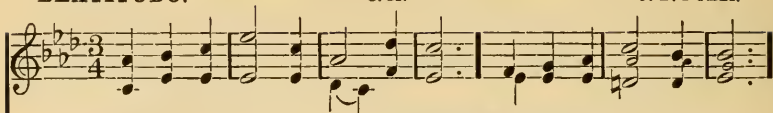
James Montgomery.

80 I've Found the Pearl of Greatest Price.

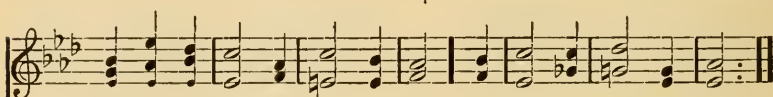
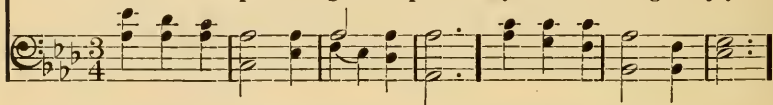
BEATITUDO.

C. M.

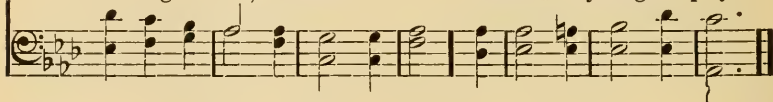
J. B. DYKES.



1. I've found the pearl of greatest price: My heart doth sing for joy!



And sing I must, for Christ is mine—Christ shall my song employ!



2 Christ is my peace: He died for me, 3 Christ is my Prophet, Priest and King:
For me He gave His blood; My Prophet full of light,
He as my wondrous Sacrifice My great High Priest before the throne,
Offered Himself to God. My King of grace and might!

4 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My comfort and my love,
My life below, and He shall be
My joy and crown above!

J. Mason.

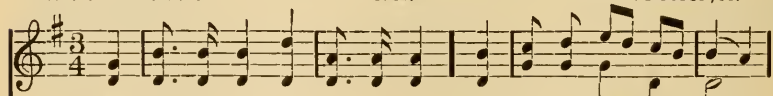
NOTE.—The first line of this hymn is not intended to refer to, or conflict with, Matt. xiii: 46, where the Lord speaks of the Church as a "pearl of great price," which He has found. Is it not a fitting response for the believer to speak of the Lord as "the Pearl of greatest price?"

81 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

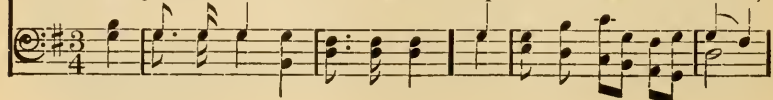
WOODSTOCK.

C. M.

D. DUTTON, Jr.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-iour's brow;



Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.—Concluded.

His head with ra-diant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is He than all the fair,
That fill the heav'nly train.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have ;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief ;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

5 To heav'n, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

Samuel Stennett.

82 O Lord, Thou King Most Wonderful.

VALENTIA.

C. M.

EBERWEIN.
Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. O Lord, Thou King most wonderful, With heav'nly glo-ries crown'd,

Thou Sweetness most in - ef - fa - ble, In Whom all joys are found !

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

Surpassing all the joys we know,
Or shall know when above:

3 O Lord, Thou Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and love,

4 Thee may our tongues forever bless !
Thee may we love alone !
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own !

Bernard of Clairvaux.

83 O Lord, the Spring of All My Joys.

PEORIA.

C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O Lord, the Spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,
The glo - ry of my brightest days, And com - fort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright Morning Star,
And Thou my rising Sun.

3 The opened heavens round me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this mortal clay
At Thy transporting word,—
Caught up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise Thee, Lord.

Isaac Watts.

84 Satisfied With Thee, Lord Jesus.

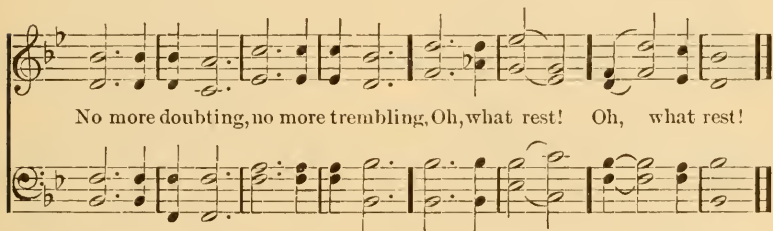
SATISFIED.

8, 3, 8, 3, 8, 3

Mrs. E. MILNE.

1. Sat - is - fied with Thee, Lord Je - sus. I am blest ;

Satisfied With Thee, Lord Jesus.—Concluded.



2 Occupied with Thee, Lord Jesus,
In Thy grace ; [me
All Thy ways and thoughts about
Only trace
Deeper stories of the glories
||: Of Thy grace. :||

3 Taken up with Thee, Lord Jesus,
I would be ;
Finding joy and satisfaction
All in Thee ;
Thou the nearest and the dearest
||: Unto me. :||

4 List'ning for Thy shout, Lord Jesus,
In the air !
When Thy saints shall rise with joy to
Meet Thee there,
O what gladness ! no more sadness,
||: Sin nor care. :||

Miss C. A. Wellesley.

85

1 Longing for the Bride, Lord Jesus,
Of Thy heart,
To be with Thee in the glory,
Where Thou art :
Love so groundless, grace so boundless,
||: Wins my heart. :||

3 O to praise Thee there Lord Jesus,
Evermore !
O to grieve and wander from Thee
Nevermore !
Earth's sad story, closed in glory,
||: On yon shore ! :||

2 When Thy blood-bought church, Lord
Is complete ; [Jesus,
When each soul is safely landed
At Thy feet ;
What a story in the glory
||: She'll repeat ! :||

4 Then Thy church will be, Lord Jesus,
The display
Of Thy richest grace and kindness
In that day ;
Marking pages.—wondrous stages,
||: O'er earth's way. :||

Miss C. A. Wellesley.

86 Jesus! Thy Boundless Love to Me.

LOUVAN.

L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Je - sus! Thy bound - less love to me No thought can
reach, no tongue de - clare! O draw my thank - ful
heart to Thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there!

- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies,—
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise!
- 3 Thy love, in suff'rings, be my peace!
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong!
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love in heav'n shall be my song!

P. Gerhardt; J. Wesley, tr.

87 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

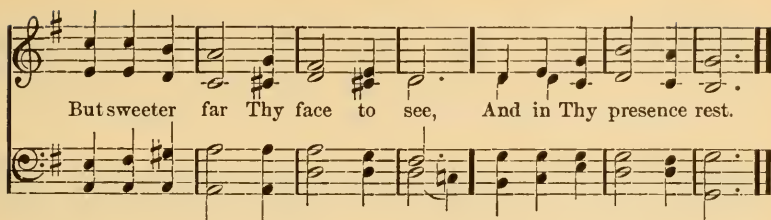
ST. AGNES.

C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.—Concluded.



- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
No tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 3 O Hope of ev'ry contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be.
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

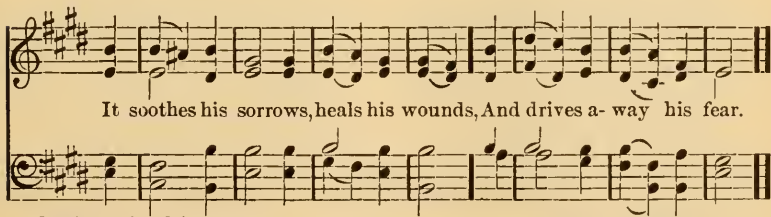
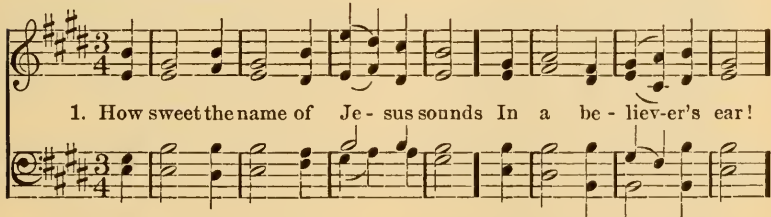
Bernard of Clairvaux; E. Caswell, tr.

88 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

NOMEN DULCE.

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



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2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which we
Our Shield and Hiding-place!
Our never-failing Treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend!
Thou Prophet, Priest and King!
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End!
Accept the praise we bring.

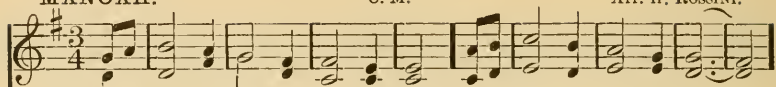
[build!]

89 There Is a Name I Love to Hear.

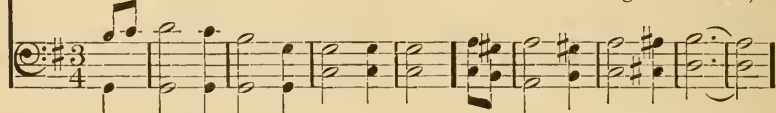
MANOAH.

C. M.

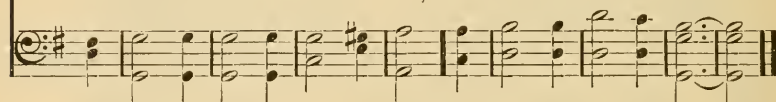
Arr. fr. ROSSINI.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth ;



It sounds like mu- sic in mine ear,—The sweetest name on earth !



2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,—
The sinner's perfect plea.

4 This Name shall shed its fragrance still
Along the thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

3 Jesu! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear ;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 And there, with all the blood-bought
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesu's love to me.

Frederick Whitfield.

90

1 Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heav'n should hear!

3 All my aspiring powers can wish,
Lord, Thou dost richly meet ;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust!
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

4 Thy grace e'er dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
A cordial for its care.

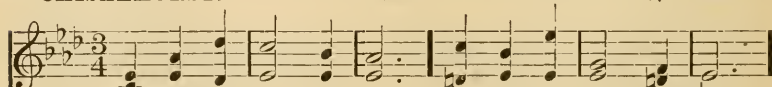
Philip Doddridge.

91 I Praise, I Bless the Lamb.

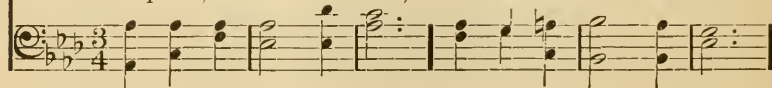
CHISELHURST.

S. M.

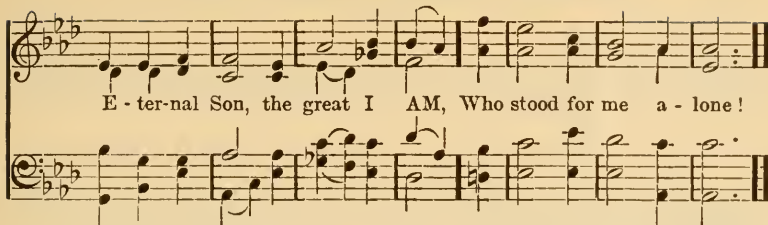
Sir J. BARNEY.



1. I praise, I bless the Lamb, Now seat-ed on 'the throne—



I Praise, I Bless the Lamb.—Concluded.



E - ter-nal Son, the great I AM, Who stood for me a - lone !

2 Beneath the crushing weight

Of all my guilt and sin

He went, to reach my desp'rate state,
My rebel heart to win !

3 With Him I now am blest

Before His God and mine ;

In Him I find eternal rest,

And like Him soon shall shine !

4 My soul, adore the Lamb,

Now seated on the throne—

Eternal Son, the great I AM,

Who stood for me alone !

G. W. Frazer.

92 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

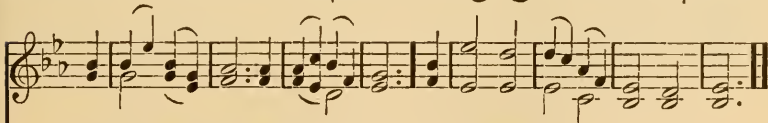
EMMAUS.

L. M.

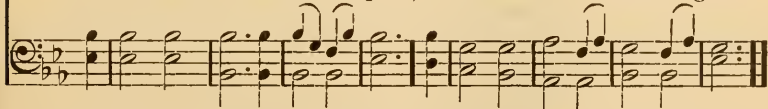
GEORGE HEWS.



1. Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,



From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-fill'd to Thee a - gain.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee
call;

To them that seek Thee, O how good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;

We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

4 Our eager spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad since Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, since our faith can hold Thee
fast.

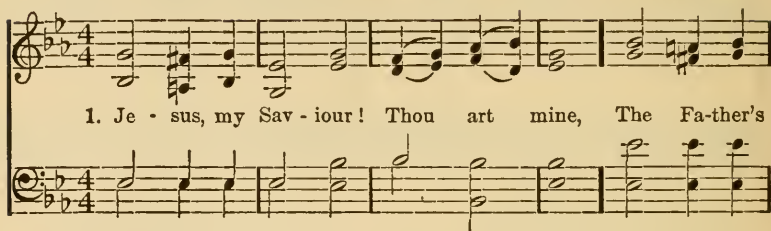
Bernard of Clairvaux ; Ray Palmer, tr.

93 Jesus, My Saviour! Thou Art Mine.

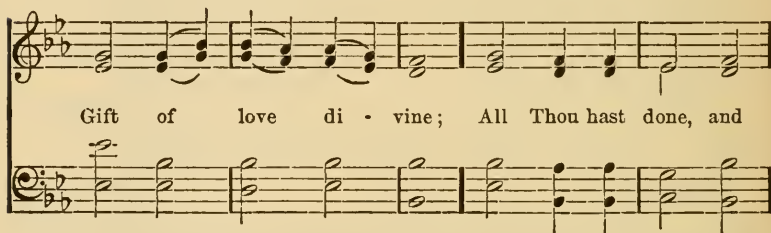
HOLLEY.

L. M.

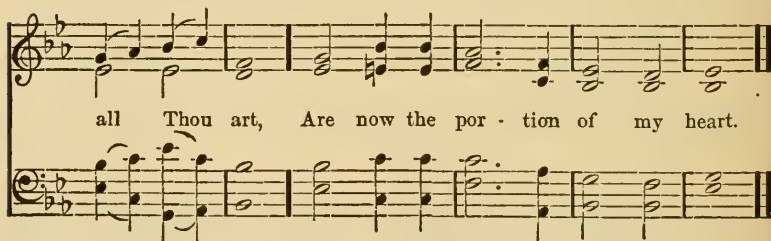
GEORGE HEWS.



1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Thou art mine, The Fa-ther's



Gift of love di - vine; All Thou hast done, and



all Thou art, Are now the por - tion of my heart.

2 Poor, feeble, wretched, as I am,
I now can glory in Thy name;
Now cleansed in Thy most precious blood,
And made the righteousness of God.

3 All that Thou hast Thou hast for me,
All my fresh springs are hid in Thee;
In Thee I live; while I confess
I nothing am, yet all possess.

4 O Saviour, teach me to abide,
Close sheltered at Thy wounded side,
Each hour receiving grace on grace,
Until I see Thee face to face.

James G. Deck.

Resting, O Christ, in Thee.

ABIDING.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

R. L. HASLUP. By per.

1. Rest - ing, O Christ, in Thee, Safe, safe in Thee ; Fin-ished, Thy

work for me, On Cal - va - ry ; So, by Thy blood se-cured,

And, by Thy Word as-sured, I rest in Thee.

Copyright, 1897, by Gospel Music Pub. Co.

2 When Thou wast crucified,
 Lord, 'twas for me ;
 When Thou didst die, I died.
 Risen in Thee,
 The life that now I live
 Is life which 'Thou dost give
 By faith to me.

3 Trustingly, day by day,
 I walk with Thee ;
 Thy presence all the way
 Refresheth me—
 The Spirit, through the Word,
 Revealeth Thee, dear Lord,
 Continually.

4 Upheld by Thy rich grace,
 Lord, I would fill
 Just the appointed place
 That Thou dost will ;
 Contented, there abide,
 Nor doubt, whate'er betide,
 But trust Thee still.

G. Kettlewell.

Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine,

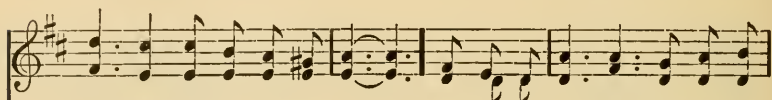
BLESSED ASSURANCE.

P. M.

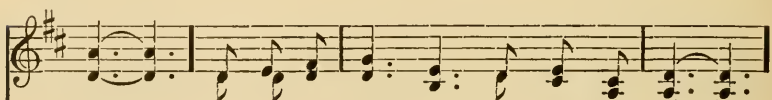
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a



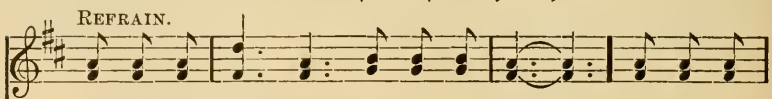
fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of



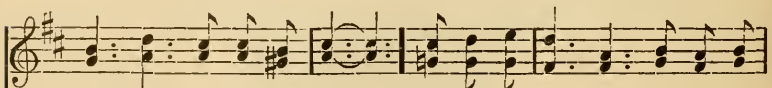
God, Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood!



REFRAIN.



This is my sto-ry, this is my song: Prais-ing my



Sav-iour all the day long! This is my sto-ry, this is my



Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine.—Concluded.

song: Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long!

2 Perfect assurance, perfect delight!
 Visions of rapture now burst on my sight!
 Jesus descending brought from above
 Riches of mercy, treasures of love!

3 Perfect assurance—all is at rest!
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
 Watching and waiting, looking above,
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love!

Fanny J. Crosby.

96 Eternal Circle, Holy, Bright.

FELLOWSHIP.

C. M.

F. ALLABEN.
 Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.

1. E - ter - nal Cir - cle, ho - ly, bright, Of God-head bliss a - bove!

Thy wondrous fel - low - ship of Light Em - braces us in love!

Copyright, 1903, by Loizeaux Bros.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 O Christ! with Thee, before God's face,
We share Thy Father's kiss—
Shall taste for evermore, in grace,
The Son's unfathomed bliss! | 4 The Spirit's boundless joy we prove—
For evermore shall gaze
On Father, Son, with His deep love!
With His own pow'r shall praise! |
| 3 With Thee, O Father! thrill'd, we view
The beauties of Thy Son—
Shall view them ever, ever new,
As ever Thou hast done! | 5 E'en now with joy our souls adore
Thee, Father! Thee, O Son!
What songs the Spirit will outpour
From us when round God's throne! |

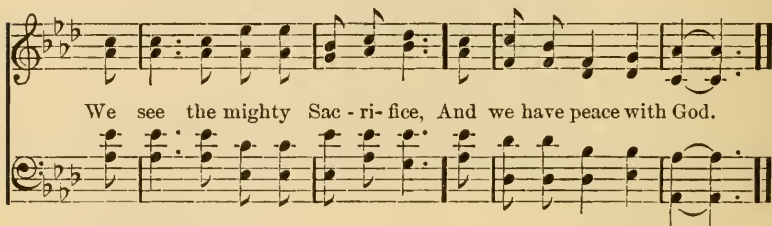
ASSURANCE.

S. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



1. We hear the words of love, We gaze up-on the blood,



We see the mighty Sac - ri - fice, And we have peace with God.

Copyright, 1903, by Loizeaux Bros.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name:
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 Our love is oft-times low,
Our joy still ebbs and flows,
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

4 We change—He changes not;
Our Christ can never die:
His love, not ours, the resting place,
We on His truth rely.

5 The cross still stands unchanged,
Though heav'n is now His home;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb!

6 And yonder is our peace,
The grave of all our woes:
We know the Son of God has come,
We know He died and rose.

7 We know He liveth now
At God's right hand above;
We know the throne on which He sits,
We know His truth and love!

Horatius Bonar.

98

1 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfalt'ring lip and heart
I call the Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each ling'ring shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,—
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives!
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

5 My life with Him is hid;
My death has passed away;
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day!

Horatius Bonar.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to
 you He hath said,— To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?

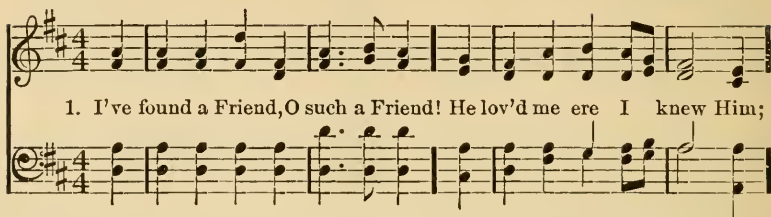
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed !
 For I am Thy God, I will still give thee aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 ||: Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand. :||
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
 For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
 ||: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :||
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not—I will not desert to his foes ;
 That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 ||: I'll never—no never—no never forsake !" :||

100 I've Found a Friend, O Such a Friend.

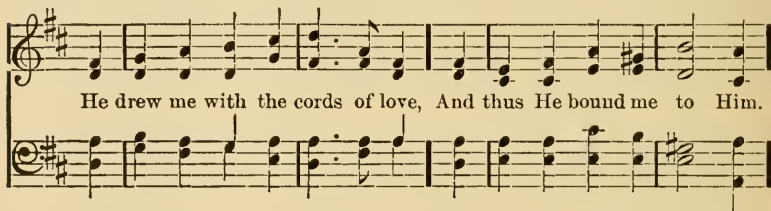
AMIGO.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

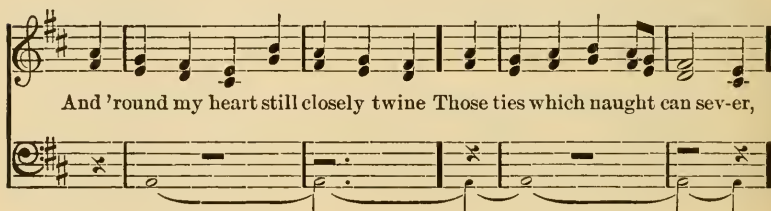
R. L. HASLUP.



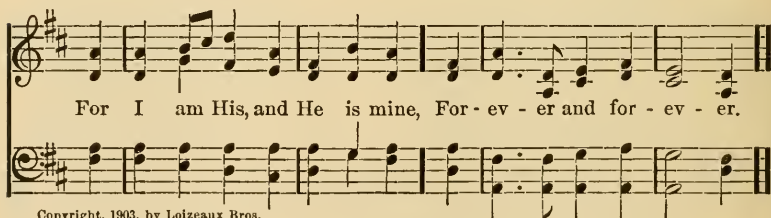
1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He lov'd me ere I knew Him;



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.



And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,



For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

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- 2 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
 He bled, He died to save me;
 And not alone the gift of life,
 But His own self He gave me.
 Naught that I have my own I call,
 I hold it for the Giver:
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
 Are His, and His forever.
- 3 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
 All power to Him is given
 To guard me on my onward course,
 And bring me safe to heaven.

Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
 To serve my faint endeavor;
 So now to watch, to work, to war,
 And then to rest forever.

- 4 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
 So kind, and true, and tender,
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
 So mighty a Defender!
 From Him, who loves me now so well,
 What power my soul can sever?
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell?
 No; I am His forever.

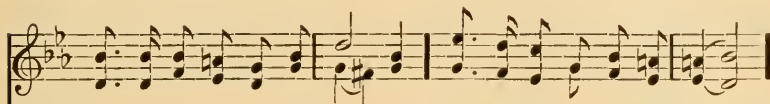
SHIELD.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

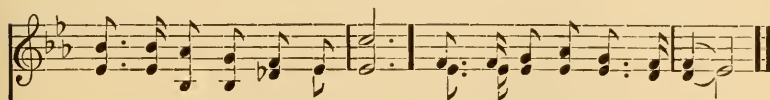
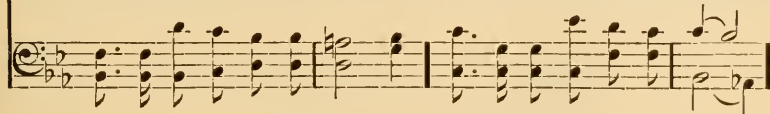
Sir J. BARNEY.



1. Far with-in the depths of glo - ry, In the Father's house a - bove,



We have learnt His wondrous secret, We have learnt His heart of love,



There, with Christ, first fruits have shar'd Of the joys God hath pre-pared !



2 Lo, we see the glorious city,
Shining with the light of God ;
Hear the song that fills the heavens—
Cheers us on the midnight road !
Thee, blest Singer, well we know—
Prove Thy love where'er we go !

3 Thy companions here, in sorrow,
In rejection, toil and loss,
We but prove Love's wondrous sweetness,
Learn to glory in Thy cross,
Learn to sing amidst the gloom—
Sing with Thee—the songs of home !

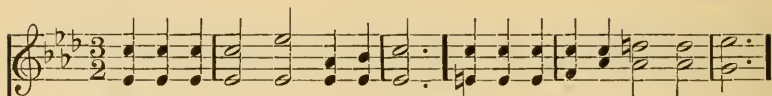
Selected.

102 Complete in Thee! No Work of Mine.

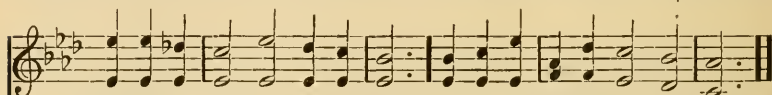
HARMONY GROVE.

L. M.

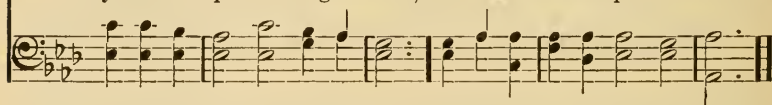
H. K. OLIVER.



1. Complete in Thee—no work of mine May take, O Lord, the place of Thine!



Thy blood has pardon bought for me, And I am now complete in Thee.



2 Complete in Thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within :
Thy voice shall bid th' accuser flee,
For now I stand complete in Thee.

3 Complete in Thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied !
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in Thee !

4 Complete in Thee—for ever blest !
Of all Thy fullness, Lord, possessed !
Thy praise throughout eternity,
Thy love, I'll sing,—complete in Thee !

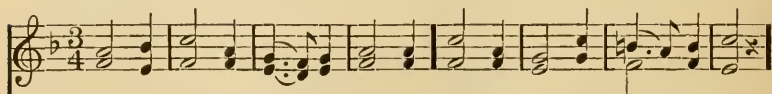
Aaron R. Wolfe.

103 Rise, My Soul, Behold 'Tis Jesus.

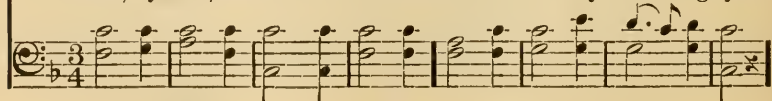
SAFETY.

8, 7, 8, 7.

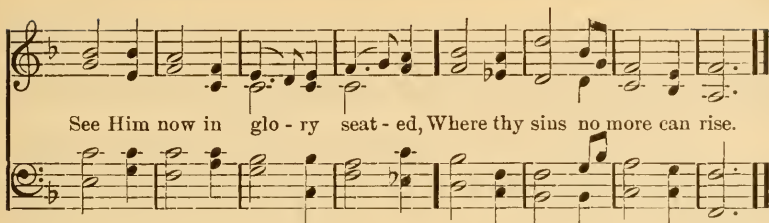
German.



1. Rise, my soul, be - hold 'tis Je-sus! Je - sus fills thy wond'ring eyes!



Rise, My Soul, Behold 'Tis Jesus.—Concluded.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 There in righteousness transcendent,
Lo, He doth in heav'n appear,—
Shows the blood of His atonement
As thy title to be there!</p> <p>3 All thy sins were laid upon Him—
Jesus bore them on the tree: [Him,
God, who knew them, laid them on
And, believing, thou art free.</p> | <p>4 God now brings thee to His dwelling,
Spreads for thee His feast divine,
Bids thee welcome, ever telling
What a portion there is thine.</p> <p>5 Blesséd, glorious word, "forever"—
Yea, "forever" is the word!
Nothing can the ransomed sever,
Naught divide them from the Lord.</p> |
|--|---|

J. Denham Smith.

104 "No Separation!" O My Soul.

UNION.

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 "No separation!" Thou art His,
And His for evermore;
Upon the cross thy debt He paid,
And all thy judgment bore.</p> <p>3 "No separation!" Precious word!
In it, my soul, be glad;
Loved with an everlasting love,
And one with Jesus made.</p> | <p>4 "No separation!" Life nor death,
Things present nor to come,
Can part thee from His precious care,
Or rob thee of thy home.</p> <p>5 "No separation!" Linked with Him,
His glory—all is thine; [plan
Oh, wondrous love, that thus could
A union so divine!</p> |
|--|---|

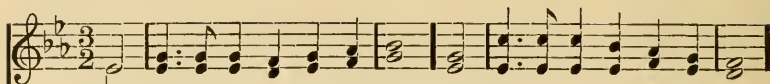
Albert Midlane.

105 Thou Son of God—the Woman's Seed.

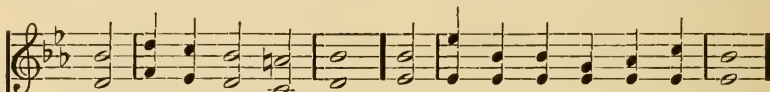
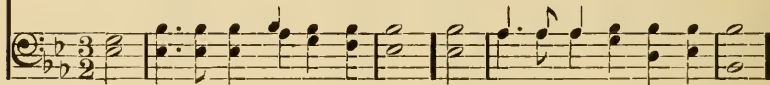
MERIBAH.

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

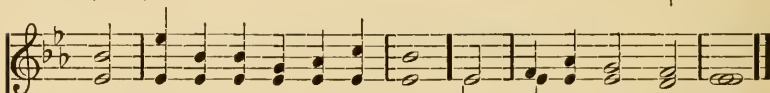
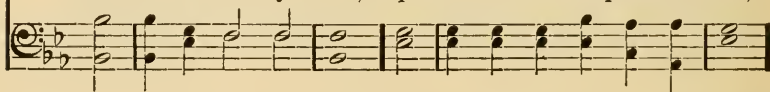
LOWELL MASON.



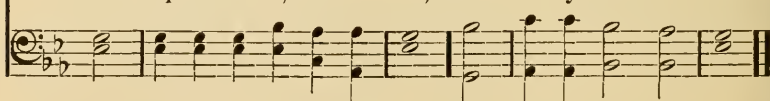
1. Thou Son of God—the woman's Seed, Who didst for us on Calv'ry bleed,



Be-neath sin's heav-y load,—Spoil-er of all the pow'r of hell,



Who conquer'd death, invin-ci - ble, Thou Ho-ly One of God!



2 Thy blood we sing : by blood alone,
With boldness, to th'eternal throne
Through Thee we now draw nigh!
It silences the voice of sin,
It makes the guilty conscience clean,
Makes the accuser fly!

3 Behold us, Lord! a feeble band,
In conflict with the foe we stand,—
The ransomed of Thy cross,—
Yet sing the triumphs of Thy Name:
All other glory here is shame,
All other gain but loss!

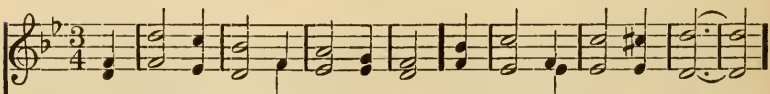
James G. Deck.

106 Jesus! Thou Art My Hiding-Place.

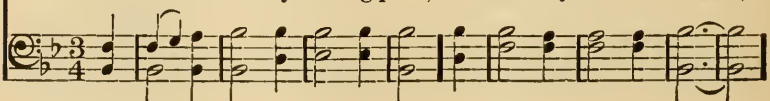
HOLY CROSS.

C. M.

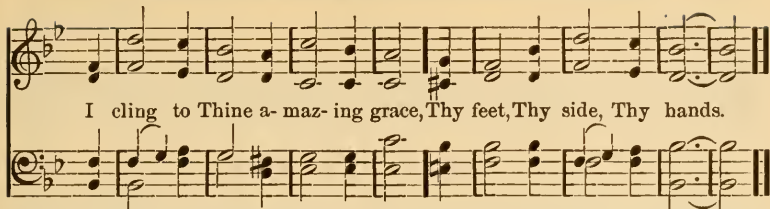
Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



1. Je- sus! Thou art my hid-ing-place, From what my sin de - mands;



Jesus! Thou Art My Hiding-Place.—Concluded.



2 Jesus! Thou art my hiding-place
In storm and tempest here;
Though weak, I know Thy love's
And cast away my fear. [embrace,

3 And Thou wilt be my hiding-place,
Should death be hov'ring round:
Thou wilt bestow sufficient grace
To make my hope abound.

4 Yea, Thou wilt be my hiding-place
On the eternal shore;
I shall in glory see Thy face—
Be sheltered evermore.

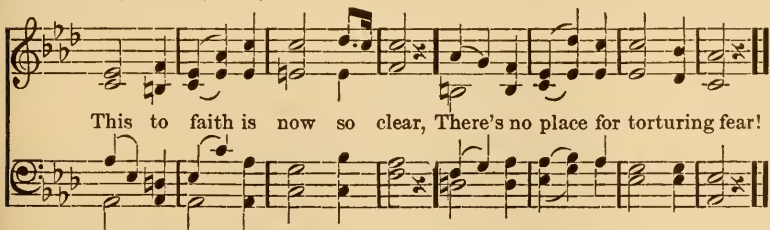
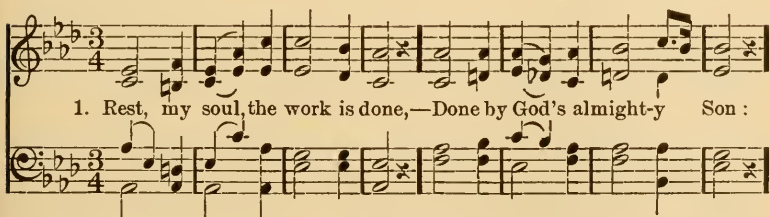
R. Hutchinson.

107 Rest, My Soul, The Work Is Done.

GOTTSCHALK.

7, 7, 7, 7.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.
Arr. by E. P. PARKER.



2 Not through works of weary toil,
Comes the sunshine of God's smile;
Won by Christ, if found in Him,
Brightly falls the glorious beam.

4 Come, my soul, take up the cross,
Count the gain, despise the loss;
Labor for and with the Lord
Brings exceeding great reward.

3 With belief in Jesus blest,
We are ent'ring into rest;
He who full salvation brought,
In us all our works hath wrought.

5 Free from ev'ry fear of wrath,
Choose the servant's happy path,
Tread the way which Christ hath trod,
Till the Sabbath of Thy God.

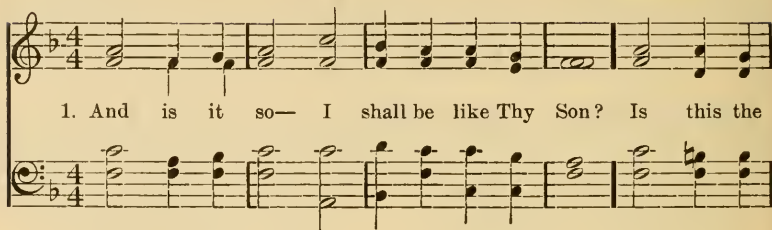
Josiah Conder.

108 And Is It So—I Shall Be Like Thy Son?

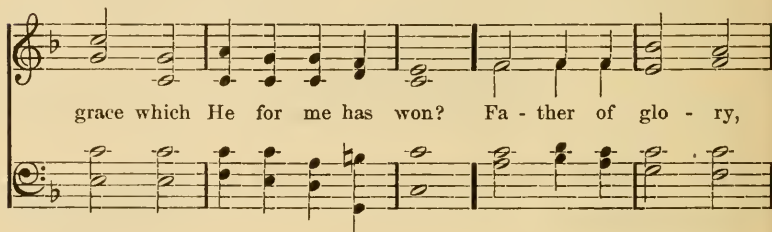
LANGRAN.

10, 10, 10, 10.

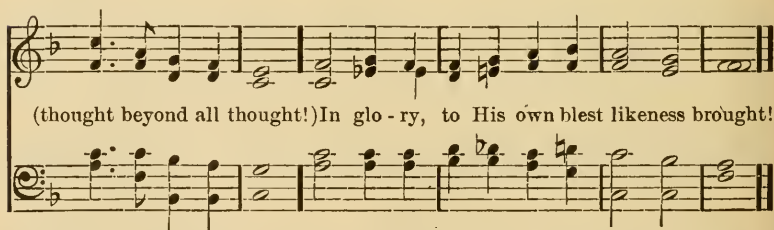
JAMES LANGRAN.



1. And is it so— I shall be like Thy Son? Is this the



grace which He for me has won? Fa - ther of glo - ry,



(thought beyond all thought!) In glo - ry, to His own blest likeness brought!

2 Oh, Jesus, Lord, who loved me like to Thee?

Fruit of Thy work, with Thee, too, there to see
Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages roll,
Myself the prize and travail of Thy soul.

3 Yet it must be : Thy love had not its rest

Were Thy redeemed not with Thee fully blest,
That love that gives not as the world, but shares
All it possesses with its loved coheirs.

4 Nor I alone ; Thy loved ones, all complete

In glory, round Thee there with joy shall meet,—
All like Thee, for Thy glory like Thee, Lord,
Object supreme of all, by all adored.

J. N. Darby.

109 Like Thee, O Lord, How Wondrous Fair.

INHERITANCE.

L. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Like Thee, O Lord! how wondrous fair, Lord Je - sus,
all Thy mem - bers are! A life di - vine to
them is giv'n— The bright in - her - it - ance of heav'n!

Copyright, 1898, by B. Greenman.

- 2 Just as we were we came to Thee,
As heirs of wrath and misery:
Just as Thou art, now we are Thine,—
We stand in righteousness divine.
- 3 Just as Thou art! nor doubt nor fear
Can e'er to those like Thee be near!
O boundless love! as Thee we're seen,—
The "righteousness of God in Him!"
- 4 Just as Thou art! O blissful ray
That turned our darkness into day!
That woke us from our death of sin,
To know our perfectness in Him!
- 5 Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold,
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,
And worlds on worlds adoring see
The part Thy members have in Thee!

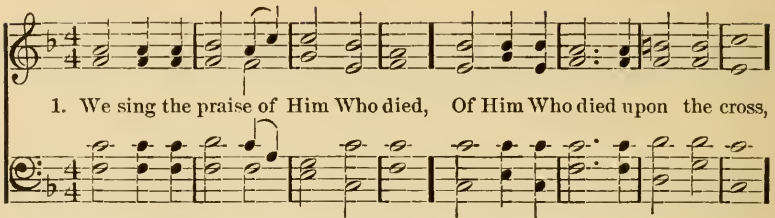
J. Denham Smith.

110 We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died.

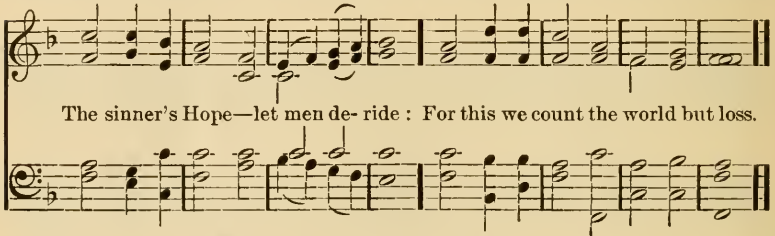
FEDERAL STREET.

L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died upon the cross,



The sinner's Hope—let men de-ride : For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is Love!"
The Lamb who died upon the tree,
Has brought us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it took our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love !
The sinner's refuge here below,—
The theme of praise in heav'n above !

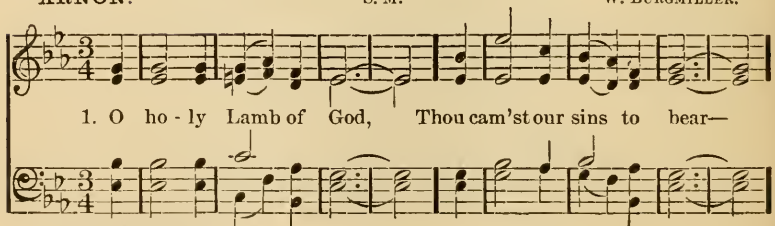
Horatius Bonar.

111 O Holy Lamb of God.

ARNON.

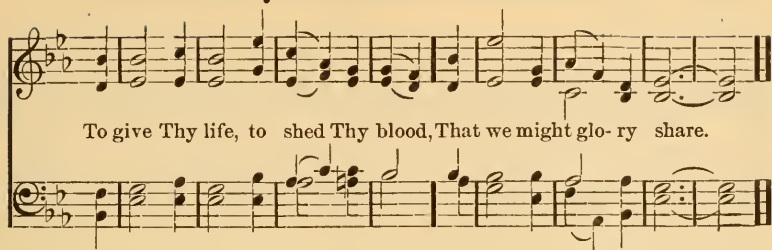
S. M.

W. BURGMILLER.



1. O ho - ly Lamb of God, Thou cam'st our sins to bear—

O Holy Lamb of God.—Concluded.



To give Thy life, to shed Thy blood, That we might glo- ry share.

- 2 Love brought Thee from Thy throne 3 On this the sinner stands—
 To here endure our doom: "He gave Himself for us!"
 Thy travail o'er, Thy work now done, What grace in Thee, to burst our bands!
 Soon Thou wilt take us home. What love, to suffer thus!

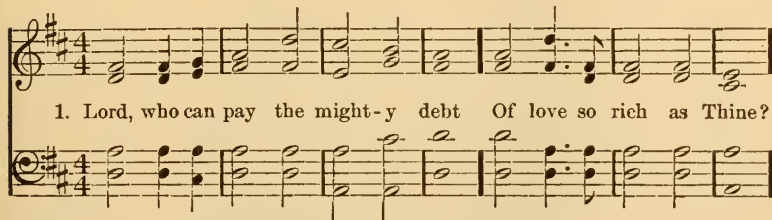
- 4 To One so dear, may we
 By Thee be e'er kept near—
 Thy blood, Thy Name, our only plea,
 Till Thou Thyself appear!
 W. Burgmiller.

112 Lord, Who Can Pay the Mighty Debt?

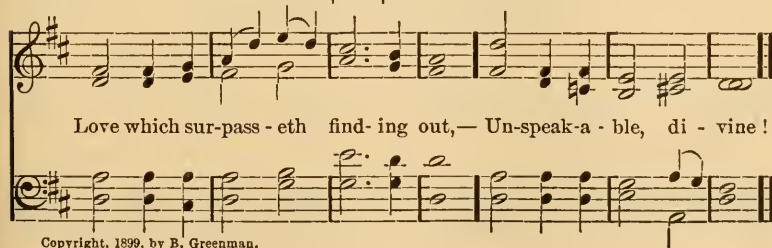
OPHILEO.

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



1. Lord, who can pay the might-y debt Of love so rich as Thine?



Love which sur-pass - eth find - ing out, — Un-speak - a - ble, di - vine!

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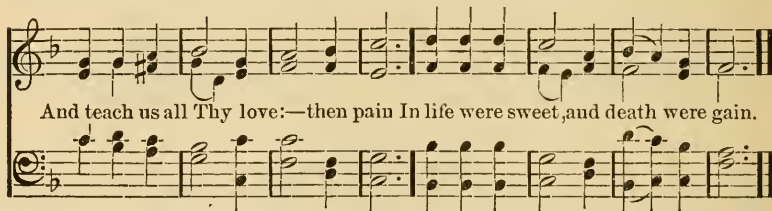
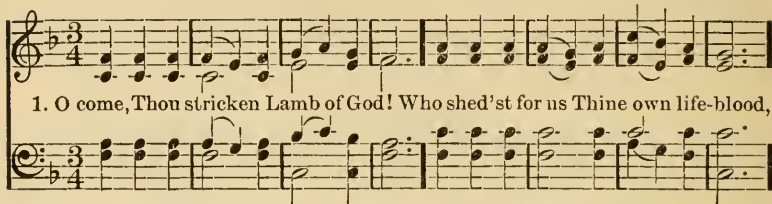
- 2 Oh, rather give us, daily, more—
 More ev'ry hour—to see
 That, such a bounteous Giver Thou,
 We must Thy debtors be!

113 O Come, Thou Stricken Lamb of God.

HURSLEY.

L. M.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.



- 2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
Forever closed to all but Thee ;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered by Thy watchful side ;
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable !
- 5 First-born of many brethren, Thon !
To whom both heaven and earth must bow ;
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
We bear Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.

John Wesley, tr.

114 Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love.

SPANISH HYMN.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Spanish.



Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love—Concluded.

All my hopes in Thee a-bide,—Thou my Hope, and naught beside:

Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, ou - ly Thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Bless'd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only Thee.

George Duffield.

115 The Cross! The Cross! O That's Our Gain.

STAUROS.

L. M.

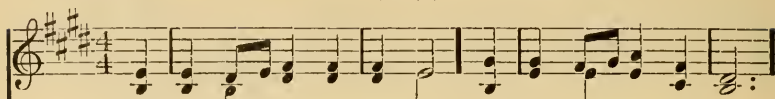
W. BURGMILLER.

1. The cross! the cross! O that's our gain, Because on that the Lamb was slain,

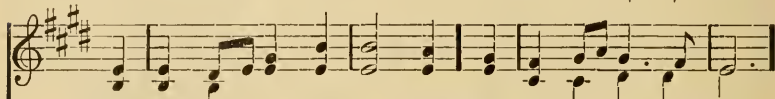
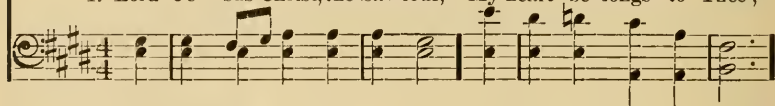
'Twas there the Lord was cru - ci - fied, 'Twas there for us the Saviour died.

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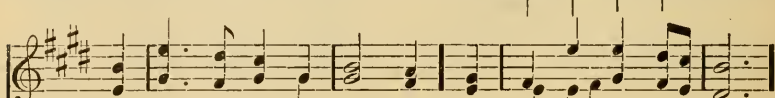
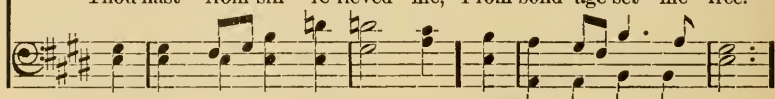
<p>2 What wondrous cause could move Thy heart To take on Thee our curse and smart, Well knowing we should ever be So cold, so negligent of Thee?</p>	<p>3 The cause was love—we sink with shame Before our bless'd Jesu's name, That He should bleed and suffer thus, Because He loved and pitied us.</p>
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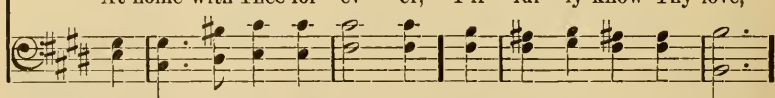
1. Lord Je - sus Christ, the Sav-iour, My heart be-longs to Thee ;



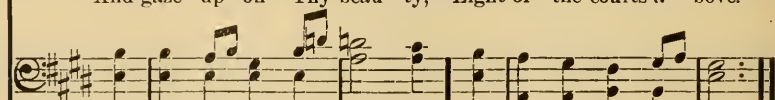
Thou hast from sin re-lieved me, From bond-age set me free.



At home with Thee for - ev - er, I'll ful - ly know Thy love,



And gaze up - on Thy beau - ty,—Light of the courts a - bove.



2 But what can e'er transcend, Lord,
The glory of Thy grace,
Shown in humiliation
When Thou didst take our place.
When on th' accurséd tree, Lord,
The judgment due to sin,
Jehovah's sore affliction,
Consumed Thy soul within !

3 O Lord, how much I owe Thee,
I can not even say !
'Tis past all computation,—
A debt I ne'er can pay !
I would not if I could, Lord,
For then I should be free,
But Love, that paid my ransom,
Has made a slave of me.

1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine! For

Thou art all to me, and I am Thine. Is there on earth a

clos - er bond than this, That "my Be-lov-éd's mine, and I am His!"

2 To Thee, once bleeding Lamb, I all things owe,
All that I have, and am, and all I know!
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own : Lord, I am Thine !

3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour
From Thee, or gathered gold, or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast giv'n Thyself, Thy life for me?

4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love,
Till Thou shalt come, or sleep shall me remove
To that fair realm where sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore !

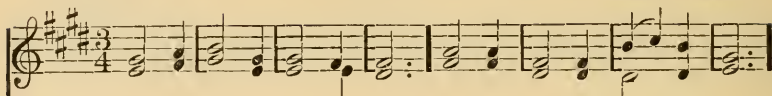
C. E. Mudie.

118 When This Passing World Is Done.

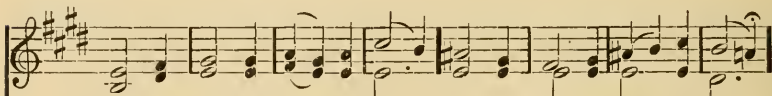
McCHEYNE.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

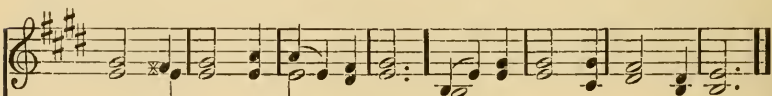
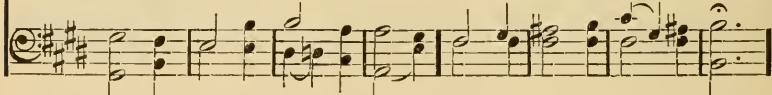
C. and F. JOUARD.



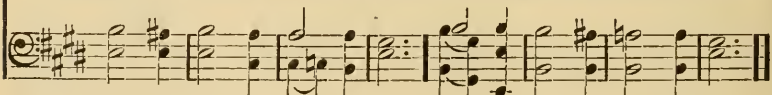
1. When this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glo - rious sun,



When from off the mount of God We re-view the path we've trod,



Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know—Not till then—how much I owe!



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2 When I hear the wicked call,
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

3 When I stand before the throne
Clothed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with un sinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

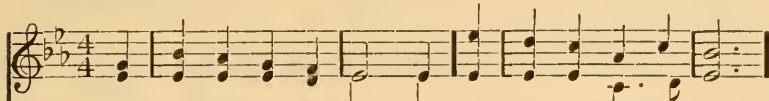
4 When the praise of heav'n I hear
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

R. M. McChesney.

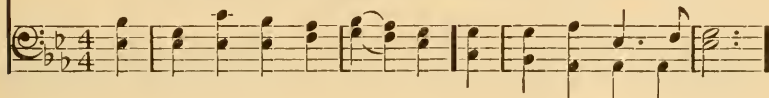
DIES DOMINICA.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

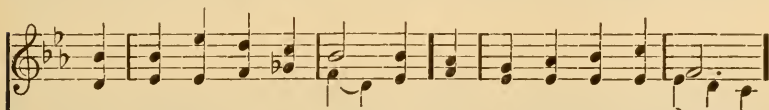
J. B. DYKES.



1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side!



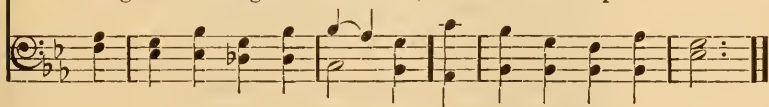
'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.



What foes and snares sur-round me ! What lusts and fears within!



The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.



2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
 I feel my life secure—
 Only in Thee abiding,
 The conflict can endure :
 Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
 O'er ev'ry hateful foe ;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth
 In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
 With rapture, face to face—
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all Thy pow'r and grace :
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of Thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all Thy saints above.

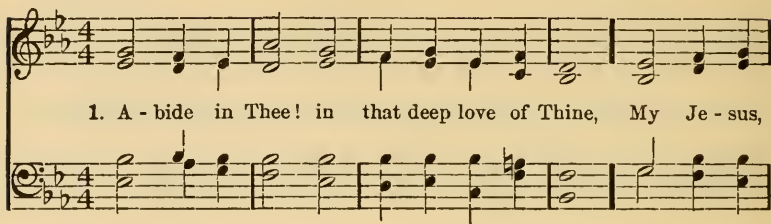
James G. Deck.

120 Abide in Thee! In That Deep Love of Thine.

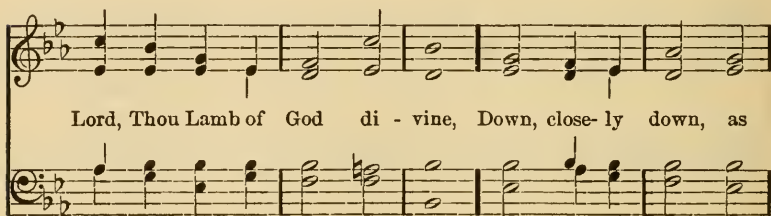
LIVORNO.

10, 10, 10, 10.

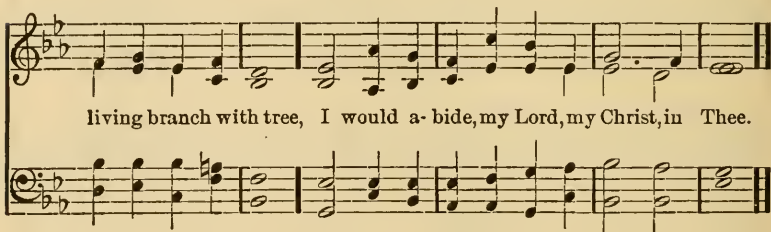
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. A - bide in Thee! in that deep love of Thine, My Je - sus,



Lord, Thou Lamb of God di - vine, Down, close - ly down, as



living branch with tree, I would a - bide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee.

2 Abide in Thee! my Saviour God, I know
How love of Thine so vast in me may flow,
My empty vessel, running o'er with joy,
Must overflow to 'Thee, without alloy.

3 Abide in Thee! nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
Can e'er prevail with Thy blest life within;
Joined to Thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows nought besides its motions to control.

4 Abide in Thee! 'tis thus I only know
The secrets of Thy mind e'en while below—
All joy and peace, and knowledge of Thy word,
All pow'r and fruit, and service for the Lord.

J. Denham Smith.

121 Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Eventide.

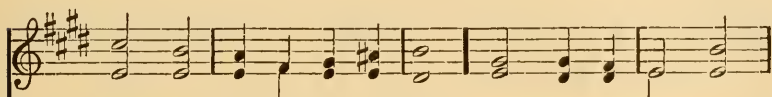
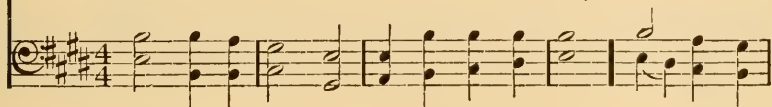
EVENTIDE.

10, 10, 10, 10.

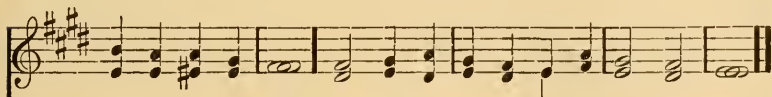
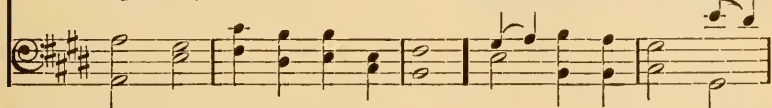
W. H. MONK.



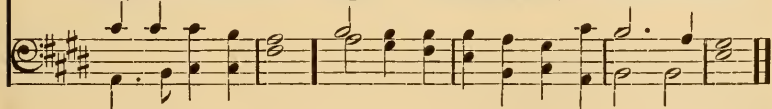
1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers



fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me!



- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still—Thou wilt abide with me!

H. F. Lyte.

PENITENCE.

6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, be with me,

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee :

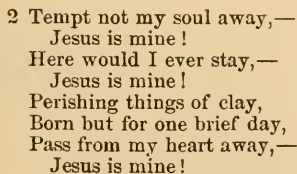
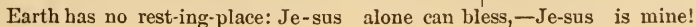
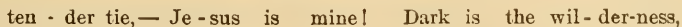
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,

Nor, thro' fear nor fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or with sordid treasures,
Spread to work me harm?
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see,—
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

Arr. fr. Pilgrim's Harp, by per.



3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,—
Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning bright,—
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul had tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied,—
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,—
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, eternity,—
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,—
 Jesus is mine!

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

CONFIDENCE.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

English.

1. In heav'nly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such con-fid-ing, For noth-ing changes here.
The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,
But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where dark the clouds have been.

My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

4 Ere yet another morning
My spirit may be free,
As absent from the body,
At home, O Lord, with Thee!
O sleep, O rest, how precious!
As, guarded by Thy care,
I'm waiting for Thy promise
To meet Thee in the air.

VIGIL.

S. M.

G. PAISIELLO.

1. O bless-ed, liv-ing Lord, En-gage our hearts with Thee,
And strike within some answ'ring chord To love so' rich and free!

- 2 To know Thy loving heart!
To cleave to Thy blest side!
To gaze upon Thee where Thou art,
And in Thy love abide!
- 3 To walk with Thee below!
To learn Thy holy ways!
- 4 Thyself our one Desire!
Thyself our Object here!
The goal to which our hearts aspire—
To meet Thee in the air!

G. W. Frazer.

126 For Christ, My Lord, My Spirit Longs.

HELENA.

C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

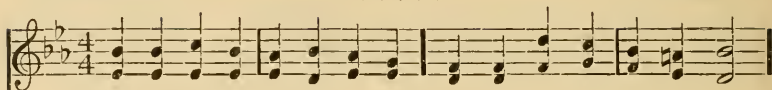
1. For Christ, my Lord, my spirit longs, For Christ, my Saviour dear,
The joy and sweetness of my songs, The whilst I wan-der here!

- 2 O Jesus Lord, most fair, most sweet,
In love revealed to me,
For ever keep me at Thy feet,
To sing love's song to Thee!
- 3 I drink with sweet, eternal thirst
Thy love's exhaustless tide,—
With lips as eager as at first,
Yet ever satisfied!

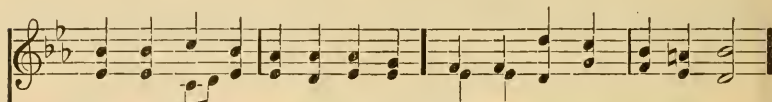
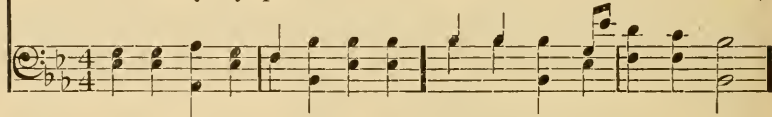
HIMMEL.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

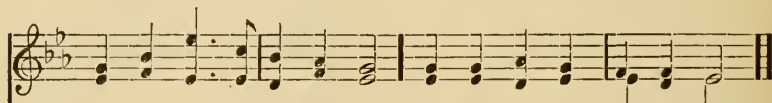
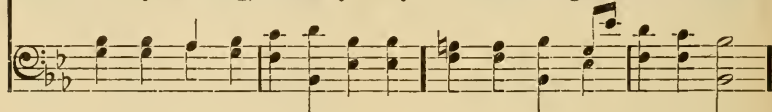
F. H. HIMMEL.



1. Wear-i - ly my spir-it sink-eth In - to Je- su's heart and hands,



Calm-ly trusting, tho' the journey Lie thro' strange untrod-den lands:



All my spir - it is at rest On the lov-ing Fa-ther's breast.



2 There my spirit cannot murmur—
Pleased with all that may betide;
What the will of self would cherish
Is already crucified:
Buried is each murm'ring word
In the grave of Christ my Lord.

3 There my spirit knows no darkness—
Love remains when all is gone;
Sorrows crushing soul and body

Find my spirit not alone:
Resting in Christ's blessed light,
Fears she not this earthly night.

4 Thus on God my spirit waiteth—
Even so doth overcome,
Silently enduring all things,
Mockery or martyrdom:
Like a silent sea doth lie,
Full of praise to God most high!

Selected.

1 "Jesus only!" in the shadow
Of the cloud, so chill and dim!
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with Him,
All unseen, though ever nigh,—
"Jesus only!" all our cry!

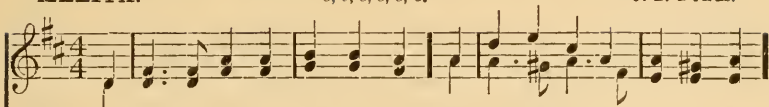
2 "Jesus only!" in the glory,
When the shadows all are flown!
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone,
There amidst the ransomed throng,
"Jesus only!" all our song!

129 And Art Thou, Gracious Master, Gone.

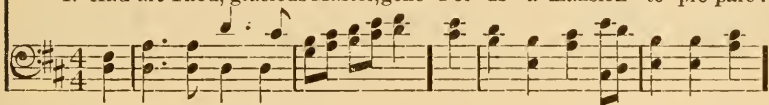
MELITA.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

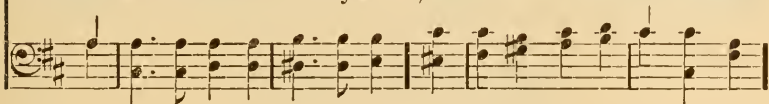
J. B. DYKES.



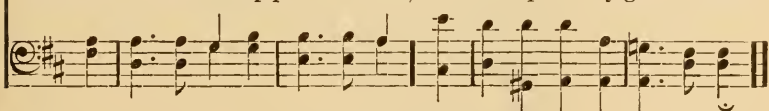
1. And art Thou, gracious Master, gone For us a mansion to pre-pare?



Shall we behold Thee on Thy throne, And sit for - ev - er with Thee there?



Then let the world ap-prove or blame, We'll triumph in Thy glorious name.



[plause,

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Should we, to gain the world's ap-
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance Thy cause,
And make Thy people's lot our own,
What shame would fill us in that day,
When Thou Thy glory wilt display.</p> | <p>3 No ; let the world cast out our name,
And vile account us if it will ;
If to confess our Lord be shame,
Oh, then would we be viler still :
For Thee, O Lord, we all resign,
Content that Thou dost call us Thine.</p> |
|--|--|

- 4 What transports then will fill our heart
When Thou our worthless names wilt own,—
When we shall see Thee as Thou art
And know as we ourselves are known ;
And then, from sin and sorrow free,
Find our eternal rest with Thee.

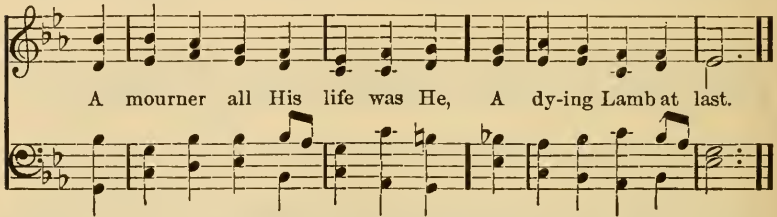
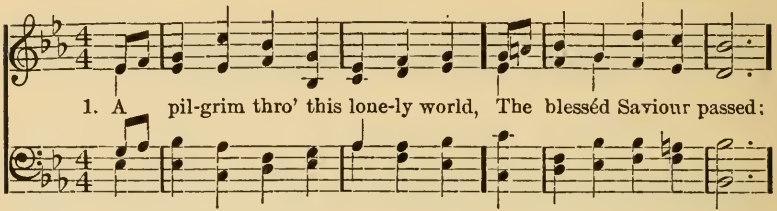
Thomas Kelly.

130 A Pilgrim Through This Lonely World.

AGNUS DEI.

C. M.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.



- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn ?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn ?
- 4 No ! facing all its frowns and smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.
- 5 Dead to the world with Him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

Sir Edward Denny.

131 Jesus, Thou Lowly-Hearted Lord.

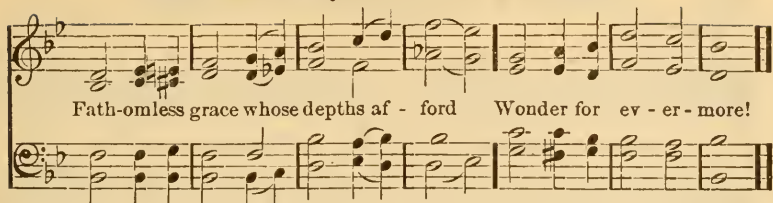
ASPIRATION.

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



Jesus, Thou Lowly-Hearted Lord.—Concluded.



Fath-omless grace whose depths af - ford Wonder for ev - er - more!

2 Fain would Thy heart some grace record,
Kindred to Thine, in us:
Grant, then, the mind that led Thee, Lord,
Downward to meet the cross!

3 Drawn by Thy love's constraining cord,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Making grace triumph in us, Lord—
Savior of Christ to God!

4 Teach us to find Thy once abhorred,
Lonely and downward path,
Fellowship of Thy suff'rings, Lord,
Fashioning to Thy death!

F. Allaben.

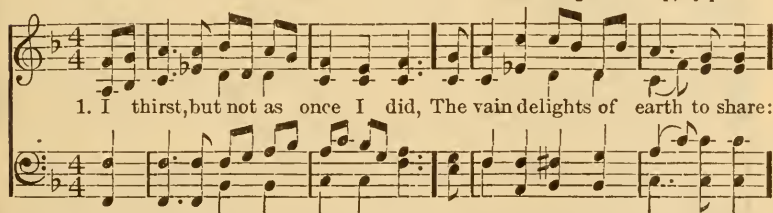
132 I Thirst, But Not As Once I Did.

THIRSTING.

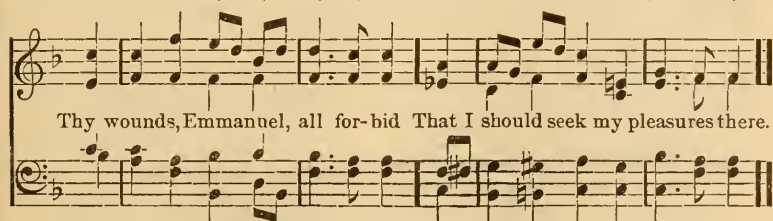
L. M.

HENRY BENNETT.

Arr. fr. Pilgrim's Harp, by per.



1. I thirst, but not as once I did, The vain delights of earth to share:



Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all for-bid That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly
things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, the pride of kings.

3 I want the grace that springs from
Thee, [flows,
That quickens all things where it
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

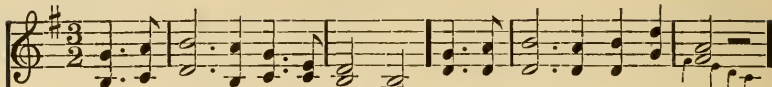
William Cowper.

133 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

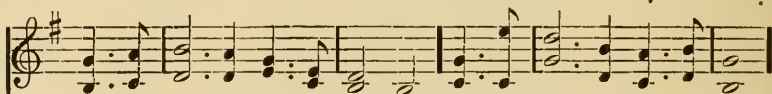
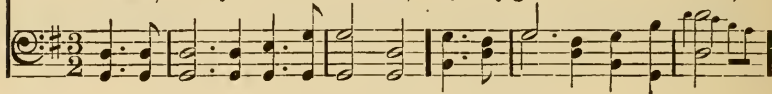
AUTUMN.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

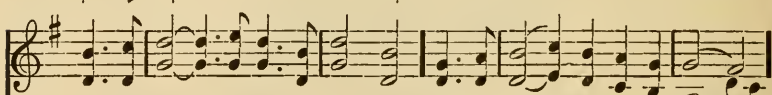
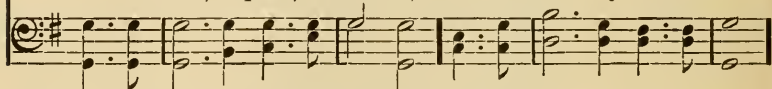
Spanish.



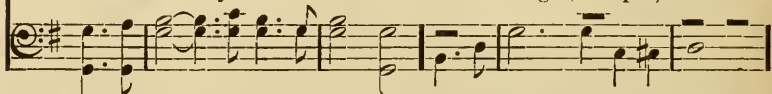
1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, By Thy grace to fol-low Thee ;



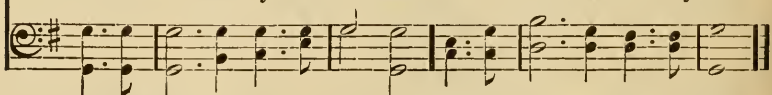
I am weak, despised, for-sak-en, Thou henceforth my all must be.



Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion—All I've sought, or hoped, or known!



Yet how rich is my con-di-tion—God and heav'n are now my own!



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
All its hate my Saviour knew!
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me,
Lord of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown
me,—
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me—
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast!
Life with trials hard may press me—
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest!

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy apart from Thee!

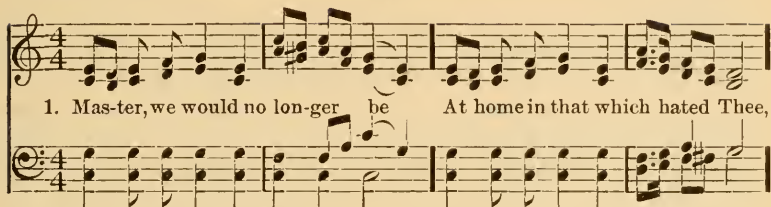
4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure—
With Thy favor, loss is gain!
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may
gather—
All must work for good to me!

134 Master, We Would No Longer Be.

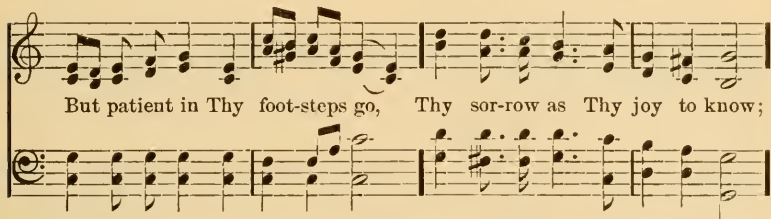
REJECTION.

L. M. D.

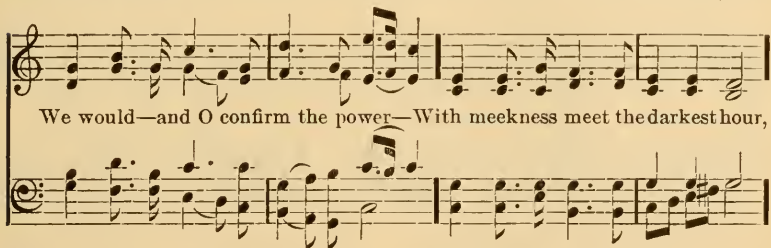
A. Bost.



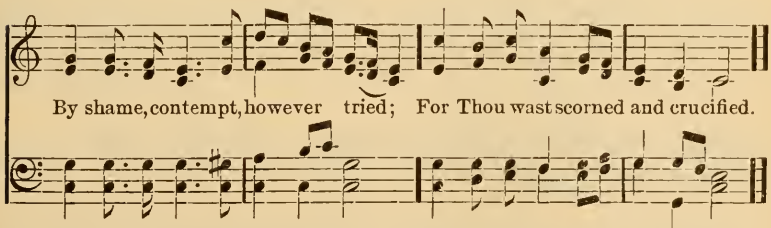
1. Mas-ter, we would no lon-ger be At home in that which hated Thee,



But patient in Thy foot-steps go, Thy sor-row as Thy joy to know;



We would—and O confirm the power—With meekness meet the darkest hour,



By shame, contempt, however tried; For Thou wast scorned and crucified.

2 We welcome still Thy faithful word—
 "The cross shall meet its sure reward;"
 For soon must pass the "little while;"
 Then joy shall crown Thy servants' toil,
 And we shall hear Thee, Saviour, say,
 "Arise, my love, and come away!
 Look up, for thou shalt weep no more,
 But rest on heav'n's eternal shore!"

James G. Deck.

135 Nothing But Christ As On We Tread.

GROSTETE.

L. M.

H. W. GREATORREX.

1. Noth - ing but Christ, as on we tread—The Gift unpriced, God's
liv - ing Bread! With staff in hand, and feet well
shod, Noth - ing but Christ—the Christ of God!

- 2 Ev'ry thing loss for Him below,
Taking the cross where'er we go,
Showing to all, where once He trod,
Nothing but Christ—the Christ of God!
- 3 Nothing save Him, in all our ways,
Giving the theme for ceaseless praise;
Our whole resource along the road,
Nothing but Christ—the Christ of God!
- S. O'M. Cluff.

136 O Thou Whose Bounty Fills My Cup.

ST. GREGORIUS.

C. M.

TALLIS.

1. O Thou whose bounty fills my cup With ev - 'ry bless-ing meet!

O Thou Whose Bounty Fills My Cup.—Concluded.

I give Thee thanks for ev - 'ry drop, The bit - ter and the sweet.

2 I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side,
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

3 I thank Thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss ;

4 I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy ;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Jane Crewdson.

137 O Glad the Wilderness for Me.

SATISFACTION.

8, 8, 8, 4.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O glad the wil - der-ness for me, And glad the sol - i - ta - ry place,

For here, O Lord, I learn to see Thy glo - rious Face !

2 Like heav'nly fields, the desert sands,
Rejoice and blossom as the rose,
Where through these dry and thirsty
Thy River flows ! [lands,

3 Eternal joy from Thee flows down,
Eternal songs e'en now are giv'n ;
For long ago Thy work was done
That opened heav'n !

4 O Springing Well ! O Living Tide !

The Way, the Truth, the Life, art Thou !

I drink, and I am satisfied,

Now, even now !

Selected.

MANNA.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Je - sus, O Head in glo - ry, Joy of Thy pil - grim bride!

Thine be the song she sing - eth, Jour - ney - ing to Thy side.

Here in this bar - ren des - ert Sweet - ly Thy grace we prove—

Here where our souls have tast - ed Springs of Thy ten - der love.

Copyright, 1903, by Loizeaux Bros.

2 Jesus, O Head in glory !

Pilgrim Thyself below,
 Knew not Thy soul deep sorrows,
 More than our souls can know ?
 Cheer with the fragrant Manna,
 Found where Thy feet have trod,
 Till the full heart outpoureth
 Carols of praise to God !

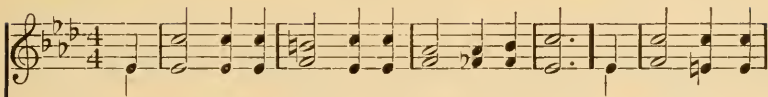
3 Jesus, O Head in glory !

Ravished by all Thou art,—
 Glories that grace Thy person,
 Graces that fill Thy heart,—
 Soon shall Thy bride in rapture,
 Bearing Thy image, meet,
 Gaze on Thy wondrous beauty,
 Worshipping at Thy feet !

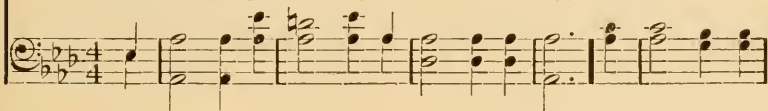
PAULINA.

11, 11, 11, 11.

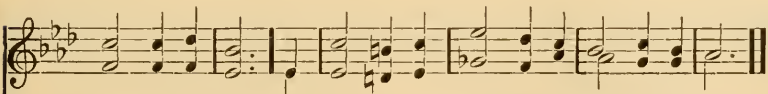
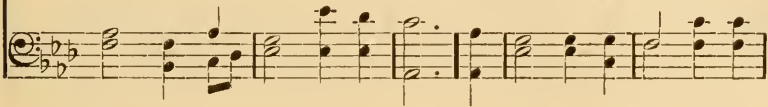
Arr. fr. DONIZETTI.



1. Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our



Lead - er, His word is our stay; Tho' suff-'ring, and sor-row, and



tri - al be near, The Lord is our Ref-uge, and whom can we fear?



2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter?—our help is in God!

3 Lo, to His green pastures our footsteps He leads,—
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds;
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wand'ers all safe from the snares!

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So, faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heav'n is our home!

Anon.

BAVARIA.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

German.

1. Saviour, lead us by Thy pow-er Safe in - to the promised rest ;

Choose the path,—the way whatev-er Seems to Thee, O Lord, the best

Be our Guide in ev-'ry per-il, Watch and keep us night and day ;

Else our fool-ish hearts will wander From the strait and nar-row way.

2 Since in Thee is our redemption,
And salvation full and free,
Nothing need our souls dishearten
But forgetfulness of Thee.
Naught can stay our steady progress,
More than conq'rors we shall be,
If our eye, whate'er the danger,
Looks to Thee, and none but Thee.

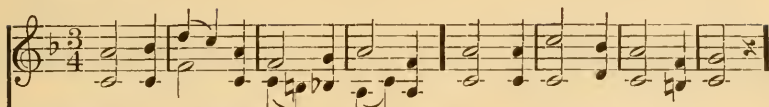
3 In Thy presence we are happy ;
In Thy presence we're secure ;
In Thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure ;
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Wand'ring from Thee, we are feeble ;
Let Thy love, Lord, keep us nigh.

141 Guide Us, O Thou Gracious Saviour.

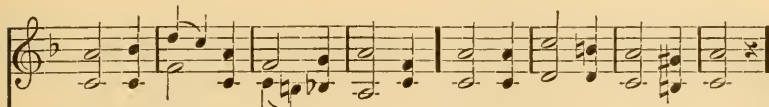
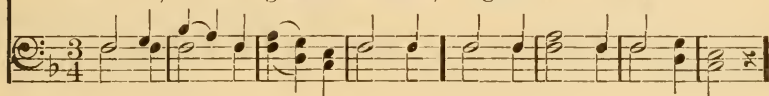
GUIDANCE.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

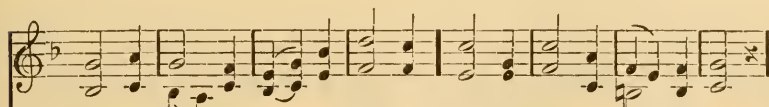
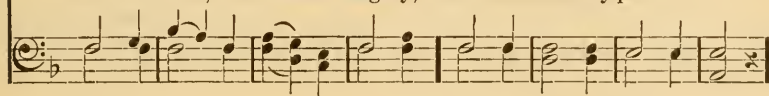
Arr. fr. FLOTOW.



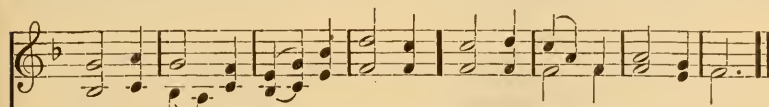
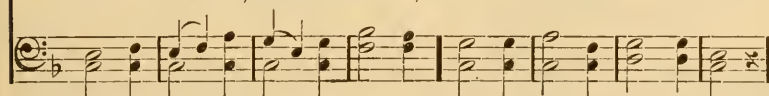
1. Guide us, O Thou gracious Sav-iour, Pilgrims thro' this bar-ren land:



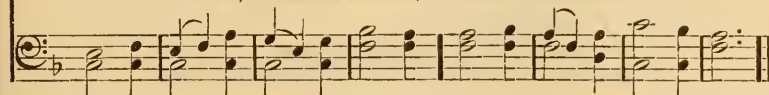
We are weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold us with Thy pow'rful hand.



Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed us now and ev - er-more!



Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed us now and ev - er-more!



2 While we tread this vale of sorrow,

May we in Thy love abide :

Keep us ever, gracious Saviour,

Cleaving closely to Thy side,

||: Still relying, still relying

On the Father's changeless love. :||

3 Saviour, come, we long to see Thee,

Long to dwell with Thee above,

And to know in full communion

All the sweetness of Thy love:

||: Come, Lord Jesus! come, Lord Jesus!

Take Thy waiting people home. :||

Wm. Williams; alt. by J. N. D.

142 Thy Word, O Lord, Thy Precious Word Alone.

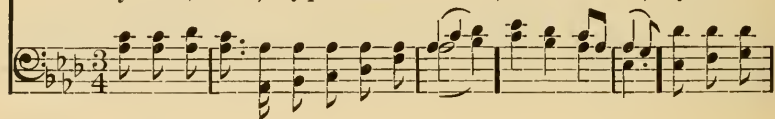
LUX BENIGNA.

10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

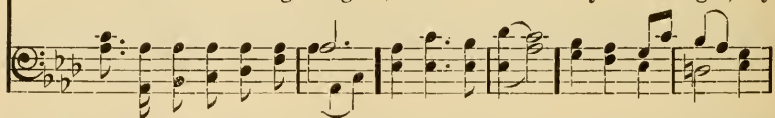
J. B. DYKES,



1. Thy Word, O Lord, Thy precious Word alone, Can lead me on; By this un -



til the darksome night be gone, Lead Thou me on! Thy Word is light, Thy



Word is life and pow'r; By it, O guide me in each try - ing hour!



2 Whate'er my path, led by the Word 'tis good:

Oh, lead me on!

Be my poor heart Thy blesséd Word's abode,—

Lead Thou me on!

Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see,

And leads me by Thy Word, close following Thee.

3 Led by aught else, I tread a devious way,

Oh, lead me on!

Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey,

Lead Thou me on!

My ev'ry step shall then be well defined,

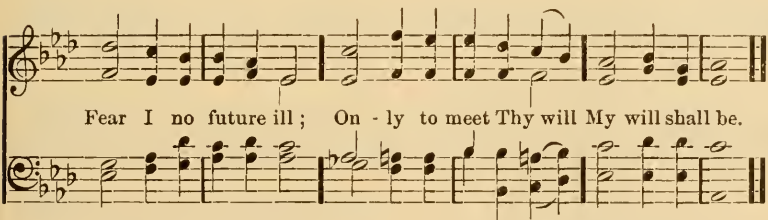
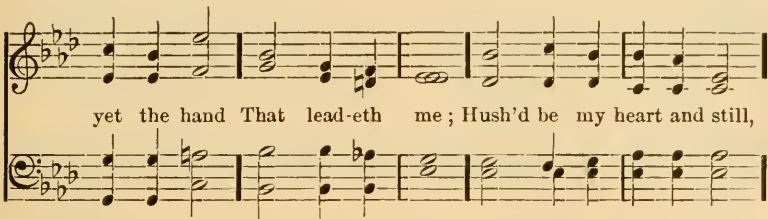
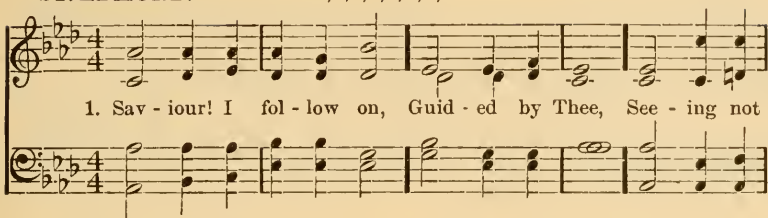
And all I do according to Thy mind.

Albert Midlane.

ST. EDMUND.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.



2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a pang severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweet'ning the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near Thy side,
Constantly purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me!

Charles S. Robinson.

SELVIN.

S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. My times are in Thy hand; Fa - ther, I wish them there:

My life, my soul, my all, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care,

My life, my soul, my all, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
||: Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee. ||

3 My times are in Thy hand :
Why should I doubt or fear?

||: My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear. :||

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the Crucified !

||: The hand my many sins once pierced
Is now my Guard and Guide. :||

W. F. Lloyd.

145 My God, My Father! Blissful Name!

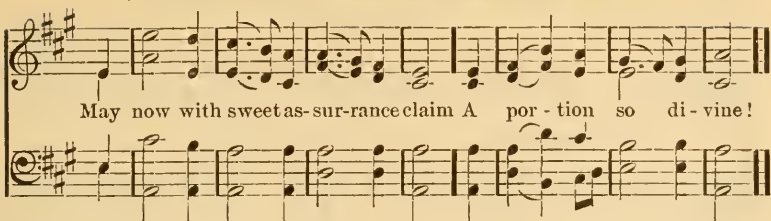
BOARDMAN.

C. M.

Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. My God, my Fa - ther! bliss - ful name! I now may call Thee mine—

My God, My Father! Blissful Name!—Concluded.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 What'er Thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art just, and good, and wise:
Oh, bend my will to Thine!</p> <p>3 What'er Thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear!</p> | <p>Teach me to know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.</p> <p>4 Thy sov'reign ways are oft unknown
To my weak, erring sight,
Yet shall my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.</p> |
|---|---|

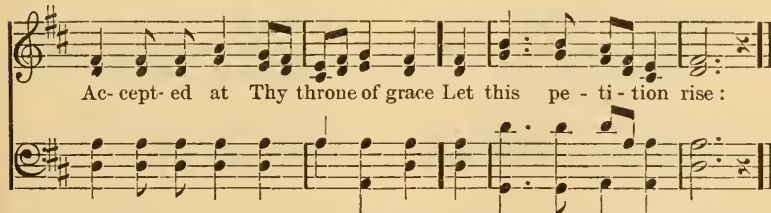
Anne Steele.

146 Father, What'er of Earthly Bliss.

NAOMI.

C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessing of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.</p> | <p>3 Let the sweet thought that Thou art
My path of life attend; [mine
Thy presence through my journey
And crown my journey's end. [shine,</p> |
|--|--|

Anne Steele.

147

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Knowing Thy way is always best,
However dark it be,—
Knowing that we, would we be blessed,
Must ever look to Thee;</p> <p>2 May we in all things see Thy hand,
And always bless Thy name,</p> | <p>Submitting to Thy blest command—
What'er Thou dost ordain!</p> <p>3 We know not what Thou hast in
Joy, sorrow, good, or ill,— [store,—
We only pray that we the more
May trust Thy perfect will.</p> |
|--|---|

Russell Carter.

OLIVET.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: My guilt all
borne a-way, Oh, may I from this day Be whol - ly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love for Thee
Pure, warm, and changless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

Ray Palmer.

BENNETT.

7, 6, 7, 6.

HENRY BENNETT.
Arr. fr. Pilgrim's Harp, by per.

1. Why rest- less, why so wea - ry? My soul, why so cast down?

Why Restless, Why so Weary?—Concluded.

Is all a-round thee drear - y, Or hath the cross no crown?

- 2 Where is the Lord that found thee,
Who once could make thee glad?
His arms are still around thee,
Then wherefore art thou sad?
- 3 O trust the Lord that bought thee—
O trust the sinner's Friend;
The wondrous love that sought thee
Will keep thee to the end:

- 4 Will give a glorious morrow
To this thy night of pain;
And make thy dews of sorrow
Like shining after rain.

J. S. B. Monsell.

150 How Gentle God's Commands.

MORNINGTON.

S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON.

1. How gen-tle God's commands! How kind His pre-cepts are!

We'll cast our bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His constant care.

- 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell:
The hand that bears all nature up,
Will guard His children well.
- 3 Why should an anxious load
Press down our weary mind?
We haste, O Father, to Thy throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

- 4 Thy goodness stands approved—
Unchanged from day to day:
We drop our burdens at Thy feet,
To bear a song away!

151 Praise the Lord! Whose Love Unweary.

RADIANCE.

8, 7, 8, 7.

German.

1. Praise the Lord! whose love, un - wea - ry, Ne'er for-sakes us
in dis-tress: Ev - 'ry thing a - round us de-ar-y, Glad-some
shines His glo - rious face! Glad-some shines His glo - rious face!

2 Praise the Lord! our Help, He for us
Stood in judgment, purchased peace;
Here in conflict, went before us:
||: Glad-some shines His glorious face! :||

Though the way we tread be thorny,
||: Glad-some shines His glorious face! :||

3 Praise the Lord! so full of mercy,
Strength, long-suff'ring, love and
grace!

4 Praise the Lord! who leaves us
never,—
Faithful, guards the path we trace,
Blessings, fresh, downpouring ever:
||: Glad-some shines His glorious face! :||

C. A. W. Herrmann, tr.

152 It Is Not With Uncertain Step.

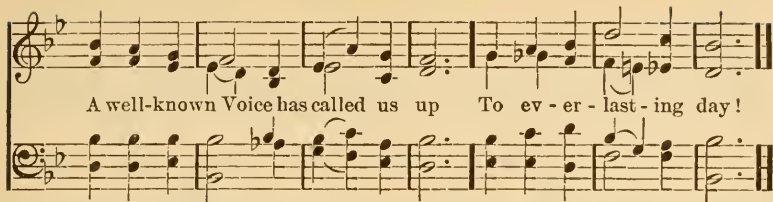
SAWLEY.

C. M.

WALCH.

1. It is not with un - cer - tain step We tread a home-less way:

It Is Not With Uncertain Step.—Concluded.



2 It is the voice of Him who trod
Alone the trackless wild,
And marked the road that leads to God
Each Spirit-quicken'd child.

4 See! open stands the heav'nly door,
Whence Glory shines below,
To light the way He trod before,—
The bliss that waits, to show!

3 Nor leaves He us to find alone
Our path across the waste,
But still with living grace leads on,
As toward our home we haste.

5 We bless Him who appoints the road
That—though our faith be tried—
Reveals a Love which bears our load,
Wherein our hearts may hide!

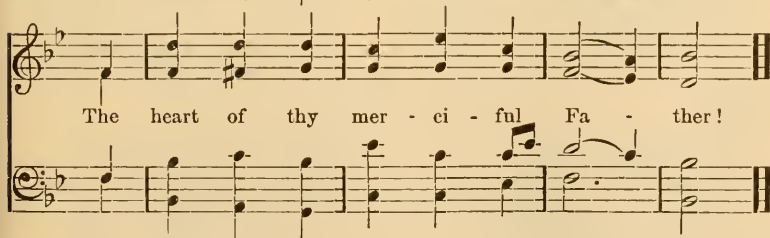
J. N. Darby.

153 Cast Sorrow and Grief.

COMPASSION.

5, 5, 8. P.

German.



2 When trouble assails,
When ev'ry thing fails,
His child in His arms He will gather!

4 We're kept in His sight:
Then let not the night
Of death or of suff'ring affright thee!

3 He knows what we bear,
He carries our care,
And guides with the hand of the Mighty!

5 And soon, at His word,
Above with our Lord,
What rivers of pleasure shall fill us!

6 Who is there save He,
So rich and so free
In love and in pow'r and compassion?

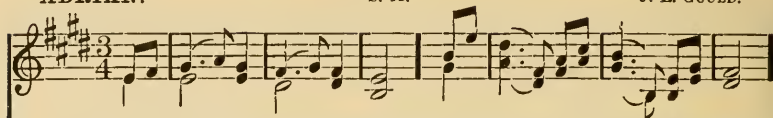
Ed. Maurer, tr.

154 Through Waves, Through Clouds and Storms.

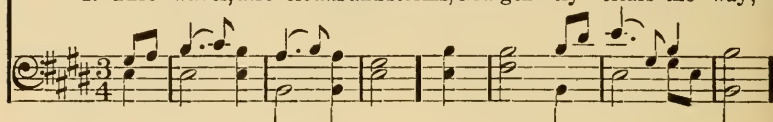
ADRIAN.

S. M.

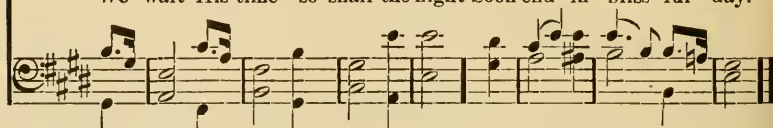
J. E. GOULD.



1. Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms, God gen - tly clears the way;



We wait His time—so shall the night Soon end in bliss-ful day.



2 He ev'ry where hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His ev'ry act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 We leave it to Himself
To choose and to command:
With wonder filled, we soon shall see
How wise, how strong His hand.

3 When He makes bare His arm,
Who shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who then shall stay His hand?

5 We comprehend Him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sov'reign on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
Paul Gerhardt; J. Wesley, tr.

155

1 Thou very-present Aid
In suff'ring and distress!
The soul that still on Thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

4 It hallows ev'ry cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget all pain, all loss,
To lose myself in Thee.

5 Jesus, to Thee I fly—
Thou dost my wishes fill:
What though created streams are dry?
I have the Fountain still!

1. I jour-ney thro' a des-ert, drear and wild, Yet is my

heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled— Of Him on Whom I

lean, my Strength, my Stay—I can for- get the sor-rows of the way.

- 2 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suff'ring and of patient grace—
I love again, and yet again, to trace !
- 3 Thoughts of His glory ! on the Cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays—
Beacon of hope which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heav'nly light the tear-dimmed eye !
- 4 Thoughts of His coming ! for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch and wait and pray :
The dawn draws nigh ! the midnight shadows flee !
O what a sunrise will that Advent be !
- 5 Thus while I journey on my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet—
Of Him on Whom I lean, my Strength, my Stay—
I can forget the sorrows of the way !

Jane Deck.

157 There's a Love That is Sweeter.

INFINITE LOVE.

12, 8, 12, 8, 12, 8, 12, 8.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. There's a love that is sweet-er than earth's sweetest thing, A

love that is free from al - loy : Not the jew - els and wealth that the

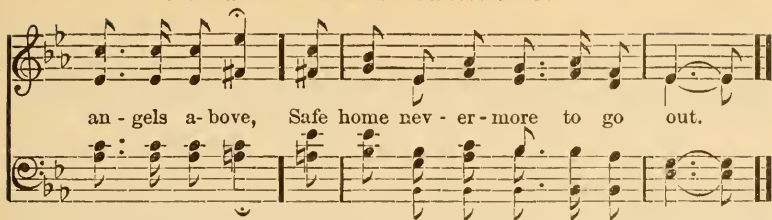
whole world could bring Could pur-chase such rap - tur - ous joy.

REFRAIN.

Let the web and the woof of God's in - fin - ite love En -

fold me and wrap me a - bout, 'Till I stand with the saints and the

There's a Love That is Sweeter.—Concluded.



- 2 There is peace in this Love, peace eternal and calm,
That soothes all our sorrow and woe;
There is health in its touch, like sweet Gilead's balm,
That all who will test it may know.
- 3 There is pow'r in this Love, pow'r to quicken the dead,
A pow'r that transfigures the soul,—
That gives joy for the ashes of sorrow and dread,
And life while the long ages roll.

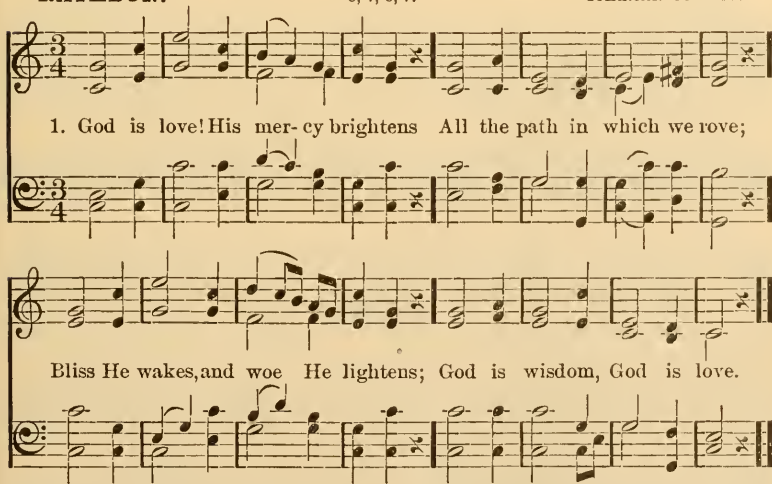
Annie Wittenmyer.

158 God is Love! His Mercy Brightens.

RATHBUN.

8, 7, 8, 7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



- 2 Time and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness stream-
God is wisdom, God is love. [eth;
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Ev'rywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

AFTON.

11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11.

J. E. SPILLMAN.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to the

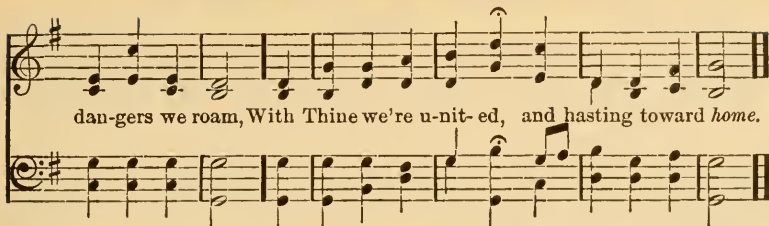
soul is com-mun-ion with saints ; To find at the ban-quet of

mer-cy there's room, To feel in com-mun-ion a fore-taste of home.

Sweet bonds, that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace ! And thrice-blesséd

Sav-iour, whose love can-not cease ! Tho' oft a - mid tri - als and

'Mid Scenes of Confusion.—Concluded.



- 2 While here in the valley of conflict we stay,
 O give us submission, and strength as the day :
 Soon free from afflictions, to Thee we shall come,
 And find with our Saviour a heavenly home.
 We wait, blesséd Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
 To see Thee in glory—the glory divine ;
 With all Thy Redeemed, from the earth, from the tomb,
 To be, to Thy glory, blest Saviour, at home.

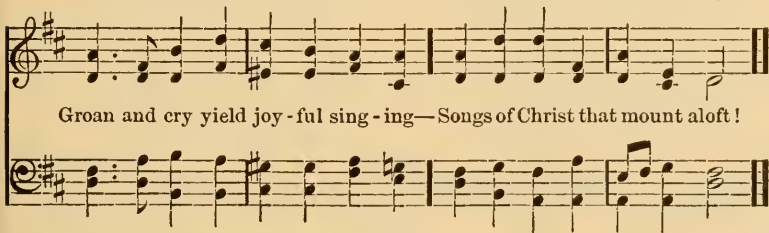
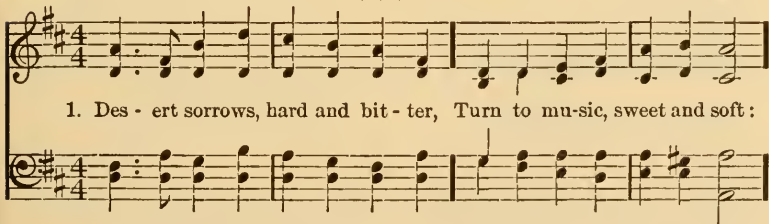
D. Denham.

160 Desert Sorrows, Hard and Bitter.

OSWALD.

8, 7, 8, 7.

J. B. DYKES.



- 2 Ill they spake, "Can God provide us
 Cheer amidst the wilderness!"
 He a feast of joy has furnished—
 Feast of sweetness, love and bliss!
- 4 'Tis Thy love, O Christ, that fills us,
 And from out our hearts doth bring
 Songs of joy, as sweet, as wondrous,
 As in heav'n the blesséd sing!
- 3 In the desert, Bread He giveth
 Till we nought can ask beside,—
 Raineth down delight from heaven
 Till the heart is satisfied !
- 5 Thus our sorrow turns to music,
 Thus our cry to sweetest song,
 Weeping to eternal gladness,
 Night to day, vast ages long !

161 Father of Mercies, In Thy Word.

NICHOLS.

C. M.

GEORGE HEWS.

1. Fa-ther of mer - cies, in Thy word Whatendless glo - ry shines !

For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;

And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

- 4 Oh, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Anne Steele.

162

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to ev'ry age—
It gives, but borrows none.

- 3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

163 Word of the Ever-Living God!

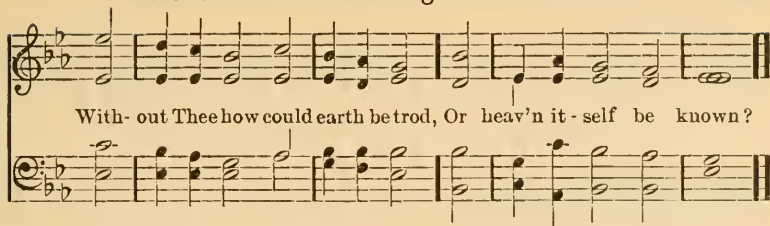
DOWNES.

C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Word of the ev - er - liv - ing God! Will of His glo - rious Son !

Word of the Ever-Living God.—Concluded.



With- out Thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be known?

- 2 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace 3 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed !
 Our path, when wont to stray ! True manna from on high ! [read
 Stream from the Fount of heav'nly Our guide and chart, wherein we
 Brook by the trav'ler's way ! [grace ! Of realms beyond the sky !

- 4 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
 The wisdom it imparts,
 And to its heav'nly teaching turn
 With simple, child-like hearts !

Bernard Barton.

164 Sweet to Look Back, and See My Name.

RETROSPECT.

C. M.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down !

Sweet to look for-ward, and be-hold E - ter - nal joys my own !

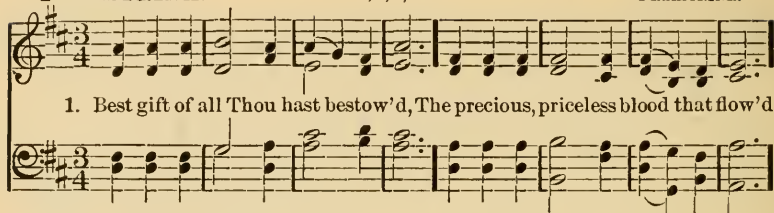
- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine 4 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
 My sins on Jesus laid ! Whose love can never end !
 Sweet to remember how His blood Sweet on His covenant of grace
 My debt of suff'ring paid ! For all things to depend !
- 3 Sweet to look upward to the place 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 Where Jesus pleads above ! To trust His firm decrees !
 Sweet to behold Him, and attend Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
 The whispers of His love ! And know no will but His !

165 Best Gift of All Thou Hast Bestowed.

PALESTRINA.

8, 8, 8, 5.

PALESTRINA.



1. Best gift of all Thou hast bestow'd, The precious, priceless blood that flow'd



When Je - sus bore our sins' great load,— For this we thank Thee!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 And then that wondrous love of Thine
Which made us heirs of wealth divine,
And us to Thee as sons did join,—
For this we thank Thee!</p> <p>3 For sweetest fellowship on earth
With other sons of heav'nly birth,
In greater joy than this world's
mirth,—
For this we thank Thee!</p> | <p>4 For patient grace that guides our way,
While pilgrims in this world we stay,
In fire by night, in cloud by day,—
For this we thank Thee!</p> <p>5 For many mansions in Thy home,
Where we one day with Christ shall
come,
And never, never from Thee roam,—
For this we thank Thee!</p> |
|---|--|

Samuel Ridout.

166

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 For sickness, sadness, pain and loss,
For fellowship with Jesu's Cross
That turns this world's gold into
For this we thank Thee! [dross,—</p> <p>2 For loving faithfulness and grace
That cast us down upon our face,
And make the flesh take its own place,—
For this we thank Thee!</p> | <p>3 In all our joy and all our grief,
For chast'ning sore, or sweet relief,
For lengthen'd days, or waiting brief,—
For all we thank Thee!</p> <p>4 And when our time on earth is o'er,
When in Thy presence we adore,
O then, for all that's gone before,
We e'er shall thank Thee!</p> |
|--|---|

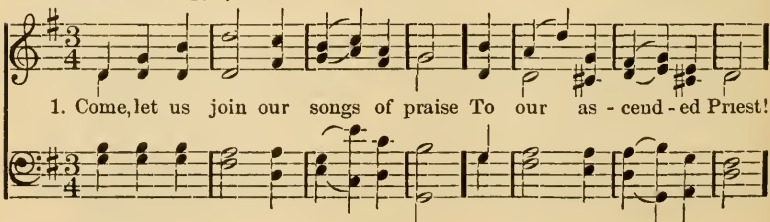
Samuel Ridout.

167 Come, Let Us Join Our Songs of Praise.

CHESTERFIELD.

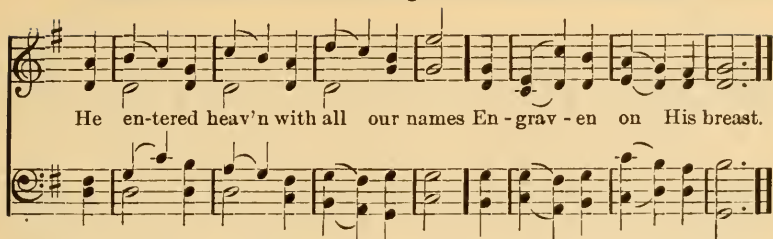
C. M.

T. HAWES.



1. Come, let us join our songs of praise To our as - cend - ed Priest!

Come, Let Us Join Our Songs of Praise.—Concluded.



He en-tered heav'n with all our names En-grav-en on His breast.

2 Below He purged our guilt away,
By His atoning blood :
Now He appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Still Son of Man above, He knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom He Himself o'ercame.

4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of His love :
For us He died, our Ransom here,—
For us He lives above.

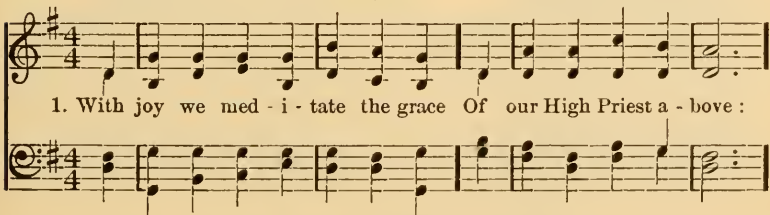
Alexander Pirie.

168 With Joy We Meditate the Grace.

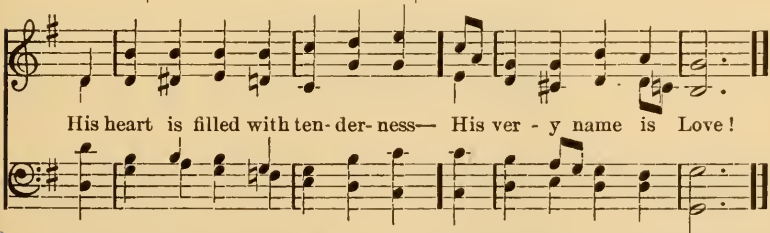
SYMPATHY.

C. M.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.



1. With joy we med-i-tate the grace Of our High Priest a-bove :



His heart is filled with ten-der-ness— His ver-y name is Love !

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame—
He knows what sorest trials mean,
For He has felt the same !

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears,
And now, ascended, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears !

4 Then boldly let our faith address
The throne of grace and power :
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In ev'ry needy hour.

Isaac Watts.

169 We Thank Thee, Lord, For Weary Days.

SILOAM.

C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. We thank Thee, Lord, for wea-ry days When des-ert springs were dry,

And first we knew what depth of need Thy love could sat-is - fy.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 Days when beneath the desert sun,
Along the toilsome road,
O'er roughest ways we walked with
That One the Son of God. [One, | 4 The sweet companionship of One
Who once the desert trod:
The glorious fellowship with One
Upon the throne of God. |
| 3 We thank Thee for that rest in Thee
The weary only know,
That perfect, wondrous sympathy
We only learn below: | 5 We know Thee as we could not know
Thro' heaven's golden years;
We there shall see Thy glorious face,—
Here understand Thy tears! |
| 6 And here in peace, with Thee we go
Where Thou alone once trod,
Still learning thro' our need below
Depths of the heart of God.
Selected. | |

170 O Lord, Thy Love, More Sweet to Me.

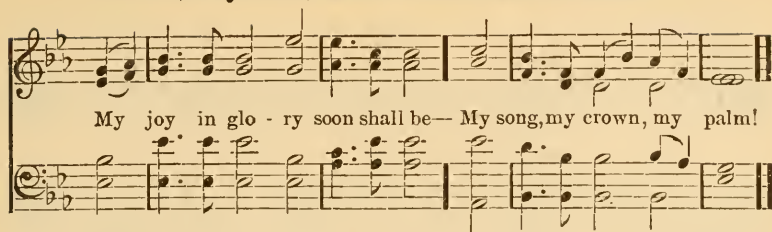
SOUTHPORT.

C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. O Lord, Thy love, more sweet to me Than psal - ter - y and psalm,

O Lord, Thy Love, More Sweet to Me.—Concluded.



- 2 Yet sweet e'en now to see Thy Face,
And in Thy love to rest,
All sorrow stilled in Thine embrace,
And soothed upon Thy breast!
- 3 Lord, weeping there is deeper joy
Than know the sons of men—
Tasting that Love, without alloy,
We can not lose again!
- 4 Our grief is sorrow for an hour,—
Eternal is Thy love:
Here we but taste its budding flower,
Which fully blooms above!
- 5 Our grief, bereft of all that stings
Through Thy sweet sympathy,
But leaves a broken heart that sings,
O Lamb of God, to Thee!

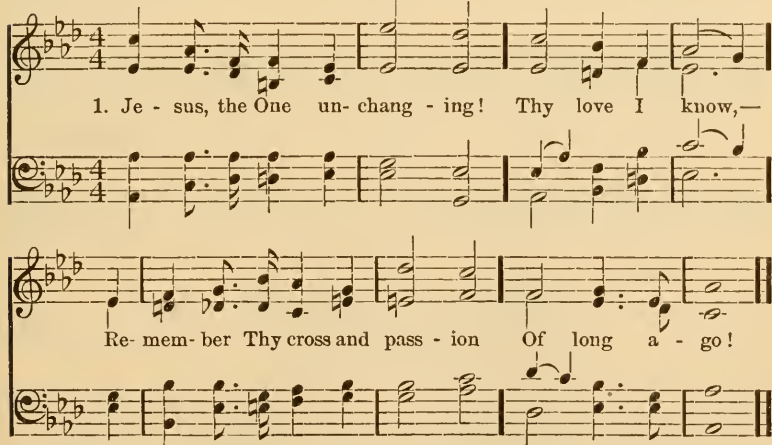
Henry Suso.

171 Jesus, the One Unchanging!

CONSTANCY.

7, 4, 8, 4.

F. ALLABEN.
Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP



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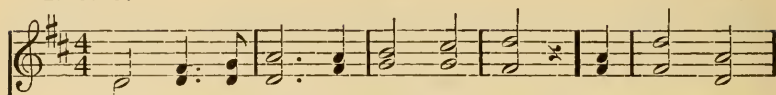
- 2 Jesus, Thy love unchanging,—
That love of yore,—
Shall be all my song and gladness
For evermore!
- 3 'Twas, on the Cross, not deeper,
'Than now 'tis deep,—
In innermost heav'n not sweeter
Than whilst I weep!
- 4 'Tis that same Love now bears me
O'er starless deeps,
And ne'er, thro' the long night watch
Slumbers nor sleeps! [es,
- 5 Jesus, the One unchanging!
How passing sweet,
When I shall arise with singing,
Thyself to meet!

172 'Tis Finished All—Our Souls to Win.

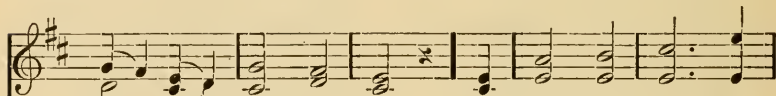
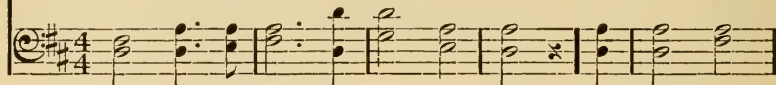
TRURO.

L. M.

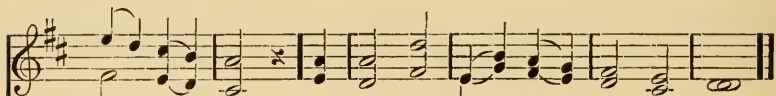
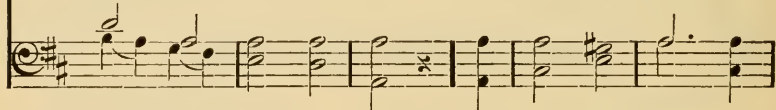
C. BURNEY.



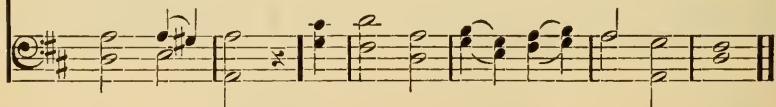
1. 'Tis fin-ished all— our souls to win, His life the



bles - ed Je - sus gave; Then, ris - ing, left His



peo - ple's sin Be - hind Him in His op - 'ning grave.



2 Past suff'ring now, the tender heart
Of Jesus, on His Father's throne,
Still in our sorrow bears a part,
And feels it as He felt His own.

3 Sweet thought! we have a Friend above,
Our weary, falt'ring steps to guide,
Who follows with the eye of love
The little flock for whom He died.

4 O Jesus, teach us more and more
On Thee alone to cast our care;
And gazing on Thy cross, adore
The wondrous grace that brought Thee there.

Sir Edward Denny.

173 He Sitteth O'er the Water-Floods.

HENRY BENNETT.

SOVEREIGNTY.

C. M. D.

Arr. fr. Pilgrim's Harp, by per.



1. He sit-teth o'er the wa-ter-floods, And He is strong to save,—

He sit - teth o'er the wa - ter floods, And guides each drifting wave !

Though loud a-round the ves-sel's prow The waves may toss and break,

Yet at His word they sink to rest, As on a tran-quil lake !

2 He sitteth o'er the water-floods
When waves of sorrow rise,
And while He holds the bitter cup,
He wipes the tearful eyes !
He knows how long the wilful heart
Requires the chast'ning grief,
And, soon as sorrow's work is done,
'Tis He who sends relief !

3 He sitteth o'er the water-floods,
As in the days of old,
When o'er the Saviour's sinless head
The waves and billows rolled !

Yes, all the billows pass'd o'er Him !
Our sins—they bore Him down !
For us He met the crushing storm—
He met th'Almighty's frown !

4 He sitteth o'er the water-floods !
Then doubt and fear no more,
For He who pass'd thro' all the storms
Has reached the heav'nly shore ;
And ev'ry tempest-driven bark,
With Jesus for its Guide,
Will soon be moored in harbor calm,
In glory to abide !

174 Lord of the Earth, Whose Goodness Gives.

SUPREMACY.

L. M.

AGNES A. CRUIKSHANK.

1. Lord of the earth, whose goodness gives To us the harvests of the field,

O guide us, so our hum-ble lives May un-to Thee rich fruit-age yield!

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2 Lord of the ocean, Thou whose will
Creates and calms the raging seas,
O now to us say, "Peace, be still!"
And bid our fears and tumults cease!

3 Lord of the sky, at whose command
Sun, moon and stars show forth their light,
O grant our path thro' this drear land
May by Thy word be always bright!

4 Lord, of the earth, the sea, the heav'n,
By whom creation is controlled,
To Thee be praise and glory giv'n,—
Be Thou for evermore extolled!

Russell Carter.

175 O Jesus, Lord, My Life, My All.

SANCTIFICATION.

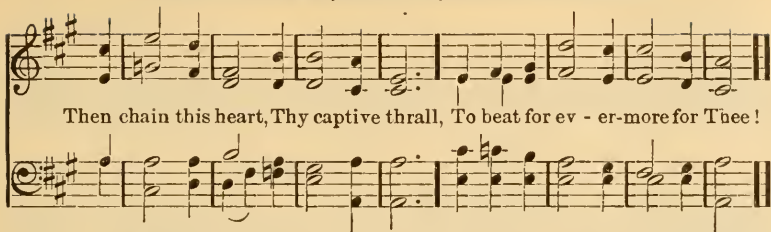
L. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. O Je- sus, Lord, my Life, my All, Hast Thou now set Thy love on me?

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O Jesus, Lord, My Life, My All.—Concluded.



- 2 Alas, I know it beats not true—
To Thee a grief, a shame to me:
Do Thou each wayward pulse subdue,
And wholly sanctify to Thee.
- 3 I trust Thee—break my stubborn will;
I would not count the cost to me,
If in the wine-press love distil
From this poor bruised heart to Thee!
- 4 Yea, chasten thro' my pilgrim years,
In faithful, tender grace to me,
Till self shall melt to love and tears,
And lavish all its wealth on Thee!

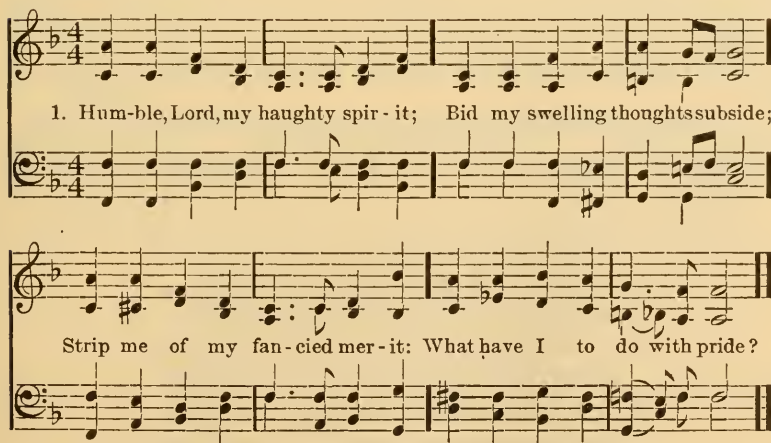
F. Allaben.

176 Humble, Lord, My Haughty Spirit.

HUMILIATION.

8, 7, 8, 7.

R. L. HASLUP.



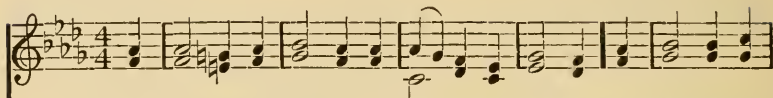
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- 2 Wast Thou, Saviour, meek and lowly?
And shall such a worm as I,
Weak and earthly and unholy,
Dare to lift my head on high?
- 3 Teach me, Lord, my true condition;
Bring me childlike to Thy knee,
Stripped of ev'ry low ambition,
Willing to be led by Thee.
- 4 Guide me by Thy Holy Spirit,
Feed me from Thy blessed word,
All my wisdom, all my merit,
Borrowed from Thyself, O Lord!

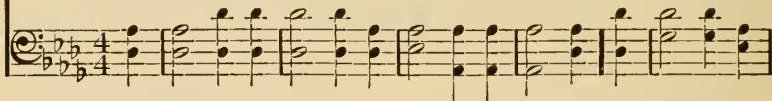
DUNELLEN.

12, 11, 12, 11.

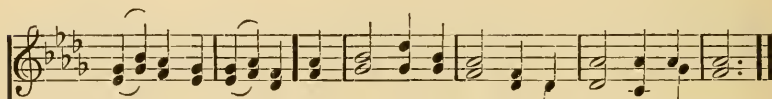
RUSSELL CARTER.



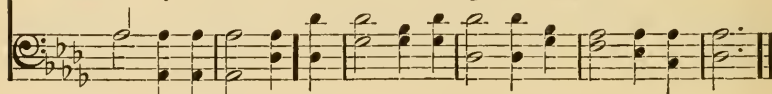
1. O Saviour, whose mercy, so faithful in kindness, Has chasten'd my



wand'rings and guid-ed my way, A-dored be the Pow'r that il -



lumined my blindness And wean'd me from phantoms that smiled to betray!



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2 I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Was bright as the sun and as glad as the morn :
Thou showedst the path,—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock and all tangled with thorn !

3 Subdued and instructed through grace, in contrition
Earth-hopes and earth-longings I fain would resign :
O give me the heart that can wait in submission,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure not Thine !

4 A refuge there is, free from sin and from sorrow—
But hence, in a region faith only has trod ;
A morn without clouds—but it cometh to-morrow ;
A rest—but it waits in the presence of God !

ANON.

178 Listen, oh, Listen, My Father All Holy.

CONFESSION.

11, 10, 11, 10.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. List - en, oh, list - en, my Fa - ther, all ho - ly!

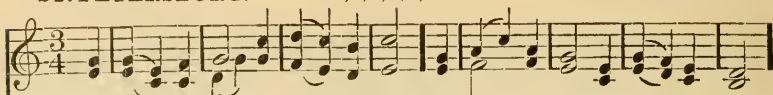
Hum - ble and sor - row - ful, own - ing my sin, Hear me con - fess in my

pen - i - tence low - ly How in my weakness, tempta - tion came in.

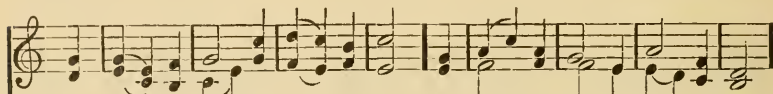
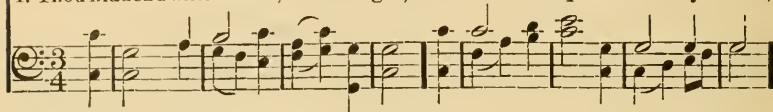
Copyright, 1903, by Loizeaux Bros.

- 2 Pity me now, for, my Father, no sorrow
Weighs on my soul like the pain that I know,
Trembling and fearing that, all through to-morrow,
Missing the light of Thy love I may go.
- 3 Father, I know for the grace I am seeking,
Nothing of mine can I offer to Thee;
Thou, to my sinful and sad spirit speaking,
Giving forgiveness—giv'st all things to me.
- 4 Keep me, my Father, oh, keep me from falling!
I had not sinned, had I felt Thou wert nigh.
Speak, when the voice of the tempter is calling,
So that temptation before Thee may fly.
- 5 Thoughts of my sinfulness contrite shall make me;
Thoughts of Thy favor shall humble me more:
So keep me lowly until Thou shalt take me
Where sin and sorrow forever are o'er.

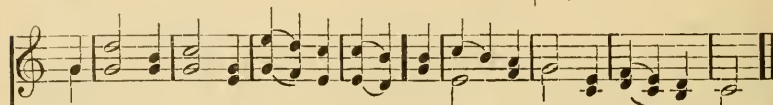
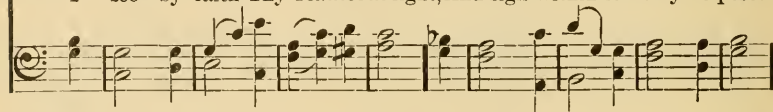
Anon.



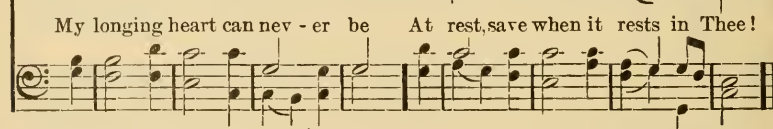
1. Thou hidden Father's love, whose height, Whose soundless depths none fully knows,



I see by faith Thy beauteous light, And sigh within for Thy re- pose:



My longing heart can nev - er be At rest, save when it rests in Thee!



2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to
O tear it thence, and reign alone, [share?
The Spring of ev'ry motion there!
Then shall my joyful heart be free,
And find its deep repose in Thee!

3 From me O banish self, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live:
Desires the cross doth crucify—
Let none remain, Thy heart to grieve!
To taste Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
And know Thy love, be all my choice!

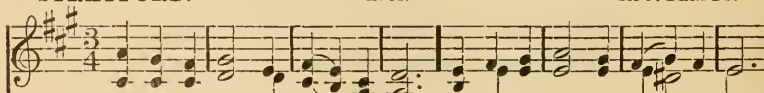
Gerhardt Ter Steegen.

180 Each Sorrow Thou Hast Sent to Me.

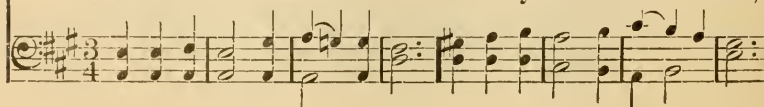
STRATFORD.

L. M.

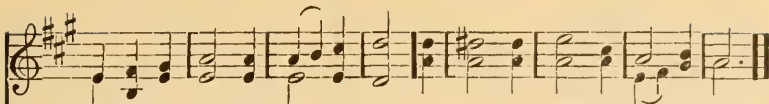
Sir J. BARNBY.



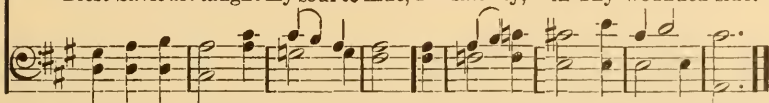
1. Each sorrow Thou hast sent to me Has on- ly drawn me near-er Thee,



Each Sorrow Thou Hast Sent to Me.—Concluded.



Blest Saviour! taught my soul to hide, In safe-ty, in Thy wounded side.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Each step of mine that was unmeet
Has only brought me to Thy feet,
To learn, thro' these, my wilful ways,
A deeper, sweeter note of praise.</p> <p>3 Though anguish fill my breaking
heart,
When called from one I love to part,</p> | <p>It doth but loose from earth's dark
shore,
And make me long for Thee the more.</p> <p>4 The joy, rebuke, the grief, the pain,
Thou sendest, Lord, is all my gain;
For all things work for good to one
Who loveth God, and Thee, His Son.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Helen McDowell.</p> |
|---|---|

181 Lo, From Vessels, Earthen Only.

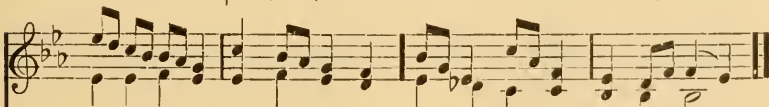
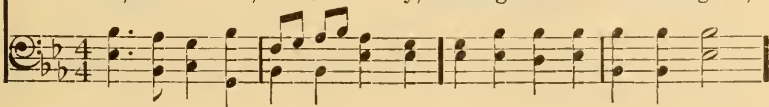
WORTHING.

8, 7, 8, 7.

W. P. SCHULTZ.



1. Lo, from ves-sels, earthen on-ly, Shining forth in cease-less grace,



Reaching weary hearts, and lonely, Beams the light from Je-su's face!



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Earthen vessels, marred, unsightly,
Bearing Wealth no thought can
know: [ly—
Heav'nly Treasure, gleaming bright—
Christ revealed in saints below!</p> <p>3 Vessels, broken, frail, yet bearing
Through the hungry ages on
Riches giv'n with hand unsparing—
God's great Gift, His precious Son!</p> | <p>4 O to be but empty, lowly,
Mean, unnoticed and unknown,
Yet to God a vessel holy, [alone!
Filled with Christ, and Christ</p> <p>5 Nought of earth to cloud the Glory!
Nought of self the Light to dim!
Telling forth Christ's wondrous
story:
Broken, empty—filled with Him!</p> |
|--|--|

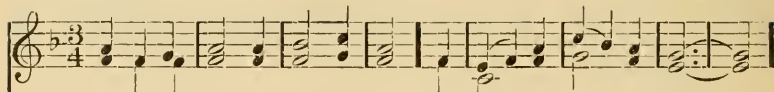
Selected.

182 Under Thy Rod, O God, My God!

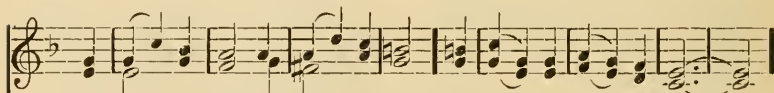
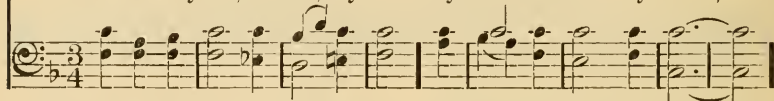
CHASTENING.

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

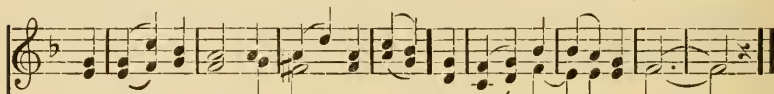
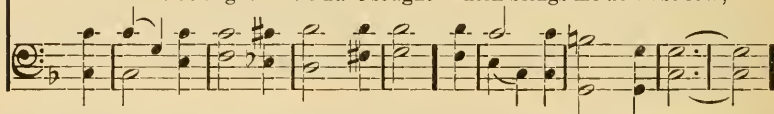
HUBERT P. MAIN.



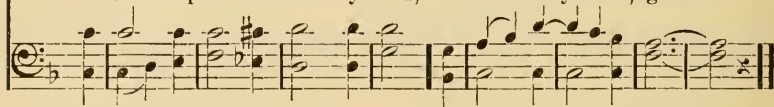
1. Un-der Thy rod, O God, my God! My soul would meek-ly bow,



E'en if 'tis nought that I have sought Which brings me down so low;



For souls expand beneath Thy hand, And while they suffer, grow.



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2 Under Thy rod, O God, my God!

I do not bow in vain,
For though I weep, I surely reap
Treasures of golden gain;
And ev'ry one Thou callest "son"
Must bear correction's pain.

3 Under Thy rod, O God, my God!

Though sore the trial be,
I would not lose, if I might choose,
Thy look of love I see:
Father, I bless Thy faithfulness—
Proof of Thy love to me!

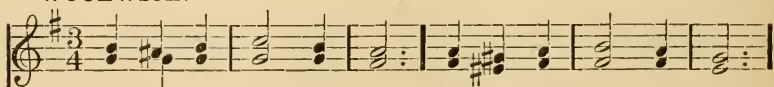
Helen McDowell.

183 It is Thy Hand, My God!

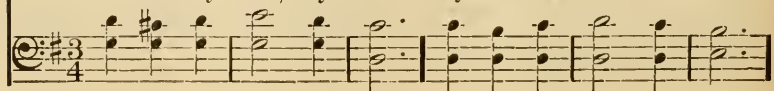
WOOLWICH.

S. M.

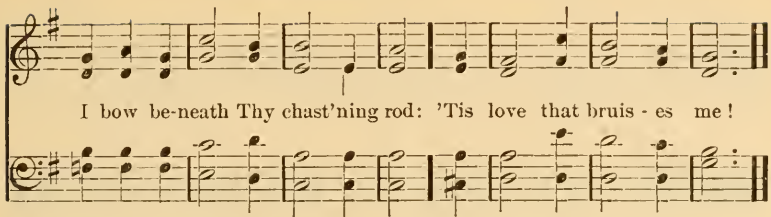
C. E. KETTLE.



1. It is Thy hand, my God! My sor-row comes from Thee!



It is Thy Hand, My God.—Concluded.



I bow be-neath Thy chast'ning rod: 'Tis love that bruise - es me !

2 I would not murmur, Lord ;
Before Thee I am dumb:
Lest I should breathe one murmur'ing
To Thee for help I come. [word,

4 Jesus for me hath died,—
Thy Son Thou didst not spare:
His piercéd hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare !

3 My God, Thy name is love,—
A Father's hand is Thine:
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

5 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to Thee :
Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,—
All works for good to me !

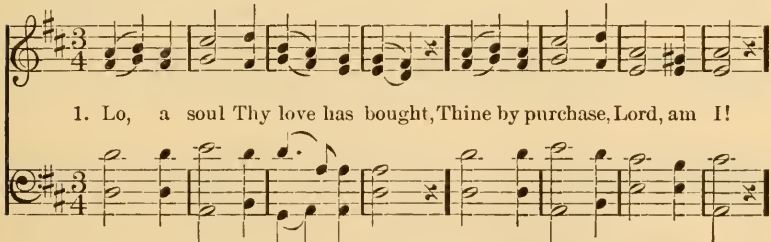
James G. Deck.

184 Lo, a Soul Thy Love Has Bought.

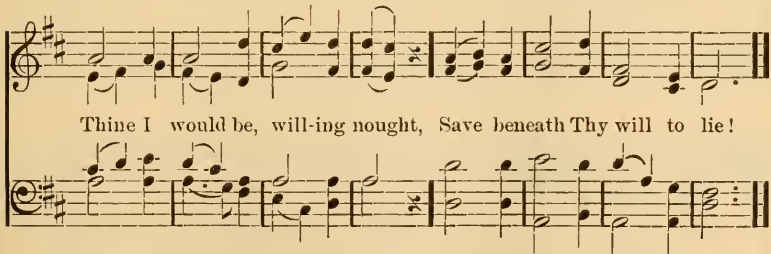
DALLAS.

7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. fr. CHERUBINI.



1. Lo, a soul Thy love has bought, Thine by purchase, Lord, am I!



Thine I would be, will-ing nought, Save beneath Thy will to lie!

2 Gently loosen Thou my hold
On the former treasured things:
Joys and vanities of old,
Shadows where the flesh still clings!

3 I am Thine! my soul, lie still—
Clay within the Potter's hands,
Moulded by that tender Will:
Love, more mighty than commands!

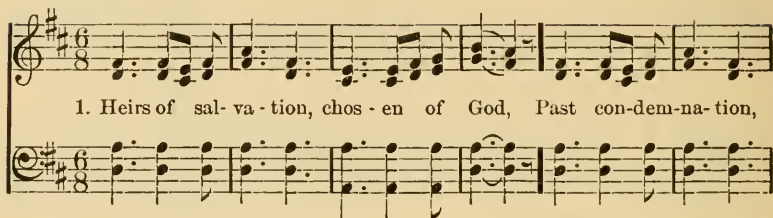
Gerhardt Ter Steegen.

185 Heirs of Salvation, Chosen of God.

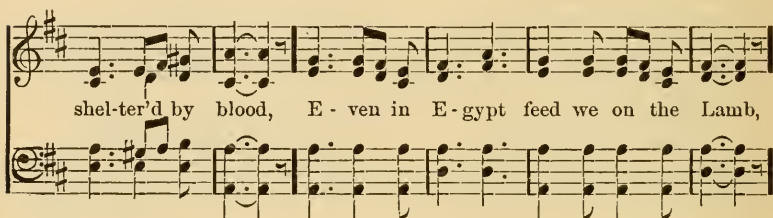
PILGRIM STAFF.

P. M.

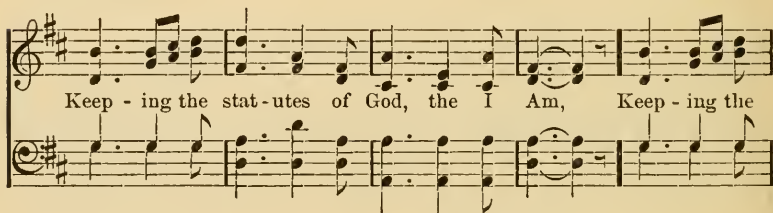
Anon.



1. Heirs of sal-va-tion, chos-en of God, Past con-dem-na-tion,



shel-ter'd by blood, E-ven in E-gypt feed we on the Lamb,



Keep-ing the stat-utes of God, the I Am, Keep-ing the

REFRAIN.

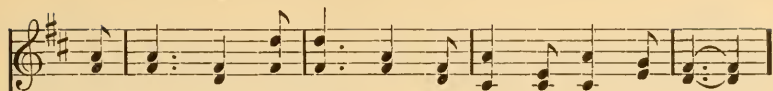


stat-utes of God, the I Am. In the world a-round, 'tis night;



Where the feast is spread 'tis bright; Is-rael's God is Is-rael's light:

Heirs of Salvation, Chosen of God.—Concluded.



'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus, our Sav - iour from a - bove,



'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus, whom we love.



2 Pilgrims and strangers, captives no more,
Wilderness rangers, sing we on shore ;
God in His power parted hath the sea ;
||: Foes all are perished, His people are free ! :||

REFRAIN.

By the Pillar safely led,
By the manna daily fed,
Now the heav'nward way we tread ;
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, our Shepherd here below,
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus whom we know.

3 Canaan-possessors, safe in the land,
Victors, confessors, banner in hand ;
Jordan's deep waters evermore behind,
||: Cares of the desert no longer in mind. :||

REFRAIN.

Egypt's stigma rolled away,
Canaan's corn our strength and stay,
Triumph we the live-long day !
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the Christ of God alone,
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus whom we own.

ANON.

BURG.

8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might - y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er

fail - ing; Our Help - er He a - mid the flood Of

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; For still our an - cient foe

Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,

And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

A Mighty Fortress is Our God.—Concluded.

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing—
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth, His name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.
- 3 And tho' this world, with devils fill'd,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath will'd
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure;
For lo, his doom is sure;
One little word will fell him.

- 4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through Him who with us sideth;
Let goods and kindred go;
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther; F. H. Hedge, tr.

187 Arise, Ye Saints, Arise.

RIALTO.

S. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.

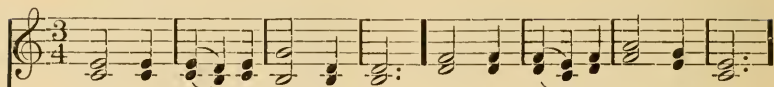
1. A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our Lead - er is:

The foe be - fore His ban - ner flies, And vic - to - ry is His!

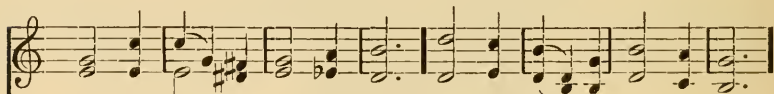
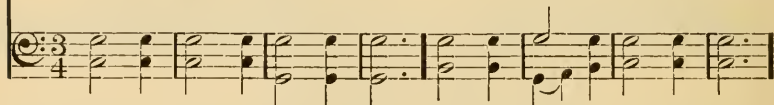
- 2 We follow Thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, Lord, and King!
We follow Thee, thro' grace supplied
From heav'n's eternal spring!
- 3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease,—
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light: [cheer,
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to
Till faith shall end in sight,—
- 5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more,
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore!

CLEMENTIA. (First Tune.) 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

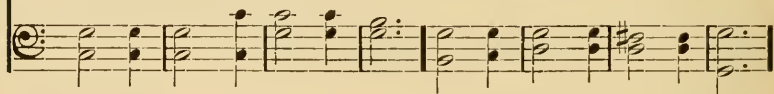
C. and F. JOUARD.



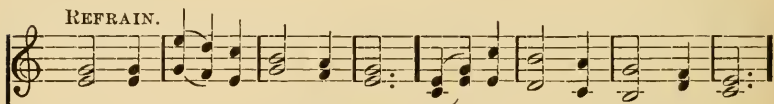
1. God in mer-cy sent His Son To a world by sin un-done ;



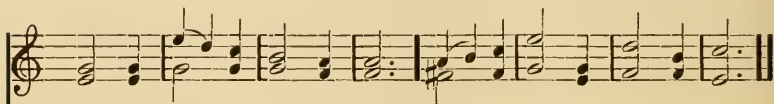
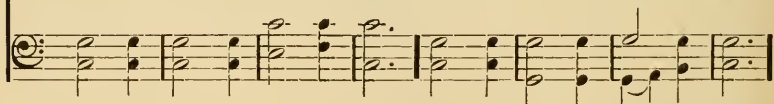
Je - sus Christ was cru - ci - fied—'Twas for sin - ners Je - sus died.



REFRAIN.



O the glo - ry of the grace Shin-ing in the Sav-iour's face!



Tell - ing sin-ners from a - bove, " God is light," and "God is love."



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2 Sin and death no more shall reign,
 Jesus died and lives again!
 In the glory's highest height—
 See Him, God's supreme delight.

God In Mercy Sent His Son.—Concluded.

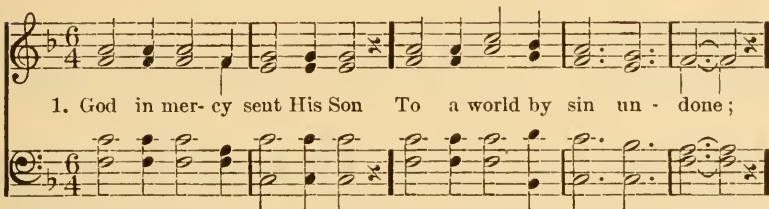
3 All who in His name believe,
Everlasting life receive ;
Lord of all is Jesus now,
Ev'ry knee to Him must bow.

4 Christ the Lord will come again,
He who suffered once will reign,
Ev'ry tongue at last shall own,
"Worthy is the Lamb," alone.
Hannah K. Burlingham.

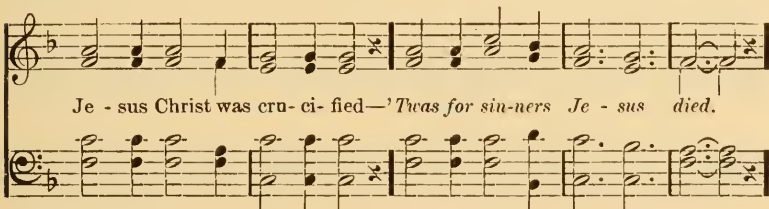
188 God In Mercy Sent His Son.

MARTYN. (Second Tune.) 7. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

S. B. MARSH.

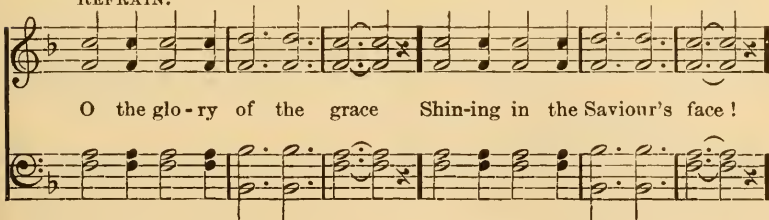


1. God in mer- cy sent His Son To a world by sin un - done ;

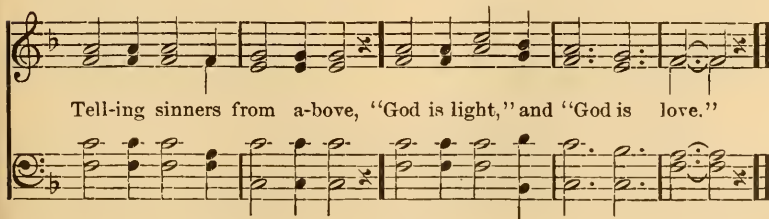


Je - sus Christ was cru - ci - fied — 'Twas for sin - ners Je - sus died.

REFRAIN.



O the glo - ry of the grace Shin - ing in the Saviour's face !



Tell - ing sinners from a - bove, "God is light," and "God is love."

WONDROUS LOVE.

P. M.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. O what a gift the Fa - ther gave When He bestowed His Son,

To save poor, ru - ined, guilt - y man, By sin de - filed, un - done!

REFRAIN.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God to me!

It brought my Saviour from a - bove To die on Cal - va - ry.

Copyright by Wm. G. Fischer.

2 For I was lost and vile indeed,
To sin a willing prey,
Till God in mercy interposed,
And turned my night to day.

3 Now I can call the Saviour mine,
Though all unworthy still;
I'm sheltered by His precious blood,
Beyond the reach of ill.

4 Come, all who trust in Jesus now,
And tell our joys abroad ;
Let thankful hymns of praise ascend,
For Christ, the gift of God.

LISCHER.

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

F. SCHNEIDER.

1. What was it, bless-ed God, Led Thee to give Thy Son,

To yield Thy Well-Be-loved For us by sin un-done?

'Twas love, un-bound-ed, led Thee thus To give Thy Well-Be-

loved for us. To give Thy Well - - Be-loved for us.
To give Thy Well-Be-loved for us.

2 What led Thy Son, O God,
To leave Thy throne on high,
To shed His precious blood,
To suffer and to die?
'Twas love—unbounded love to us—
||: Led Him to die and suffer thus. :||

3 What moved Thee to impart
Thy Spirit from above.
Therewith to fill our heart

With heav'nly peace and love?
'Twas love—unbounded love to us—
||: Moved Thee to give Thy Spirit thus. :||

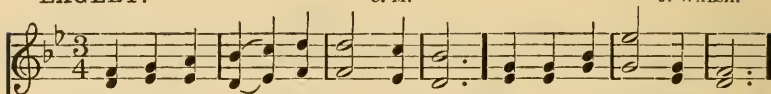
4 What love to Thee we owe,
Our God, for all Thy grace!
Our hearts may well o'erflow
In everlasting praise!
Make us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus
||: For all Thy boundless love to us. :||

191 Of All the Gifts Thy Love Bestows.

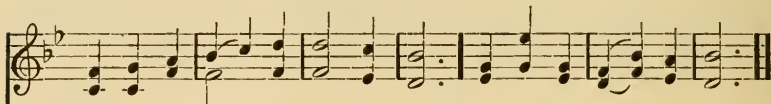
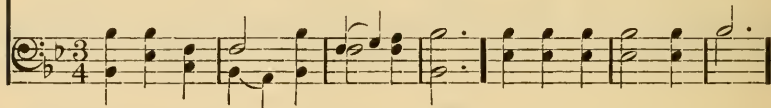
EAGLEY.

C. M.

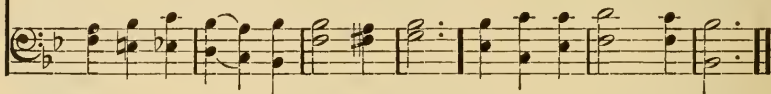
J. WALSH.



1. Of all the gifts Thy love be-stows, Thou Giv-er of all good !



Not heav'n it-self a rich-er knows, Than the Re-deem-er's blood.



2 Faith, too, that trusts the blood through grace,
From that same love we gain ;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
The gift had been in vain.

3 We praise Thee, and would praise Thee more ;
To Thee our all we owe :
The precious Saviour, and the Power
That makes Him precious too.

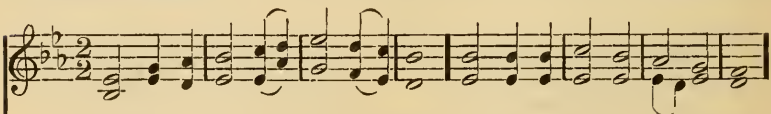
William Cowper.

192 Forgiveness! 'Tis a Joyful Sound.

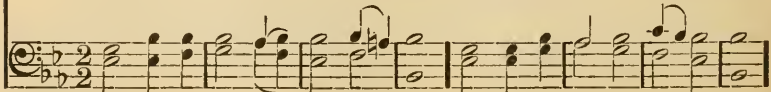
DUKE STREET.

L. M.

J. L. HAITON.



1. For-giveness! 'tis a joy-ful sound To guilty sinners doom'd to die:



Forgiveness! 'Tis a Joyful Sound.—Concluded.



We'd publish it the world a-round, And gladly shout it thro' the sky.

2 'Tis the rich gift of Love Divine!
Effacing fully ev'ry crime:
Unbounded shall its glories shine,
And know no change by changing
time.

3 For this stupendous gift of Heav'n
What grateful honors shall we
show?
Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
May love with fervent ardor glow!

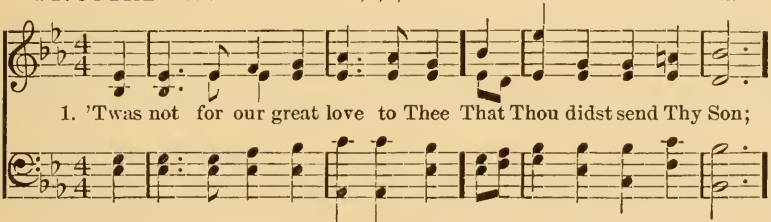
Thomas Gibbons.

193 'Twas Not For Our Great Love to Thee.

ST. CUTHBERT.

8, 6, 8, 4.

J. B. DYKES.



1. 'Twas not for our great love to Thee That Thou didst send Thy Son;



That spring of love, O God, we see In Thee a - lone.

2 What love, Lord Jesus, brought Thee
Our hardened hearts to win, [down
To be despised and spit upon,
And bear our sin!

For far and wide the news is borne
Of perfect peace.

3 The sins of many Thou didst bear,
Of all who look to Thee, — [there,
When God, Thy God, forsook Thee
On Calv'ry's tree.

5 Yes, peace! since ev'ry claim is met,
Lord Jesus, by Thy blood, [and set
And Thou, "Our Peace" art ris'n,
On high by God.

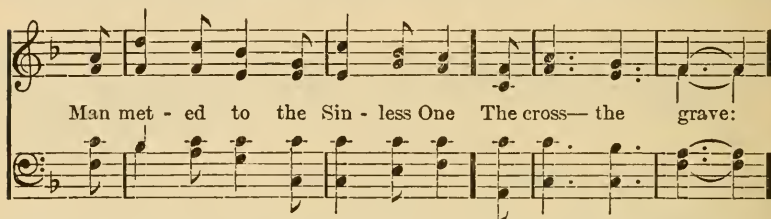
4 That glorious resurrection morn
Bids doubts for ever cease,

6 No goodness in *ourselves* we feel,
We trust Thy precious blood;
And now Thy Spirit is the seal
We're sons of God.

Anon.




1. The Fa-ther sent the Son A ru-ined world to save;



Man met - ed to the Sin - less One The cross—the grave:



Blest Sub - sti-tute from God! Wrath's aw - ful cup He drained:



Laid down His life, and e'en the tomb's Re-proach sus - tained.

2 The new and living Way,
 Stands open now to heav'n;
 Thence, where the blood is seen alway,
 God's gift is giv'n.
 The river of His grace,
 Through righteousness supplied,
 Is flowing o'er the barren place
 Where Jesus died.

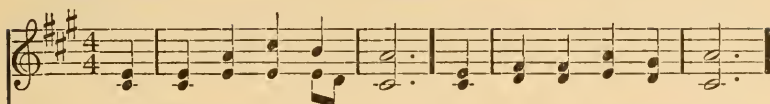
3 The Lord shall come again!
 The Conqueror must reign!
 No tongue but shall confess Him then,
 The Lamb once slain:
 Jesus is worthy now
 All homage to receive;
 O sinner, to the Saviour bow,—
 The truth believe.

Hannah K. Burlingham.

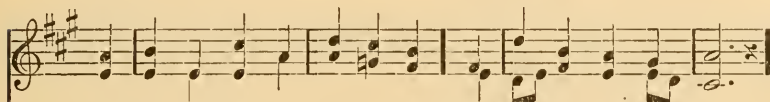
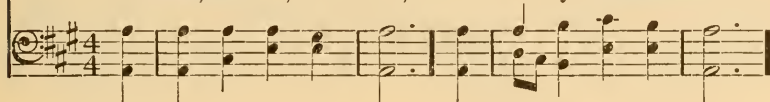
PLEROMA.

S. M. and Refrain.

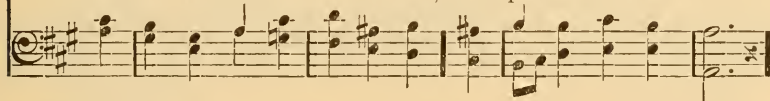
R. L. HASLUP.



1. How vast, how full, how free, The mer - cy of our God!



Proclaim the bless - ed news around, And spread it all a - broad.



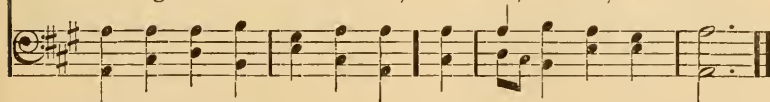
REFRAIN.



Bless - ed, bless - ed news: Mer - cy e'en for thee,



Flow - ing from the heart of God,— So vast, so full, so free!



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2 How vast! "Whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation e'en to him.

3 How full! It doth remove
The stain of ev'ry sin, [pure
And leave the conscience white and
As though no sin had been.

4 How free! It asks no price,
For God delights to give;
It only says—a simple thing—
"Believe on Christ, and live."

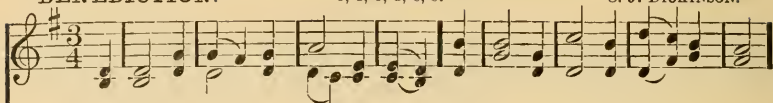
5 Poor trembling sinner, "come!"
God waits to comfort thee;
Oh, cast thyself upon His love,
So vast, so full, so free!

196 Behold, What Wondrous Love and Grace.

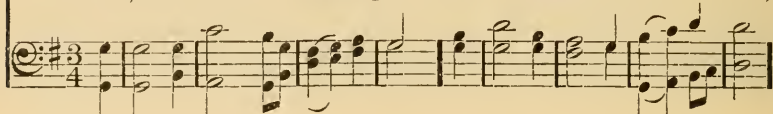
BENEDICTION.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

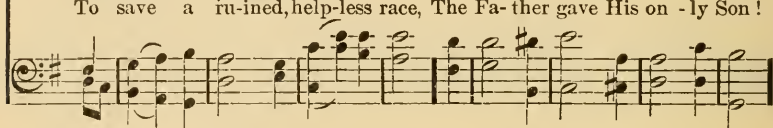
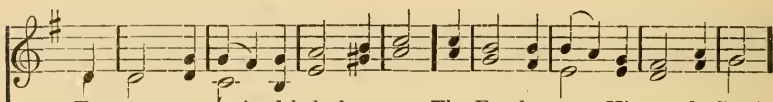
C. J. DICKINSON.



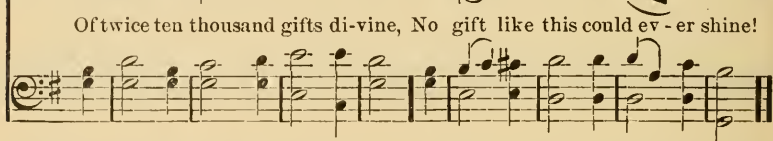
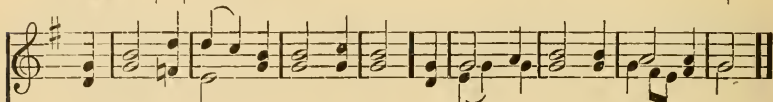
1. Behold, what wondrous love and grace! When we were wretched and undone,



To save a ru-ined, help-less race, The Fa-ther gave His on - ly Son !



Of twice ten thousand gifts di-vine, No gift like this could ev - er shine!



2 O gift of love unspeakable !
O gift of mercy all divine !
We once were slaves of death and
hell,
But in Christ's image we shall
shine !
For ev'ry gift a song we raise,
But this demands eternal praise !

3 Praise shall employ these tongues of
ours
Till we with all the saints above,
Extol God's name with nobler pow'rs,
And see the ocean of His love:
Then, while we look, and wond'ring
gaze, [praise!
We'll fill the heav'ns with endless

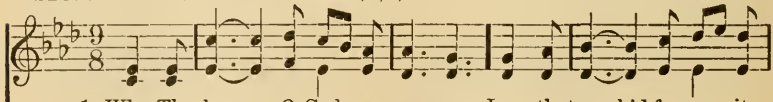
William Sanders.

197 Who Thy Love, O God, Can Measure.

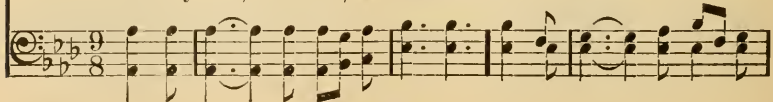
SPIKENARD.

8, 8, 8, 5.

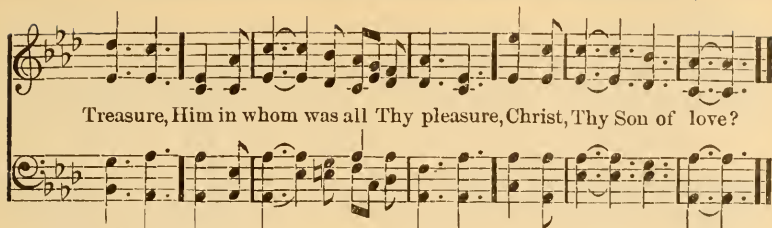
C. and F. JOUARD.



1. Who Thy love, O God, can measure—Love that crush'd for us its



Who Thy Love, O God, Can Measure.—Concluded.



Treasure, Him in whom was all Thy pleasure, Christ, Thy Son of love?

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- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Couldst Thou bruise Him, there
forsaken
On the cross His love had taken,
'Gainst Thy Son Thy sword awaken,
'Gainst Thy Son of love? | Melt that heart, rend joints and
marrow—
Doom Thy Son of love? |
| 3 Couldst Thou crush Him, Man of
Sorrow,—
Pierce His soul with wrath's fierce | 4 Cross that outraged Love Pater-
nal!
Cross of agonies supernal!
Cross of grief of The Eternal!
Cross of boundless love! |

F. Allaben.

198 As I Was, the Father Loved Me.

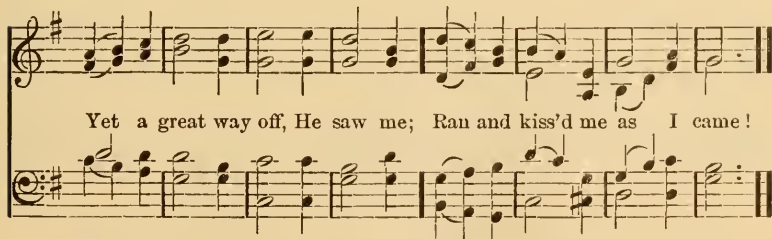
RECEPTION.

8, 7, 8, 7.

C. J. DICKINSON.



1. As I was, the Fa-ther lov'd me—Lov'd me in my sin and shame:



Yet a great way off, He saw me; Ran and kiss'd me as I came!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Gave me Christ, the Robe of glory,
Spotless as the heav'ns above,
Not to meet my thoughts of fitness,
But His wondrous thoughts of love! | 4 'Tis the Cross of Christ the Saviour,
Hath the Father's heart made
All His grace to me, the sinner, [known:
Told in judgment on His Son! |
| 3 Not a servant at God's gateway,
But a son within His home,
To the love, the joy, the singing,
To the glory, I am come! | 5 Measured by that cross, that darkness,
O how deep God's love must be!
Deep as were Christ's depths of
Is the Father's love for me! [anguish,
Selected. |

199 By Faith I View My Saviour Dying.

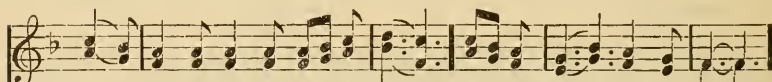
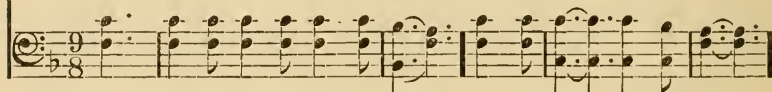
EVANGELIA.

P. M.

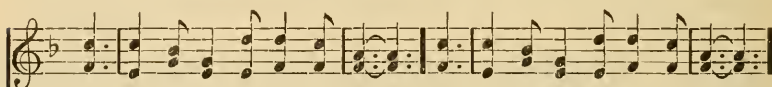
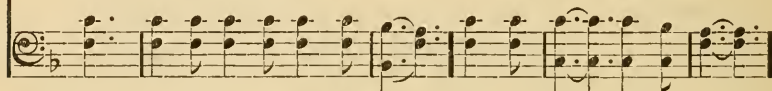
Arr. fr. AUBER.



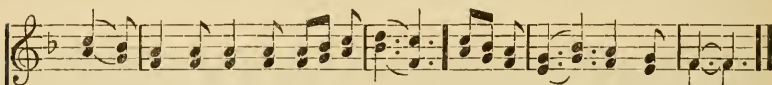
1. By faith I view my Saviour dying On the tree, on the tree.



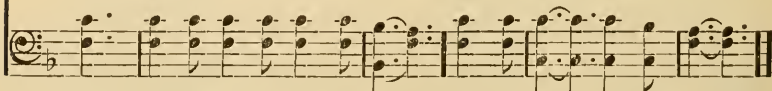
To ruined sin-ners He is cry-ing, "Look to Me! look to Me!"



He bids the guilty now draw near, Re- pent, believe, dismiss their fear.



Hark! hark, what precious words I hear, "Mercy's free! mercy's free!"



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did He snatch my soul from ruin—
Can it be, can it be?
Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!</p> | <p>3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;—
Mercy's free, mercy's free!
And ev'ry moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
Enjoying still the Saviour's love,—
Mercy's free, mercy's free!</p> |
|---|---|

R. Jukes.

The sun withhold its rays of light,
The heav'ns are clothed in shades of
night,
While Jesus wins the glorious fight,
||: On the cross. :||

3 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up
 ||: On the cross ; :||
 He drinks for us the bitter cup,
 ||: On the cross ; :|| [quake,
 The rocks do rend, the mountains
 While Jesus doth atonement make,
 While Jesus suffers for our sake,
 ||: On the cross. :||

201 O Cross of Christ! O Glorious Tree!

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O cross of Christ! O glorious tree! What place can be compar'd with thee—

Where God's own Son was cru-ci - fied, And for our sins a ran - som died?

2 We love to look within the tomb
His death has robbed of all its gloom ;
The stone, forever rolled away,
Proves power divine death's power to slay.

3 We joy to see Thee, Lord, arise
Triumphant through the opening skies;
And hear all heav'n united own
Thee worthy to ascend the throne.

4 Lord, now we wait for Thee to come
And take us to Thy Father's home ;
Oh, what ecstatic joy 'twill be
To spend eternity with Thee !

159

202 I Saw One Hanging On a Tree.

VIA LUCIS.

C. M. D.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

Voices in unison, or Solo.

Organ.

1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood,

Who fix'd His eyes of love on me As near His cross I stood.

Voices in Harmony.

That look of love and sor - row said : " My life for thee I give ;

This blood is for thy ran - som paid ; I die that thou mayst live ! "

2 O never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

That look of love and sorrow said :
" My life for thee I give ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I died that thou mayst live ! "

I Saw One Hanging On a Tree.—Concluded.

- 3 My conscience felt and owned the
And plunged me in despair; [guilt,
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
Again He looked in love, which said:
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live!"
- 4 Then I who, trembling, learned to see
That I my Lord had slain,
Was filled with peace, because for me
He bore that grief and pain.
Thus, while His death my sin dis-
In all its blackest hue, [plays
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton.

203 From The Cross, Uplifted High.

AJALON.

7, 7, 7, 7.

R. REDHEAD.

1. From the cross, up-lift-ed high, Where the Sav-iour deign'd to die,

What mel-o-dious sounds we hear, Bursting on the rav-ish'd ear:

"Love's re-deem-ing work is done: Come and wel-come! sin-ner, come!

- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne:
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My piercé body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,—
Come, and welcome! sinner, come!"

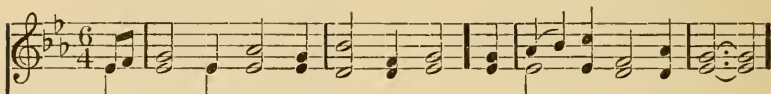
Thomas Haweis.

204 O Christ, What Burdens Bow'd Thy Head.

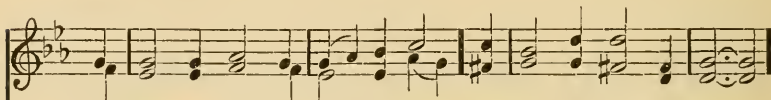
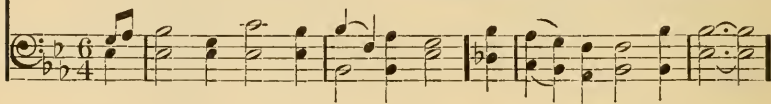
SMITING. (*First Tune.*)

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

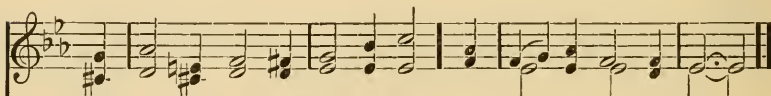
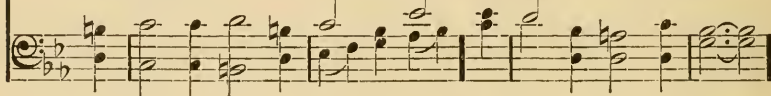
R. L. HASLUP.



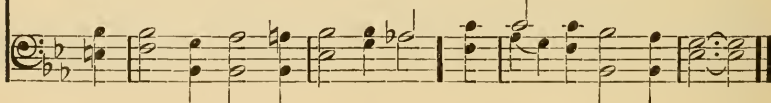
1. O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee:



Thou stood-est in the sin-ner's stead, To bear all ill for me:



A vic-tim led, Thy blood was shed,—Now there's no load for me!



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2 Death and the curse were in the cup—
 O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
 But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,—
 'Tis empty now for me!
 That bitter cup—Love drank it up:
 Left but the love for me!

3 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
 O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
 Thy soul the flaming blade must take—
 Thy heart its sheath must be:
 All for my sake, my peace to make,—
 Now sleeps that sword for me!

O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head.—Concluded.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward—
It bore the storm for me!
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred,—
Now cloudless peace for me!

5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee!
Thou'rt ris'n; my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me!
The Father's face of radiant grace
Shines now in light on me!

Anne Ross Cousin.

204 O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head.

ATONEMENT. (Second Tune.) 3, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee:

Thou stood-est in the sinner's stead, To bear all ill for me:

A vic-tim led, Thy blood was shed,—Now there's no load for me!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three systems, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a double bar line.

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205 Trembling Soul, Behold Thy Saviour.

ADELBERT.

8, 7, 8, 7.

W. H. SANGSTER.

1. Trembling soul, be- hold thy Saviour Seat-ed on the Father's throne ;

Ob - ject of God's high-est fa - vor, See Him, God's be- lov-éd Son !

From Messiter's Hymnal. Used by per.

- 2 Once on earth in Bethl'hem's manger,
As a helpless babe He lay,—
God come down, a heav'nly Stranger,
Love to sinners to display.
- 3 See the lowly One now bending,
In the lone Gethsemane,
Drops of blood His conflict marking,
Whilst He prays in agony !
- 4 Sinner, see the bleeding Saviour,
Pierced and nailed to Calv'ry's tree ;
Sacrifice of sweetest savor—
Object of man's enmity !
- 5 Sinner, hear the wondrous story—
Jesus died, and rose for thee ;
God in heav'n now waits to save thee ;
Now, believing, thou art free.

A. P. Cecil.

206 Not All The Blood of Beasts.

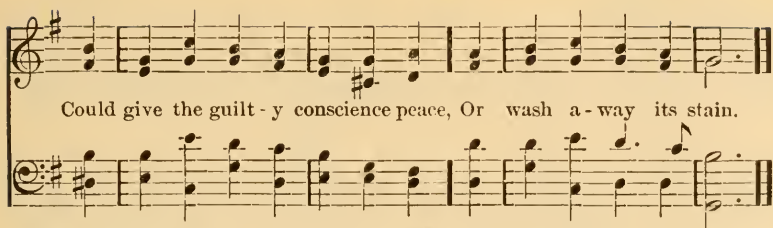
AUGUSTINE.

S. M.

BACH.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain,

Not All The Blood Of Beasts.—Concluded.



2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Took all my guilt away :
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accurséd tree,—
For all my guilt was there.

4 Believing, I rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

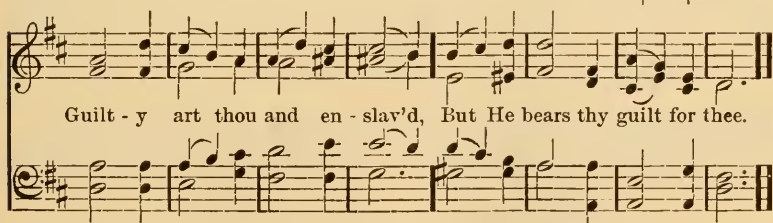
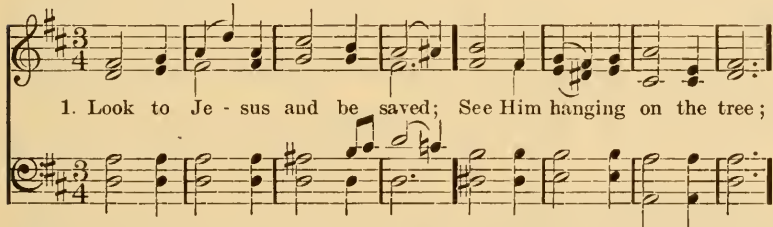
Isaac Watts.

207 Look To Jesus and Be Saved.

LOOK AND LIVE.

7, 7, 7, 7.

T. MORLEY.



2 Look till thou canst see thy sin
On His body crucified ;
All the lusts that lurked within,
All thy wilfulness and pride.

4 Look to Jesus, look and live ;
He has died thy death for thee.
Look and trust and love and give
All thou art His prize to be.

3 Look and see the judgment fall
On that guiltless guilt-bow'd head.
He is made our sin. For all
One hath died, and all are dead.

5 Look with awe, till wond'ring love
Melts thy heart, and dims thine
Till with prostrate saints above, [eyes,
Rapt in praise thy spirit lies.

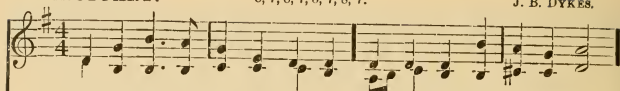
W. M. H. Aitkin.

208 Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted.

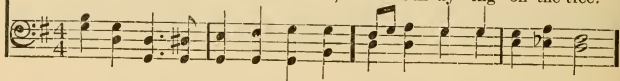
SANCTUARY.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

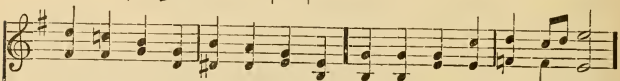
J. B. DYKES.



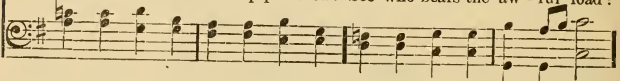
1. "Stricken, smitten, and af-flict-ed," See Him dy-ing on the tree!



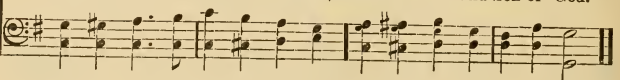
'Tis the Christ, by man re-ject-ed! Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!



Mark the sac-ri-fice ap-point-ed! See who bears the aw-ful load!



'Tis the Word, 'tis God's A-nointed,—Son of Man and Son of God.



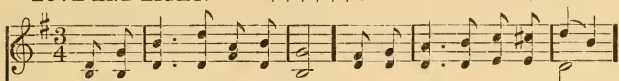
2 Here we have a firm foundation,
Here the refuge of the lost,
Christ, the Rock of our salvation—
His the name of which we boast.
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded—
Sacrifice to cancel guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Thee their hope have built!

Thomas Kelly.

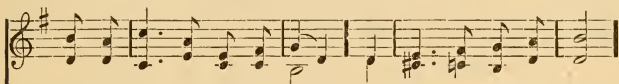
LOVE AND LIGHT.

7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 4, 4.

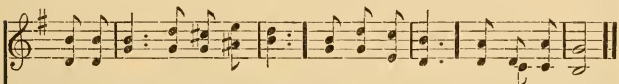
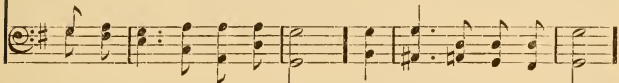
C. and F. JOUARD.



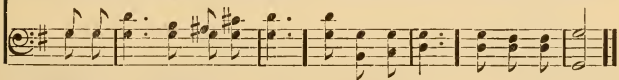
1. Lo, the Sav - iour, spotless, fair, Cru - ci - fied thy curse to bear!



God's be - lov - ed Son and Heir, A Lamb, a bleed-ing Dove,



God to save thee doth not spare, For God is love! For God is love!



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2 Wrapt in gloom, no pity nigh,
Hear the Crucified One cry,—
Wrath, revealed from heav'n on high,
On Him thy guilt doth smite.
Sinner, see Him, stricken, die ;
||: For God is light ! :||

3 Lo, in heav'n exalted now,
Glory crowns His thorn-crush'd brow!
Haste! wake not His wrath, but bow
To Christ thy God above,
While His pleading tones avow
||: Thy God is love ! :||

4 Judging from His great white throne,
God who spared not His own Son,
Rebel sinners, vile, undone,
In holy wrath shall smite :
Soul, too late thou then shalt own
||: Our God is light ! :||

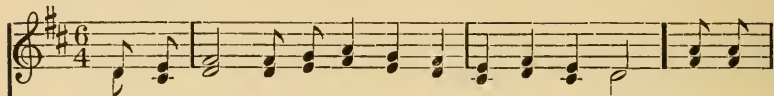
F. Allaben.

210 There Is Life In a Look at the Crucified One.

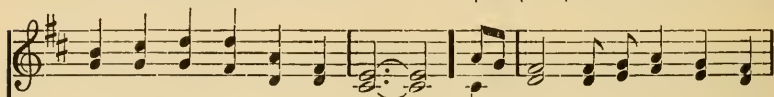
LIFE IN A LOOK.

12, 9, 11, 9 and Refrain.

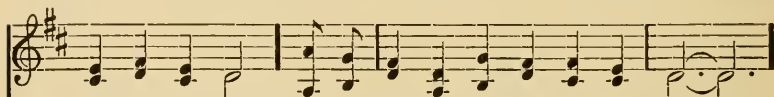
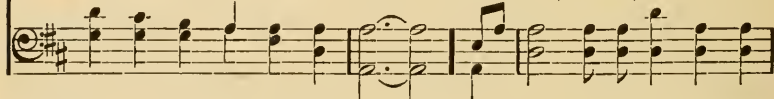
R. L. HASLUP.



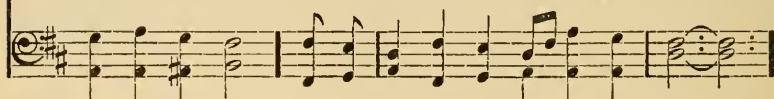
1. There is life in a look at the cru - ci - fied One,—There is



life at this mo - ment for thee! Then look, sinner, look un - to



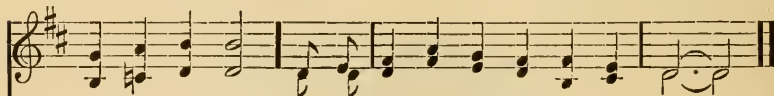
Him and be saved— Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree!



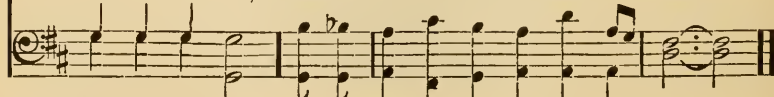
REFRAIN.



Look! look! look and live! There is life in a look at the



cru - ci - fied One,—There is life at this mo - ment for thee!



There Is Life In a Look at the Crucified One.—Concluded.

- 2 All His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen ?
And His cry of distress hast thou heard ?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should full pardon to thee be deferred ?
- 3 We are healed by His stripes,—wouldst thou add to the word ?
He Himself is our righteousness made :
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on,—
Soul, O couldst thou be better arrayed ?
- 4 Do not doubt then thy welcome, since God hath declared
There remaineth no more to be done :
Christ once in the end of the world hath appeared,
And completed the work He begun !
- 5 Take, O take with rejoicing, from Jesus at once,
Life—the life everlasting He gives ;
And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
E'en as Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives !
- 6 There is life in a look at the crucified One,—
There is life at this moment for thee !
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
And then know thyself spotless as He !

Amelia M. Hull.

211 Surely Christ Thy Griefs Has Borne.

CLARENDON STREET.

7, 7, 7, 7.

L. MARSHALL.

1. Sure-ly Christ thy griefs has borne! Weeping soul no lon-ger mourn:

View Him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out His life for thee.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice :
There the Lord upon the tree
Numbered with transgressors see.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him ;
Find Him mighty to redeem ;
At His feet thy burden lay,—
Look thy doubts and fears away.

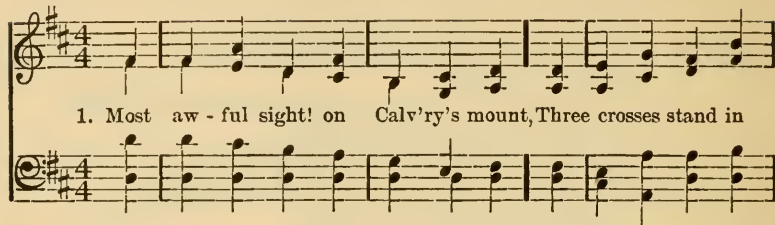
A. M. Toplady.

212 Most Awful Sight! On Calvary's Mount.

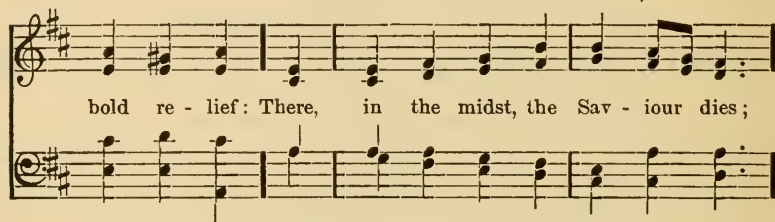
VALETE.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

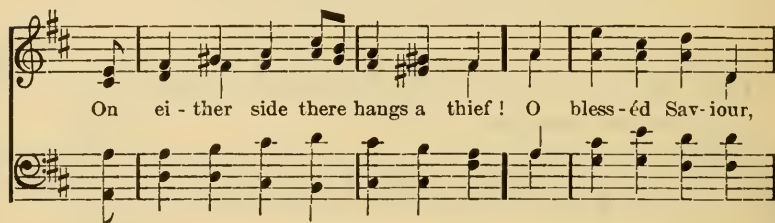
Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.



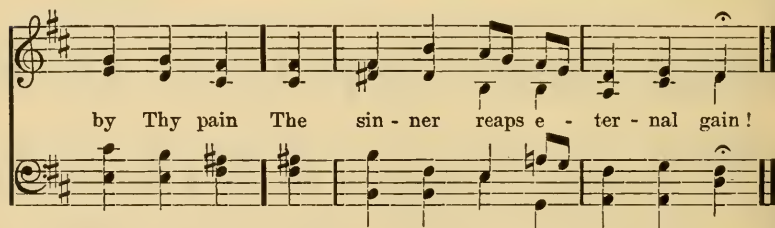
1. Most aw - ful sight! on Calv'ry's mount, Three crosses stand in



bold re - lief: There, in the midst, the Sav - iour dies;



On ei - ther side there hangs a thief! O bless - éd Sav - iour,



by Thy pain The sin - ner reaps e - ter - nal gain!

2 O soul, on those three trees behold
The saved, the Saviour, and the
lost:
The story of our ruined world,—
The Saviour's death salvation's cost!
Heav'n's door in judgment closed to
sin,
Whilst faith in Jesus brings us in!

3 'Twas sin that nailed those blessed
hands,
Those feet, to that accursed cross:
Your sins and mine, O fellow-man,
He bore alone, in suff'ring thus!
Wilt thou, like that poor thief, be-
lieve,—
Like him. eternal life receive!

Helen McDowell.

213 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

SERENITY. (First Tune.)

C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. WALLACE.

1. A - las ! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die ?

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I ?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When the incarnate Maker died
For man, the creature's sin!

Isaac Watts.

213 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

MARAH. (Second Tune.)

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I ?

JEWETT.

6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

WEBER.

1. Come to the blood-stain'd tree; The Vic-tim bleed-ing lies;

God sets the sin-ner free, Since Christ a ran-som dies:

The Spir-it will ap-ply His blood to cleanse each stain;

O bur-den'd soul draw nigh, For none can come in vain.

2 Dark though thy guilt appear,
And deep its crimson dye,
There's boundless mercy here—
Do not from mercy fly:
Oh, do not doubt His word;
There's pardon full and free;
For Justice smote the Lord,
And sheaths her sword for thee.

3 Look not within for peace,—
Within there's naught to cheer;
Look up, and find release
From sin and self and fear;
If gloom thy soul enshroud,
If tears faith's eye bedim,
If doubts around thee crowd,
Come, tell them all to Him.

Anon.

215 Nothing But the Name of Jesus.

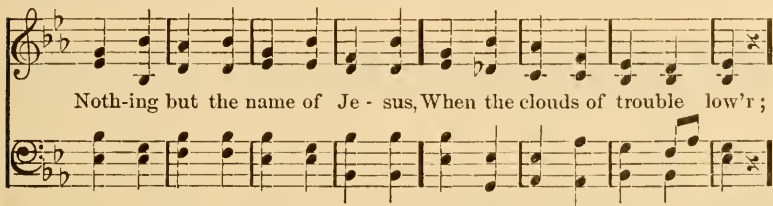
VESPER HYMN.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

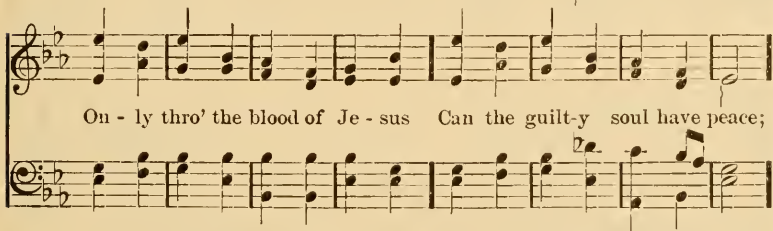
D. BORTNIANSKI.



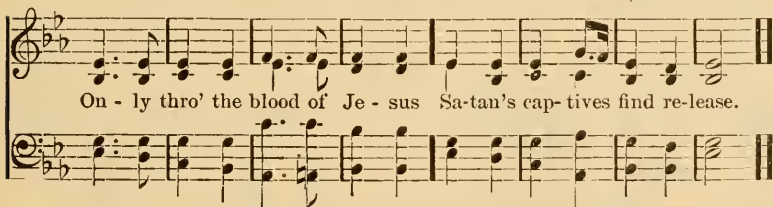
1. Nothing but the name of Je - sus Can a-vail in dan-ger's hour—



Noth-ing but the name of Je - sus, When the clouds of trouble low'r ;



On - ly thro' the blood of Je - sus Can the guilt-y soul have peace;



On - ly thro' the blood of Je - sus Sa-tan's cap-tives find re-lease.

2 Dying sinner, look to Jesus,
Once upon the cross for thee;
Think upon the Saviour, Jesus,
Stretched and nailed upon the tree!
Ev'ry mark of dark dishonor [brow!
Heaped upon His thorn-crown'd
There, oh, read the wondrous story
Of His cross, its shame and woe!

3 Sinner, hear the matchless story:
Listen simply and believe ;
From the risen Lord in glory,
Life, *eternal life*, receive ;

Jesus died, that condemnation
No believer e'er should know ;
Now He lives, and God's salvation
Is our portion here below.

4 Dost thou love the name of Jesus ?
Wilt thou trust thyself to Him ?
Canst thou say, "*My Saviour, Jesus*,"—
Though thy weeping eyes are dim ?
Fear not then ! the blood of Jesus
Brings thy ransomed soul to God,
And the mighty arm of Jesus
Will support thee on the road.

Anon.

216 O Christ! Thy Precious Blood Was Shed.

STELLA.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

Anon.

1. O Christ! Thy pre-cious blood was shed, For guilt - y

sin-ners Thou didst die: My sins were all up - on Thee laid,—

On Thee my soul doth now re - ly. Thee, Lamb of

God, by faith I see, A per-fect Sac - ri - fice for me.

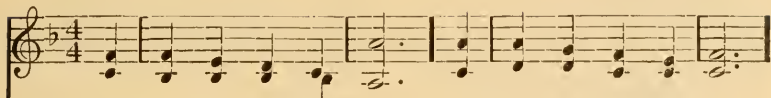
2 'Twas grace abounding brought Thee down
 From yonder realms of light above ;
 The cross was Thine, and Thine the crown
 Shall ever be, O Lord of love !
 Thy mighty triumph o'er the grave,
 Declares Thy right the lost to save.

Anon.

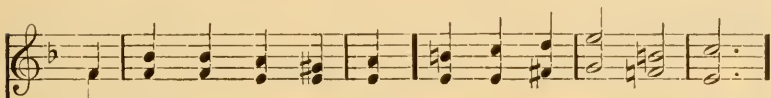
ST. OLAVE.

6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

Sir J. BARNBY.



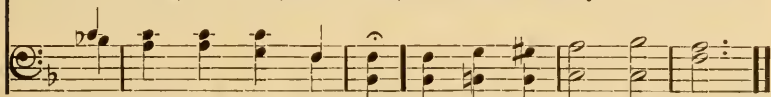
1. Him - self He could not save! He on the tree must die,



Or mer - cy can - not come To ru - ined sin - ners nigh :



Yes, Christ, God's Son, must bleed, That sin - ners may be freed !



2 Himself He could not save,
For justice must be done !
Our sins' full weight must fall
Upon the sinless One !
Nought less can God accept
In payment of the debt !

4 Himself He could not save—
Love's stream too deeply flowed !
In love Himself He gave
To pay the debt we owed,—
Did all the Father's will
In perfect love fulfill !

3 Himself He could not save,
For He as Surety stood
For all who will rely
Upon His precious blood !
He bore the meed of guilt
When His life's-blood was spilt !

5 Exalted now on high,
A Saviour-Prince is He,
Inviting sinners nigh,
To drink of mercy free—
Of mercy's stream, now shed
By Him who once was dead !

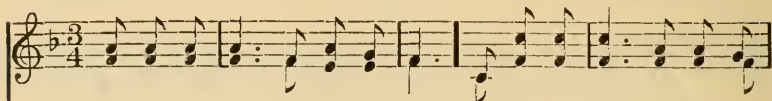
Albert Midlane.

218 Nothing But Blood, The Precious Blood.

RANSOM.

L. M. D.

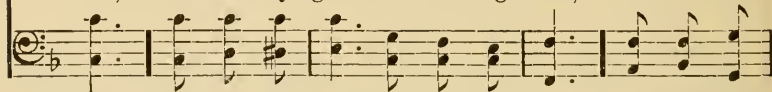
R. L. HASLUP. By per.



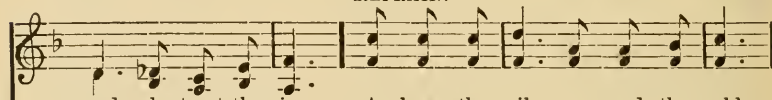
1. Nothing but blood, the precious blood Of Christ, can purge the soul from



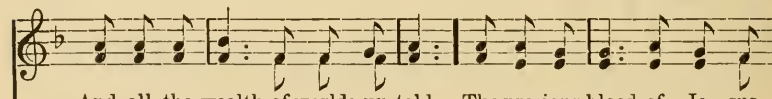
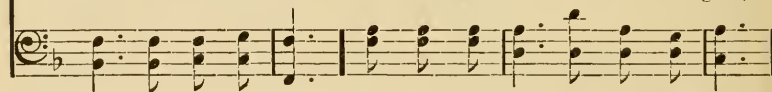
sin; He free - ly gave the cleans-ing flood, And all are



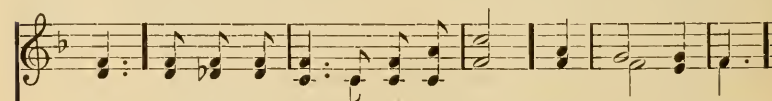
REFRAIN.



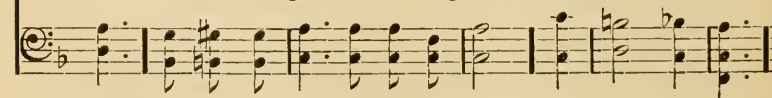
saved who trust therein. A - bove the sil - ver and the gold,



And all the wealth of worlds un-told, The precious blood of Je - sus



Christ Is still the gift of love un-priced, — Of love un-priced.



Nothing But Blood, The Precious Blood.—Concluded.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 It was redemption's pledge of old,
Salvation's token sent from heav'n;
God said, "When I the blood behold,
It stands for peace and sins for-
giv'n!"</p> <p>3 Nor name, nor character will count,
For sin is purged by blood alone,
And Jesu's veins supplied the fount,
The only stream that can atone.</p> <p>4 And they who would atonement buy
With wealth or works, but build
in vain;</p> | <p>"The soul that sinneth, it shall die,"
Except the blood has cleansed the
stain.</p> <p>5 Without the blood there cannot be
Remission from the guilt of sin,
But Calv'ry's fount is flowing free
To any who will trust therein.</p> <p>6 Unsaved one, now this word believe :
"For the ungodly Jesus died,"
And thus, through faith, the gift re-
ceive,
And "by the blood be justified."
G. Kettlewell.</p> |
|--|--|

219 Precious, Precious Blood of Jesus.

STEPHANOS.

8, 5, 8, 3.

H. W. BAKER.

1. Pre cious, precious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,

Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me !

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Precious, precious blood of Jesus !
All the price is paid !
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.</p> <p>3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Jesus, God's own Son,
Telling that the work is finished—
All is done !</p> <p>4 Precious, precious blood that cleanseth
All who come to God ;
This the sinner's only title—
Jesu's blood !</p> | <p>5 Precious, precious blood that shelters
From the wrath to come,
Gives the sinner right to enter
That bright home !</p> <p>6 Precious, precious blood of Jesus !
Theme in glory bright !
Thro' it saved ones walk and worship
In the light.</p> <p>7 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesu's precious blood can make them
White as snow.</p> |
|---|--|

Frances R. Havergal.

1. Thou a-lone, Lord Je - sus, canst true peace im - part,

Thou dost know the sor - row of the human heart, Thou who cam'st from

glo - ry here that heart to win, And in love for sin - ners

suffer'dst once for sin! There is none, Lord Je - sus, there is none like

Thee, For the bro - ken - heart - ed there is none like Thee!

Thou Alone, Lord Jesus.—Concluded.

- 2 Hearts bowed down with sadness, laden with their sin,
Through Thy blood, Lord Jesus, boldly enter in,
Gladly hear Thee calling, "Come to Me and rest,"
Lose their heavy burden on Thy loving breast.
There is none, Lord Jesus, there is none like Thee,
For the heavy laden there is none like Thee!
- 3 Worldly joy is fleeting—vanity itself ;
Vain the dazzling brightness, vain the stores of wealth ;
Vain the pomp and glory ; only Thou canst give
Peace and satisfaction, whilst on earth we live.
There is none, Lord Jesus, there is none like Thee,
For the soul that thirsteth there is none like Thee!

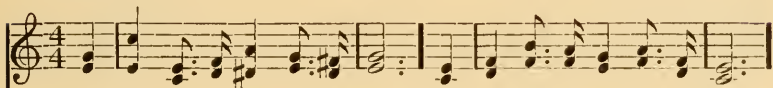
Anon.

221 We'll Sing of the Shepherd that Died.

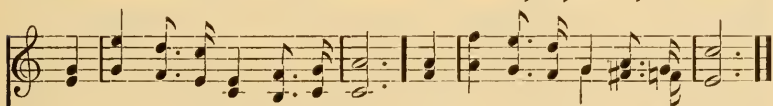
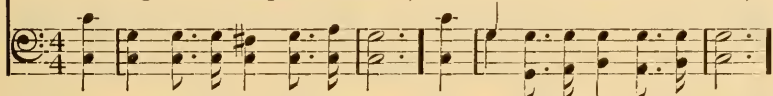
SHEPHERD.

8, 8, 8, 8.

C. and F. JOUARD.



1. We'll sing of the Shepherd that died, That died for the sake of the flock;



His love to the ut-most was tried, But firm-ly endured as a rock.



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- 2 When blood from a victim must flow,
This Shepherd by pity was led
To stand between us and the foe,
And willingly died in our stead.
- 3 Our song, then, forever shall be,
The Shepherd who gave Himself thus ;
No subject's so glorious as He,
No theme so affecting to us.
- 4 Of Him and His love will we sing,
His praises our tongues shall employ,
Till heavenly anthems we bring
In yonder bright regions of joy.

Thomas Kelly.

222 O What a Saviour is Jesus the Lord.

HEILAND.

10, 10, 10, 10.

L. BURGMILLER.

1. O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus the Lord!

Well may His name by His saints be a - dored!

He has re-deemed them from hell by His blood,

Saved them for - ev - er, and brought them to God.

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2 Now from the glory He waits to impart
Peace to the conscience, and joy to the heart—
Waits to be gracious, to pardon and heal
All who their sin and their wretchedness feel.

3 Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced side,
Welcomed they all have been—none are denied ;
Weary and laden, they all have been blest ;
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.

Albert Midlane.

MON SAUVEUR.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, died, Nailed to the tree— Cru - el - ly

cru - ci - fied, Strick - en for me! Darkness there shut Him in!

God judg'd Him for my sin! Je - sus, my soul to win, Died there for me!

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2 Jesus, my Saviour, rose
Out of the grave!
Captive He led my foes,
My soul to save!
Jesus in heaven now,
Glory upon His brow,
Calleth to men below,
Sinners to save!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, lives
For me above;
Mercy and grace He gives
Freely in love:
By my infirmity
Tenderly moved is He;
Sweet is His sympathy,
Sweet is His love!

4 Jesus!—beyond the sky,
Now on God's throne,
Looking with loving eye
Down on Thine own:
Soon in that wondrous place
Sweetly we'll sing Thy grace,
Gazing upon Thy face—
All of Thine own!

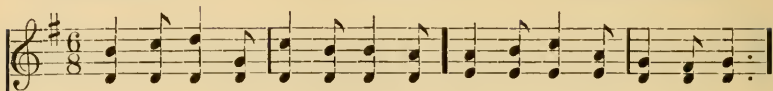
F. Allaben.

224 Hark! the Saviour's Voice from Heaven.

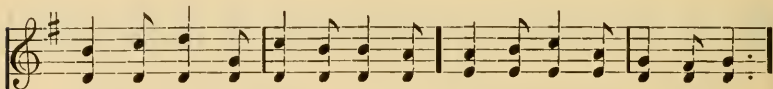
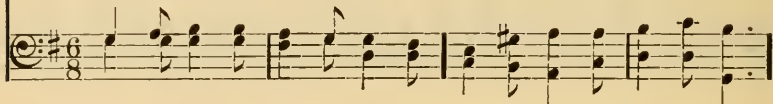
EVEN THEE.

8, 7, 8, 7 and Refrain.

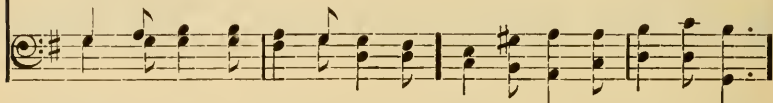
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Hark! the Saviour's voice from heaven Speaks a par-don, full and free:



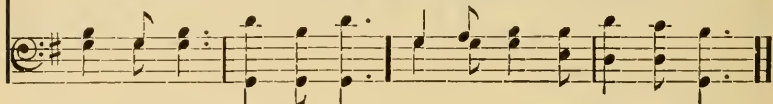
Come, and thou shalt be for-giv-en; Boundless mer-cy flows for thee!



REFRAIN.



E - ven thee! e - ven thee! Boundless mer - cy flows for thee!



Copyright property of the Biglow & Main Co. Used by per.

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree,
Pardon, peace and cleansing bringing,—
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee!

REF.—Even thee! even thee!
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee!

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,
“Come, and rest thy soul on Me!”
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
He has rest and peace for thee!

REF.—Even thee! even thee!
He has rest and peace for thee!

Hark! the Saviour's Voice from Heaven.—Concluded.

4 Come, then, now—to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free!
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,—
Gladly will He welcome thee!

REF.—Even thee! even thee!
Gladly will He welcome thee!

5 Ev'ry sin shall be forgiven;
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be:
Child of God, and heir of heaven!
Yes, a mansion waits for thee!

REF.—Even thee! even thee!
Yes, a mansion waits for thee!

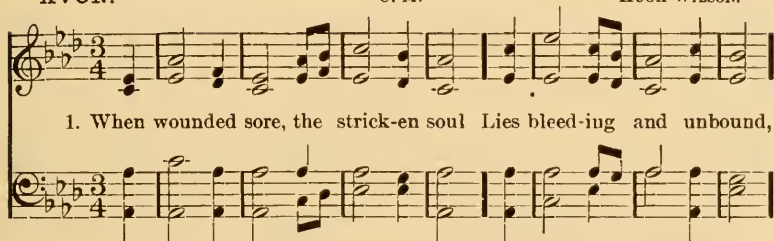
Anon.

225 When Wounded Sore, The Stricken Soul.

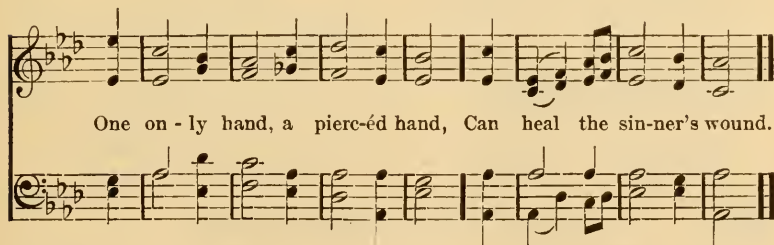
AVON.

C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



1. When wounded sore, the strick-en soul Lies bleed-ing and unbound,



One on - ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can heal the sin-ner's wound.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.</p> <p>3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.</p> | <p>4 'Tis Jesu's blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief, [joys
His heart that's touched with all our
And feeleth for our grief.</p> <p>5 It is Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseals that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.</p> |
|---|--|

Cecil Frances Alexander.

226 Ye Wretched, Hungry, Starving Poor.

WOODLAND.

C. M.

N. D. GOULD.

1. Ye wretch-ed, hun - gry, starv - ing poor, Be - hold a roy - al
feast, Where mer - cy spreads her boun - teous store, Where
mer - cy spreads her bounteous store For ev - 'ry hum - ble guest !

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms; ||: While hope attends the sweet repast :||
He calls, He bids you come; Of nobler joys above.
||: Guilt holds you back, and fear a- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
But see, there yet is room! [larms; :|| Before th' eternal throne,
3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart, ||: Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice :||
Where love and pity meet; In ecstasies unknown !
||: Nor will He bid the soul depart :|| 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
That trembles at His feet. Are welcome still to come;
4 Oh, come, and with His people taste ||: Ye longing souls, the grace adore !:||
The blessings of His love, Approach, there yet is room !

Anne Steele.

227 Jesus Christ is Passing By.

HE CALLETH THEE.

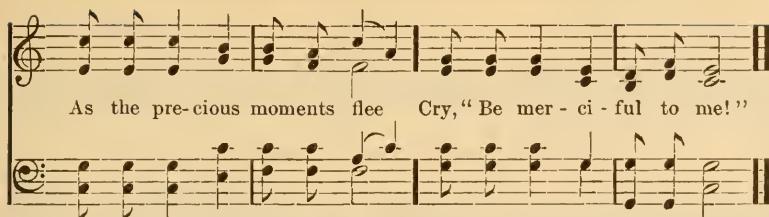
7, 7, 7, 7.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by: Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye !

Copyright property of Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

Jesus Christ is Passing By.—Concluded.



2 Lo, He stands and calls to thee,
 "What wilt thou then have of Me?"
 Rise—He calleth thee indeed!
 Rise, and tell Him all thy need!

3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see!
 Lord, reveal Thy love to me:
 Let it penetrate my soul—
 All my heart and life control!"

4 O how sweet His touch of power!
 Come—it is salvation's hour!
 Jesus gives from guilt release:
 "Faith hath saved thee—go in peace!"

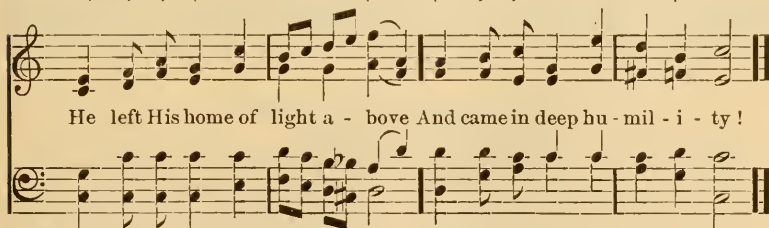
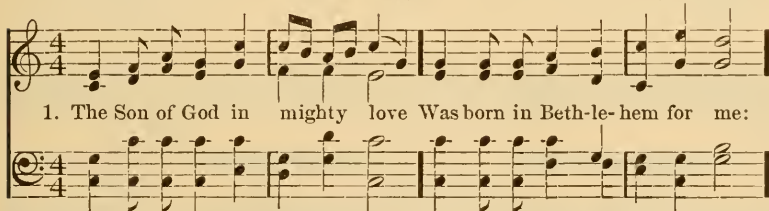
J. Denham Smith.

228 The Son of God in Mighty Love.

LOWLINESS.

L. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.

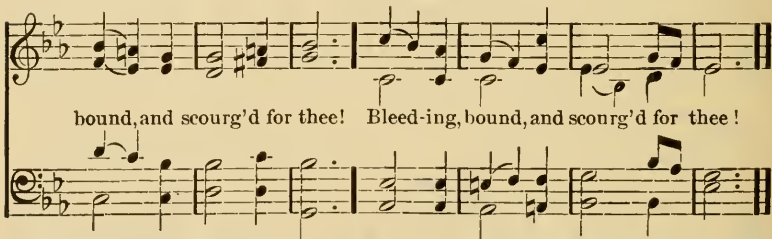
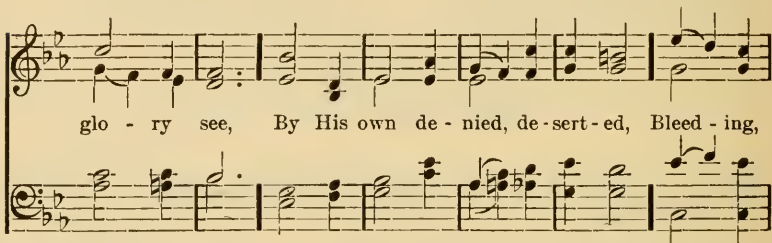
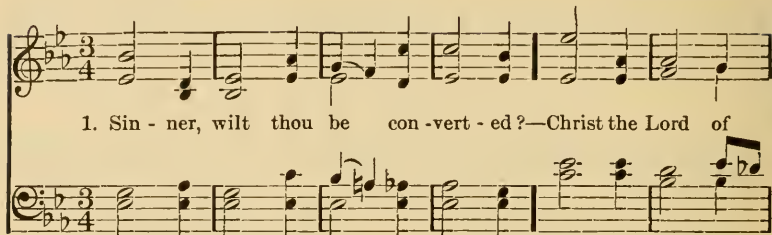


Copyright, 1903, by Loizeaux Bros.

2 God's Son, whom angel hosts adore,
 Became a Man of griefs for me—
 Though rich, through love becoming
 poor, [be.
 That I enriched through Him might

3 The ever-blesséd Son of God
 At Calvary was slain for me—
 There paid my debt, there bore my
 load,
 "In His own body on the tree."

4 God's Son, whose dwelling is the sky,
 Went down into the grave for me;
 He burst the tomb and rose on high—
 He won the glorious victory.



2 See the crown of thorns adorning
 God's beloved, holy Son ;
 Then fall down in bitter mourning,—
 ||: Weep for that which *thou* hast done ! :||

3 See Him 'neath the cruel smiting,—
 Nails in hands, and spear in side !
 Hearken, till thy heart is broken,
 ||: To His cry, as thus He died ! :||

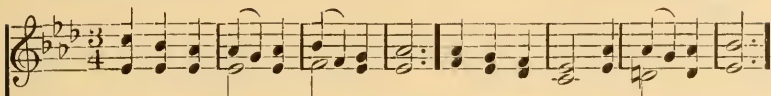
4 Thank Him that God's love and pardon
 Flow down freely from the tree!
 Thank Him that His heart was willing
 ||: Thus to die for love of thee ! :||

Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277.

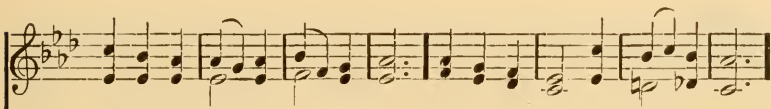
ST. CATHERINE.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

J. G. WALTON.



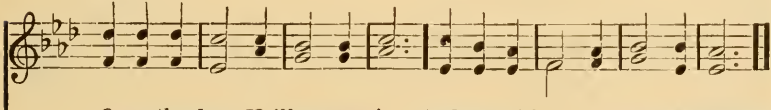
1. Behold the Saviour at the door! He gently knocks—has knock'd before;



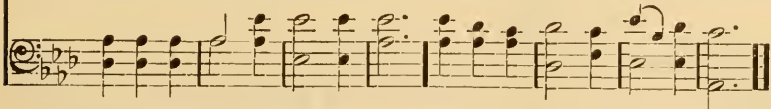
Has waited long—is waiting still: You use no oth - er friend so ill.



REFRAIN.



Open the door: He'll en-ter in, And sup with you. and you with Him.



- 2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands [hands;
With open heart and outstretched
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
His matchless kindness to His foes.
Open the door: He'll enter in,
And sup with you, and you with Him.
- 3 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,—
Lest He depart and ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.
Open the door: He'll enter in,
And sup with you, and you with Him.

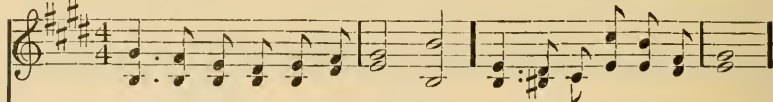
- 4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.
Open the door: He'll enter in,
And sup with you, and you with Him.

Joseph Grigg.

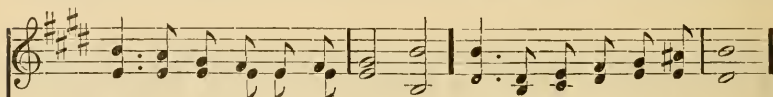
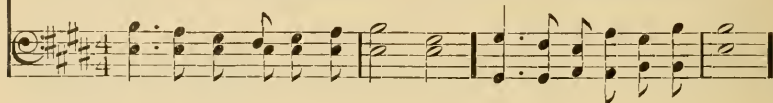
BESEECHING.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

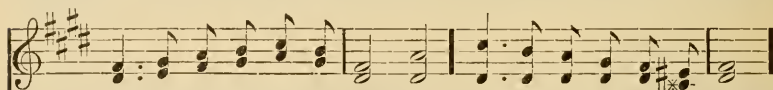
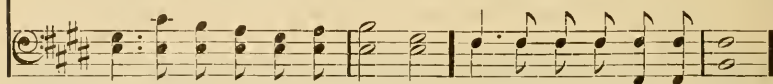
R. L. HASLUP.



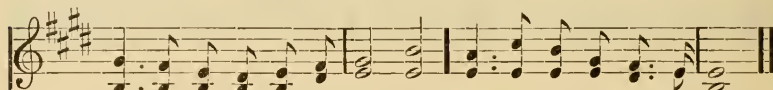
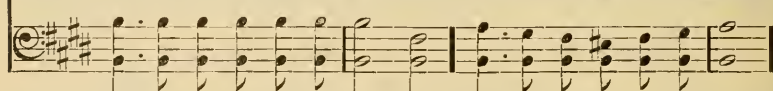
1. "Come!" 'tis Je-sus gen-tly call - ing, "Ye with care and toil oppress'd,



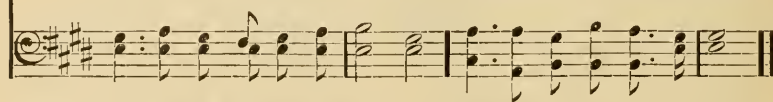
With your guilt, howe'er ap-pal-ling—Come, and I will give you rest!"



For your sin He once has suf-fer'd, On the cross the work was done,



And the word by God now ut-ter'd To each wea-ry soul is "Come!"



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2 "Come!" the "Father's house" stands open,
3 "Come!" for night is gath'ring quickly

With its love, and light, and song;

And returning to the Father,

All to you may now belong!

From sin's distant land of famine,

Toiling 'neath the mid-day sun,

To a Father's house of plenty

And a Father's welcome—"Come."

O'er this world's fast fleeting day;

If you linger till the darkness,

You will surely miss your way.

Now still waiting, sadly waiting,

Till the day its course shall run,

With His patience unabating,

Jesus lingers for you—"Come!"

Anon.

232 "Come Unto Me!" It is the Saviour's Voice.

EMILIA.

10, 10, 10, 10.

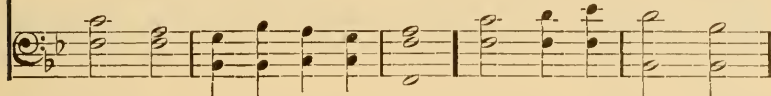
F. L. BENJAMIN.



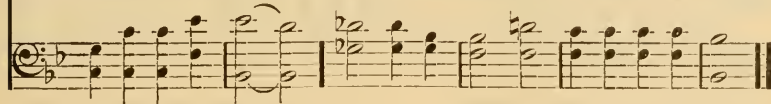
1. "Come un - to Me!" it is the Saviour's voice, The Lord of



life, who bids thy heart re - joice! O wea - ry soul, with



heav-y cares op - pressed, Come un-to Him, and He will give thee rest!



2 Weary with life's long struggle, full of pain,
O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again!
Thy doubts shall vanish, and thy sorrows cease,—
Come unto Him, and He will give thee peace!

3 O dying man, with guilt and sin dismayed,
With conscience awakened, of thy God afraid!
Turn from thy fears! O end the anxious strife,—
Come unto Him, and He will give thee life!

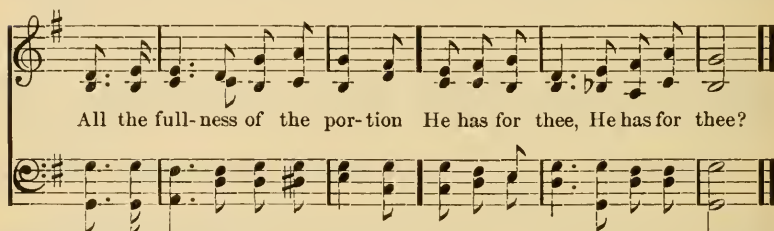
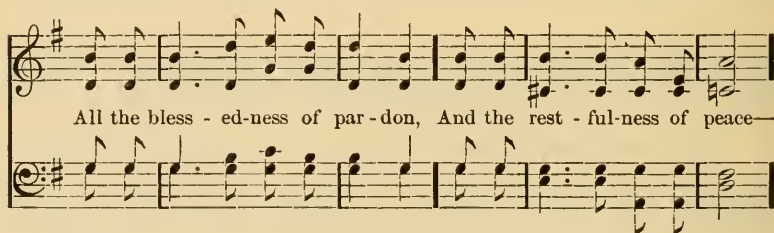
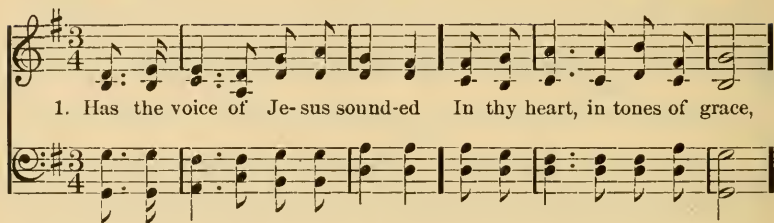
4 Rest, peace and life, sweet flowers of deathless bloom,
The Saviour giveth—not beyond the tomb,
But here and now, on earth, first fruits are giv'n
Of joys which wait beyond the gates of heav'n!

Nathaniel Norton.

ENTREATY.

P. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



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2 He has called in love so constant;
 He has knocked so oft before;
 Yet thy heart's door has not opened,—
 Now He comes and knocks once
 more:
 Wilt thou keep Him longer waiting
 With thee to dwell, with thee to
 dwell?

3 See Him in His dying anguish,
 All the darkness gath'ring in!
 Light and glory from Him hidden,
 God is judging Him for sin.
 By His death His love is proven—
 His love for thee, His love for thee!

4 Dost thou spurn His love and mercy,
 Turn His nail-pierced hand away?—
 Careless of His depths of suff'ring,
 Still resist Love's healing sway,
 And refuse His love and blessing—
 His gift for thee, His gift for
 thee?

5 Fast the day its course is running,
 Soon the door will close to all:
 O receive Him, lest to-morrow
 Jesu's voice should cease to call,
 And its accents, sweet and gentle,
 Be heard no more, be heard no
 more!

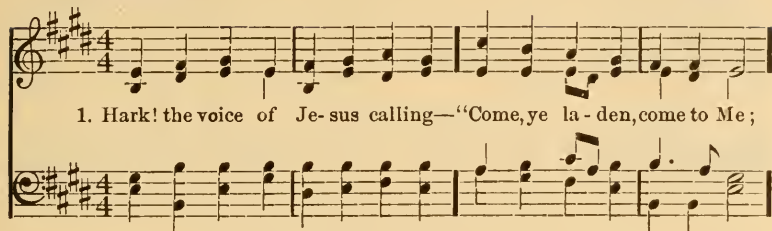
J. Bloore, Jr.

234 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

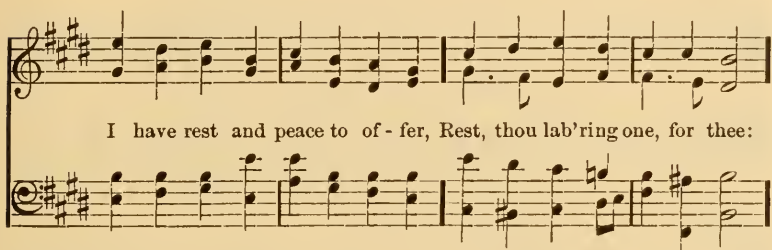
HOLYWOOD.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

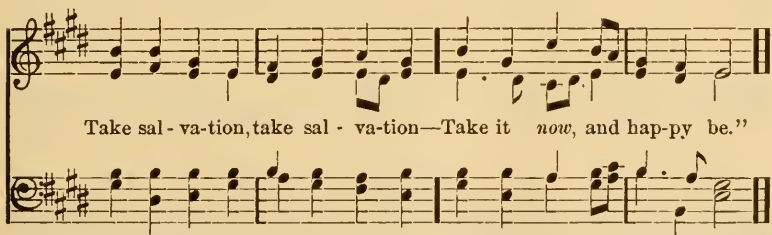
SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus calling—"Come, ye la-den, come to Me;



I have rest and peace to of-fer, Rest, thou lab'ring one, for thee:

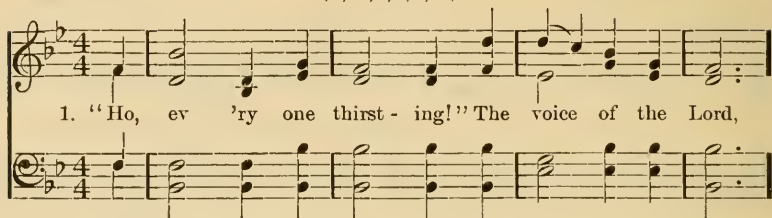


Take sal-va-tion, take sal-va-tion—Take it now, and hap-py be."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Yes; though high in heav'nly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee:
Faith can hear His gracious accents—
"Come, ye laden, come to Me;
Take salvation, take salvation—
Take it now, and happy be."</p> | <p>3 Soon that voice will cease its calling;
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee:
Sinner, heed the gracious message—
To the blood for refuge flee:
"Take salvation, take salvation—
Take it now, and happy be."</p> |
|---|---|

- 4 Life is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God sent free.
"Take salvation, take salvation—
Take it now, and happy be."

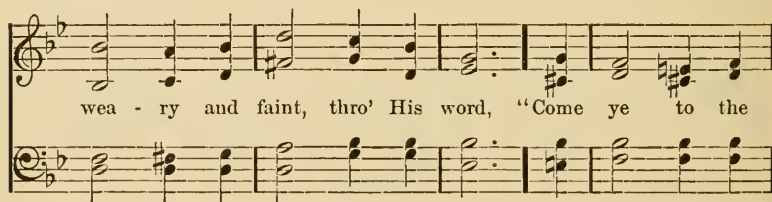
Albert Midlane.



1. "Ho, ev 'ry one thirst - ing!" The voice of the Lord,



In ac - cents with ten - der-ness rife, In - vit - eth the

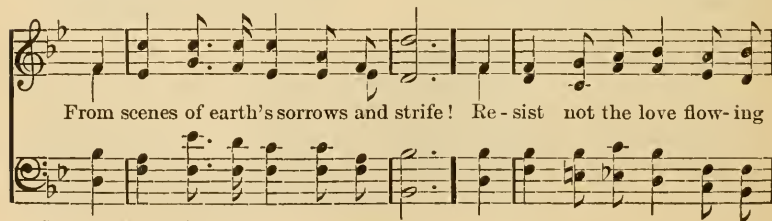


wea - ry and faint, thro' His word, "Come ye to the

REFRAIN.

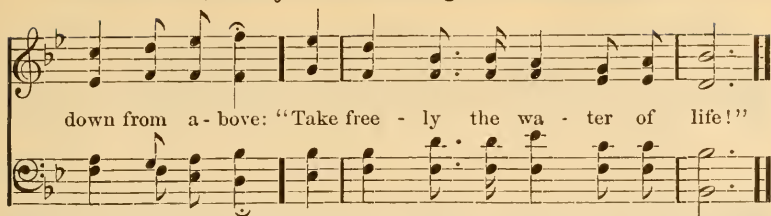


wa - ters of life!" "Come ye to the wa - ters of life!"



From scenes of earth's sorrows and strife! Re - sist not the love flow - ing

"Ho, Every One Thirsting!"—Concluded.



- 2 "Ho, ev'ry one thirsting,"—the sin-laden soul,
The lonely, the hopeless, the lost!
God's waters of mercy, that heal and make whole
Come, take, without money or cost.
- 3 "Ho, ev'ry one thirsting!" 'Tis Jesus who calls,—
The Saviour who died on the tree:
He offers from glory, ere penalty falls,
Life's waters to you and to me.
- 4 "Ho, ev'ry one thirsting!" receive ye the gift,
And peace in each bosom shall dwell:
Christ in you, for ever, each soul shall uplift—
A life-giving, upspringing Well!

F. Allaben.

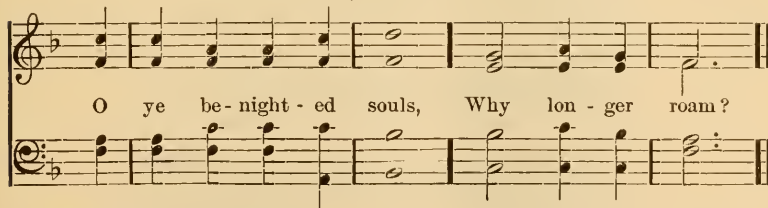
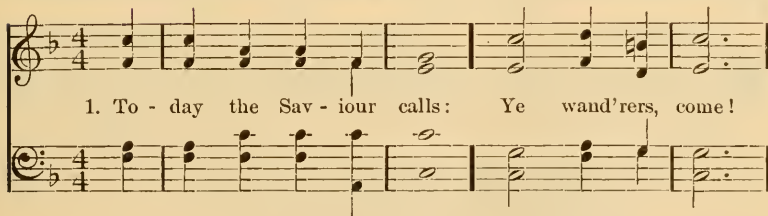
236

To-day the Saviour Calls.

AMOY.

6, 4, 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON.



- 2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O listen now;
Before the judgment falls,
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;

- The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,—
'Tis mercy's hour.

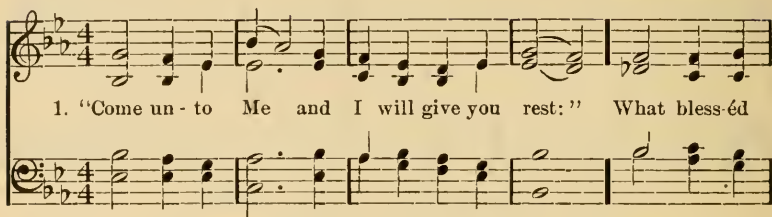
S. F. Smith.

237 "Come Unto Me and I Will Give You Rest."

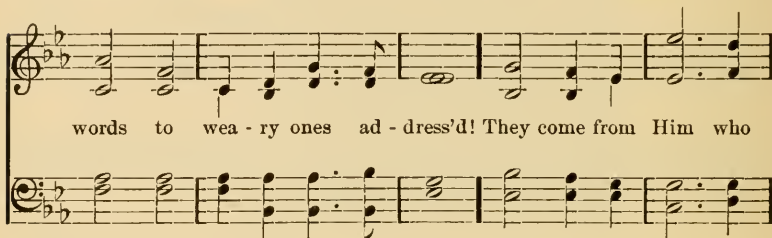
CONSOLATION.

10, 10, 10, 10.

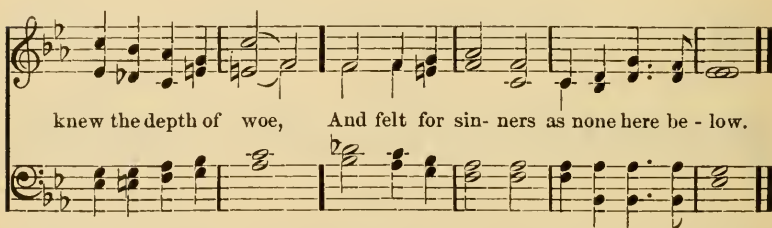
MENDELSSOHN.



1. "Come un - to Me and I will give you rest:" What blesséd



words to wea - ry ones ad - dress'd! They come from Him who



knew the depth of woe, And felt for sin - ners as none here be - low.

- 2 "Come unto Me;" yes, come in all your sin!
Through Jesu's blood the vile may enter in,
May come to God, by perfect grace thus led,
Assured that for themselves that blood was shed.
- 3 "Come unto Me;" the blesséd Son of God
Thus told on earth, in ev'ry step He trod,
The heart of Him who is in nature love,
And is beseeching men that love to prove.
- 4 "Come unto Me;" yes, God Himself says "Come!"
He sees afar and runs to welcome home
Unworthy sinners who have nought to plead
But God's own love and their exceeding need.
- 5 "Come unto Me;" oh, blesséd open door
For those who but for Christ had hoped no more!
Oh, love of God told out in full extent,
When Jesus to those depths of darkness went!

"Come Unto Me and I Will Give You Rest."—Concluded.

6 "Come unto Me;" for Christ the *risen* Lord
Now speaks from glory through the written word;
As Victor now He can with triumph shout,
That none who come to Him will He cast out.

ANON.

238 Lone, Wayworn, Stricken Soul.

LOVE'S APPEAL.

11, 10, 11, 10. P.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Lone, way-worn, strick-en soul, sin's curse doth sad - den!

Je - sus from glo-ry now pleadeth with thee: "Come, weary lab'ring one!

come, heav - y la - den! Rest I will give thee! Come, come unto Me!

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are placed below the staves, aligned with the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

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- 2 "Once 'mid earth's desert scenes, gloomy and dreary,
Found I not scorn and hate, seeking for thee?
Do not I pity thee—lost, crushed and weary?
Rest I will give thee! Come, come unto Me!
- 3 "Lo, where on Calvary My heart hath spoken—
My side, My hands, My feet, pierced for thee!
Come with thy bruised heart, thy spirit broken!
Rest I will give thee! Come, come unto Me!
- 4 "Love I thee not—for thee cursed and forsaken,
My soul poured out to death, lost one, for thee!
Must not a love like Mine love in thee waken?
Rest I will give thee! Come, come unto Me!"

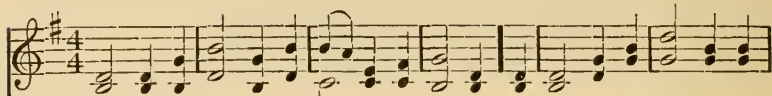
F. Allaben.

239 I Have a Saviour—He's Pleading in Glory.

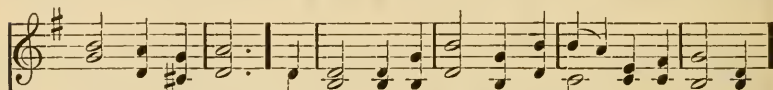
PLEADING.

P. M.

IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

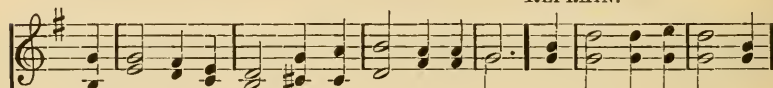


1. I have a Saviour; He's pleading in glo-ry: A dear, loving Saviour, tho'

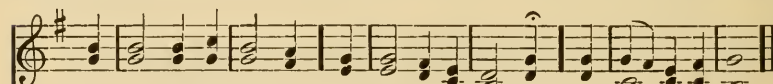


earth-friends be few. And now He is watching in ten-derness o'er me,—

REFRAIN.



But oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too! With you He is pleading,



With you He ispleading, With you He ispleading, He'spleading with you.

Copyright property of Biglow & Main.

- 2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blesséd and true.
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,—
But oh, that my Father were your Father too!
- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view.
Oh, when I receive it from Jesus, in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

I Have a Saviour—He's Pleading in Glory.—Concluded.

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river,—

A peace that the friends of this world never knew.

My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,

And oh, could I know it was given to you !

S. O'Malley Cluff.

240 Behold the Christ, a Man in Glory Now.

PAX DEI.

10, 10, 10, 10.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Be - hold the Christ, a Man in glo - ry now ! The "Man of

Sorrows" was He for our sake: A crown of thorns we

put up-on His brow, And with our scorn His ten-der heart did break.

The musical score is written for four parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the melody and the first two lines of the lyrics. The second system contains the second line of the melody and the third and fourth lines of the lyrics. The third system contains the third line of the melody and the fifth line of the lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

2 Yet hear Him ! hearken to His loving voice,
Pleading His tears, His agonies, His blood !
Crying, "Ye dying sons of men, rejoice :
I am the Truth, the Life, the Way to God !

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary ones, for rest !
Ye hungry, thirsty, helpless, come to Me !
There is a home of safety on My breast—
Peace in the blood I shed on Calvary !

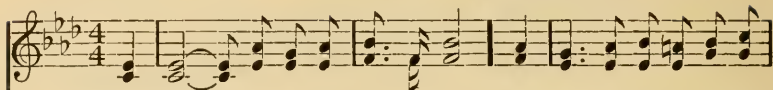
4 "Come unto Me: your souls shall then be fed !
Come unto Me: all other springs are dry !
Come unto Me, the living, heav'nly Bread !
Come unto Me for streams that satisfy !"

241 Behold Him Standing at the Door.

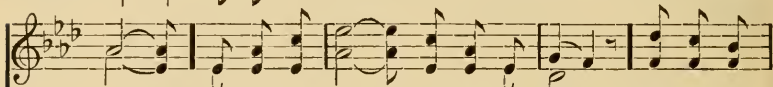
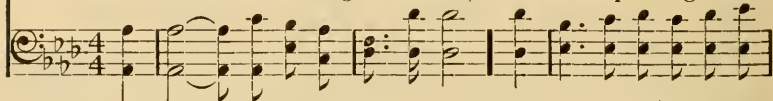
WAITING GUEST.

L. M. D.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



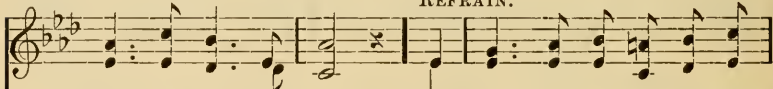
1. Be - hold Him standing at the door, And hear Him pleading o'er and



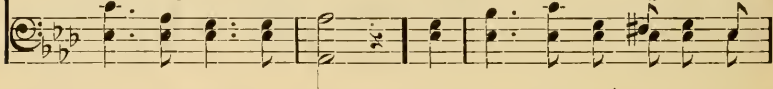
o'er, With gen-tle voice, "O heart of sin, May I come



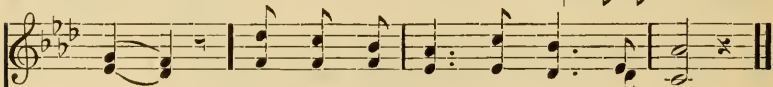
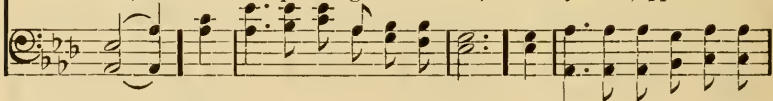
REFRAIN.



in? may I come in?" Be - hold Him standing at the



door, And hear Him pleading o'er and o'er, "O weary heart, oppress'd with



sin, May I come in? may I come in?"



Copyright property of Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

2 "I bore the cruel thorns for thee ;
I waited long and patiently ;
I died to ransom thee from sin :
May I come in ? may I come in ?

3 "I bring thee joy from heav'n above ;
I bring thee pardon, peace and love :
O weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in ? may I come in ?"

242 What Still Small Voice Is That I Hear.

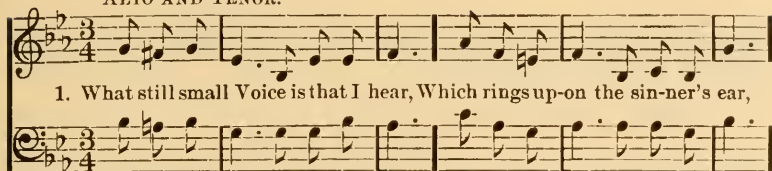
F. ALLABEN.

VOX DEI.

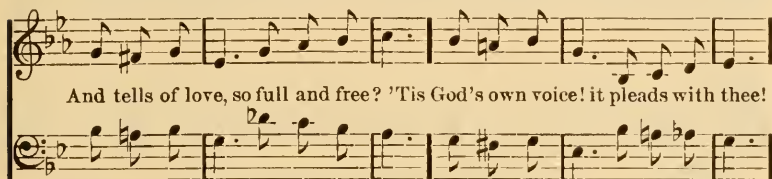
L. M. D.

Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.

ALTO AND TENOR.

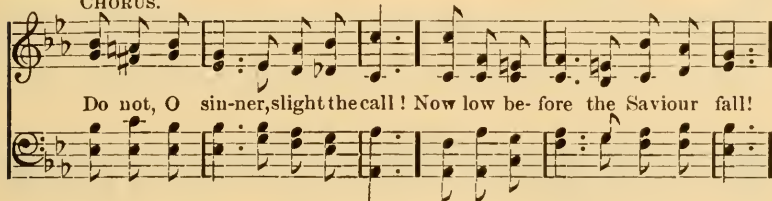


1. What still small Voice is that I hear, Which rings up-on the sin-ner's ear,

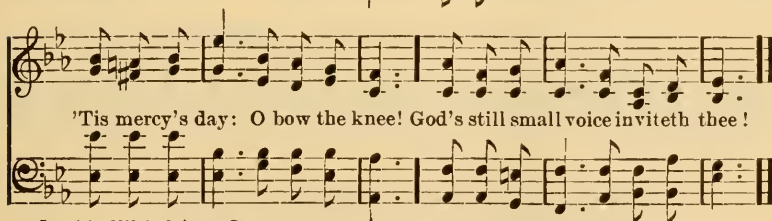


And tells of love, so full and free? 'Tis God's own voice! it pleads with thee!

CHORUS.



Do not, O sin-ner, slight the call! Now low be-fore the Saviour fall!



'Tis mercy's day: O bow the knee! God's still small voice inviteth thee!

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- 2 It tells thee, careless, thoughtless one,
Of death and judgment yet to come!
It tells thee from the wrath to flee:
'Tis God's own voice! it pleads with thee!
- 3 It tells thee, weary, anxious one,
Of Christ, who did for sin atone,—
Of Christ, made sin upon the tree:
'Tis God's own voice! it pleads with thee!
- 4 O soul, it tells of boundless grace,
Of God the Father's sweet embrace!
It tells that saved thou mayest be:
'Tis God's own voice! it pleads with thee!

G. W. Frazer.

COVERT.

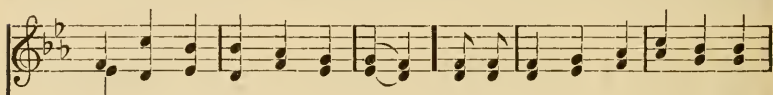
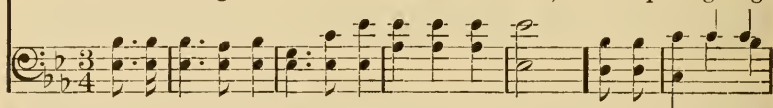
12, 12, 12, 11.

HENRY BENNETT.

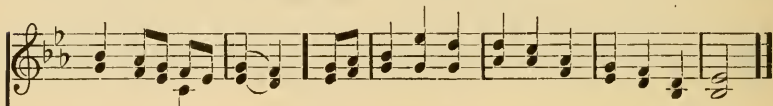
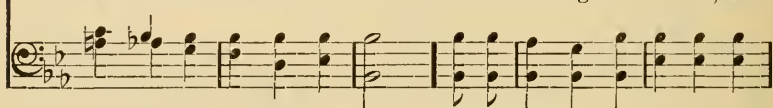
Arr. fr. Pilgrim's Harp, by per.



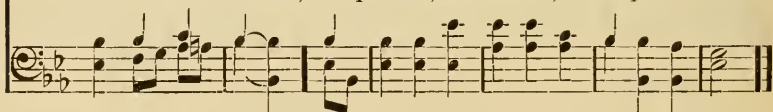
1. There's a ref-uge in God for the sin-burden'd soul, In the peace-giving



Fountain whose streams make us whole: There's a ref - uge in Je - sus, the



sin-ner's rich Friend, Who pardons, and cleanses, and keeps to the end.



2 There's a refuge in God for the care-burdened heart
That will turn in its sorrow from others apart;
There's a refuge in Jesus whose love and whose pow'r
Can take off the load in the heaviest hour.

3 Then, O mourning one, tried one, thy grief cast away—
Let the gloom of the night-cloud give place to the day;
Thy Redeemer is mighty, His promise is sure,—
His grace is sufficient, His truth will endure.

4 Then O faint not, and fear not—His presence is nigh,
And His arm shall protect thee, His fullness supply.
Fully trust His assurance, on Him cast thy load;
Return to thy rest, to thy refuge in God.

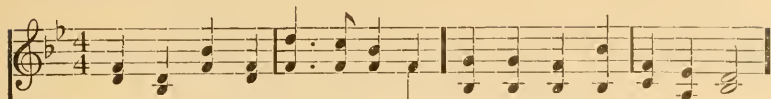
Henry Bennett.

244 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

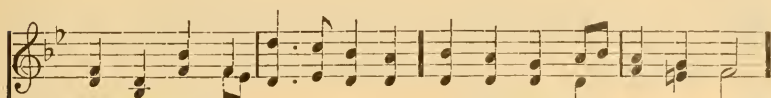
REGENT SQUARE.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

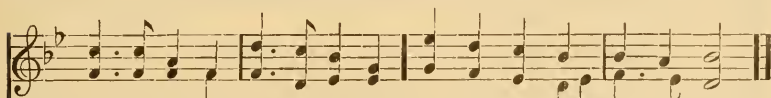
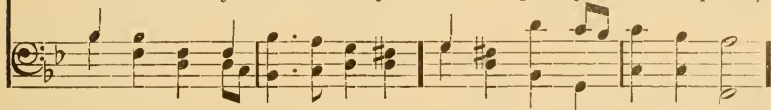
H. SMART.



1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;



Je - sus read - y stands to save you—Full of pit - y, love and pow'r ;



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing—doubt no more.



2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you, this He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous ;
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! the Saviour prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold Him—
Hear Him cry before He dies,
" It is finished ! it is finished !"
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

5 Lo ! Incarnate God, ascended.
Pleads the merits of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus. none but Jesus.
Can do helpless sinners good.

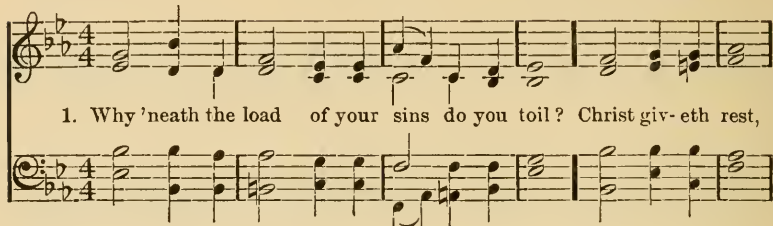
Joseph Hart.

245 Why 'Neath the Load of Your Sins Do You Toil?

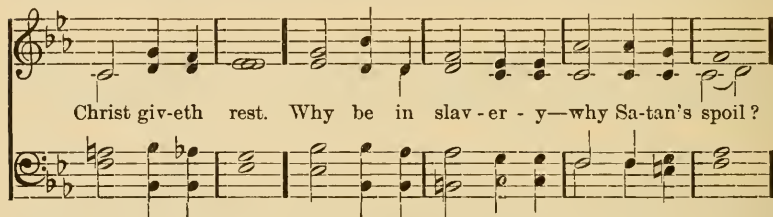
ANAPAUSIS.

10, 8, 10, 8, 10, 10, 10, 7.

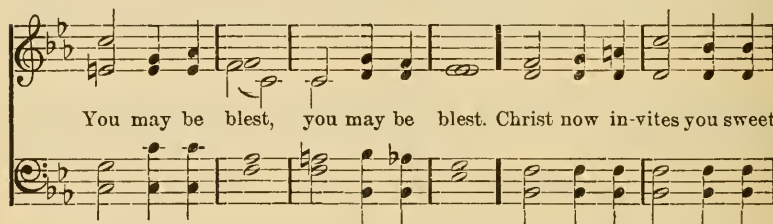
R. L. HASLUP.



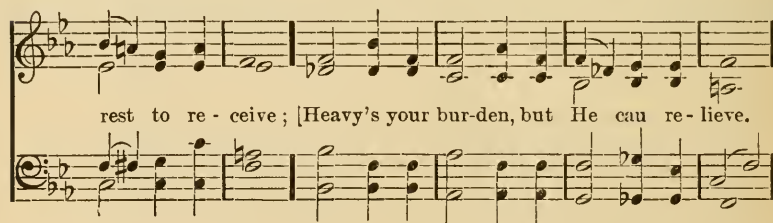
1. Why 'neath the load of your sins do you toil? Christ giv-eth rest,



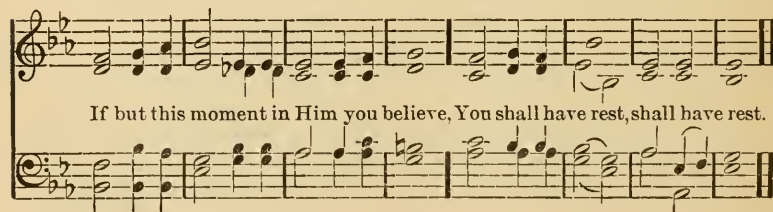
Christ giv-eth rest. Why be in slav-er - y—why Sa-tan's spoil?



You may be blest, you may be blest. Christ now in-vites you sweet



rest to re - ceive; [Heavy's your bur-den, but He can re - lieve.



If but this moment in Him you believe, You shall have rest, shall have rest.

Why 'Neath the Load of Your Sins Do You Toil?—Concluded.

2 Why are you troubled if death comes in view?

Christ giveth rest, Christ giveth rest,
Though after death there will come judgment too,
You may be blest, you may be blest.
Christ bore God's judgment poor sinners to save;
He gained the vict'ry o'er death and the grave;
Oh! now believe Him, and life you shall have;
You shall have rest, shall have rest.

3 Money or price you need never to bring,

Christ giveth rest, Christ giveth rest,
Why to your rags and your poverty cling,
Come and be blest, come and be blest.
Why will you fear when there's no room for doubt?
Hear His own words which not one can refute—
"Who comes to Me I'll in no wise cast out;
I'll give him rest, give him rest!"

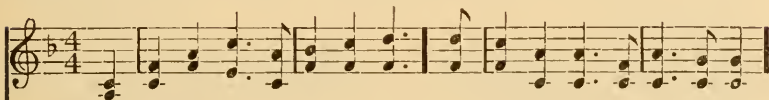
Anon.

246 Come, Weary, Anxious, Laden Soul!

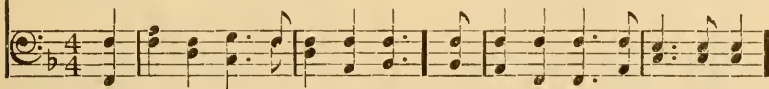
ILSLEY.

8, 8, 8, 6.

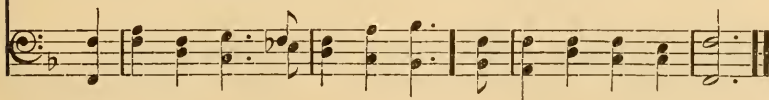
Anon.



1. Come, wea-ry, anxious, la-den soul! To Jesus come, and be made whole!



On Him your heav - y bur - den roll,—Come, anx - ious sin - ner, come!



2 Behold the cross on which He died!
Behold His wounded, bleeding side!
Come, in His precious love confide,—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

4 God loves to hear the contrite cry,
He loves to see the tearful eye,
To read the Spirit's deep-felt sigh,—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

3 True joy the world can ne'er afford;
'Tis found alone in Christ the Lord,
In Him for wretched sinners stored,—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

5 Oh, if to Jesus you repair,
You'll find eternal comfort there,
And soon shall heav'nly glory share,—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

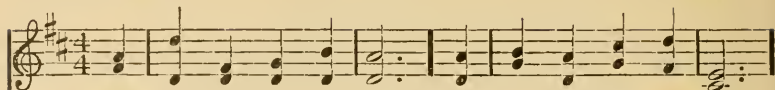
Anon.

247 "All Things Are Ready," Come.

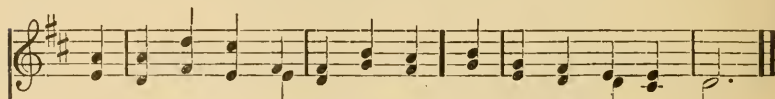
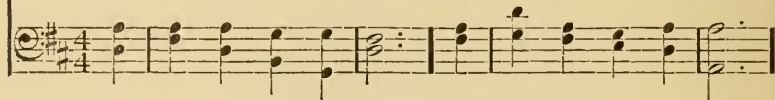
BETHLEHEM.

S. M.

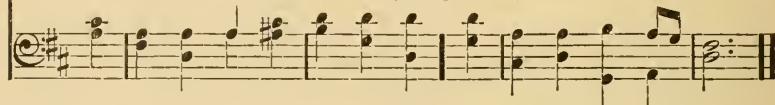
S. WESLEY.



1. "All things are read - y," Come! Come to the sup - per spread!



Come, rich and poor! come, old and young! Come, and be rich - ly fed!



2 "All things are ready," Come!

O make no vain excuse, —
No yoke of oxen, wife, or field
Instead of Jesus choose!

4 "All things are ready," Come!

The door is open wide :
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ His Son has died!

3 "All things are ready," Come!

The invitation's giv'n,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heav'n.

5 "All things are ready," Come!

All hindrance is removed,
And God, in Christ, His precious love
To fallen man has proved.

6 "All things are ready," Come!

To-morrow may not be :
O sinner, come! the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee!

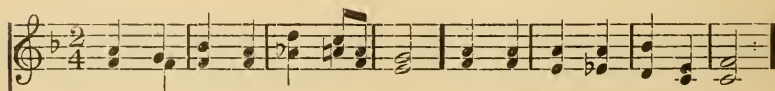
Albert Midlane.

248 Sinner, Hast Thou Wandered Far.

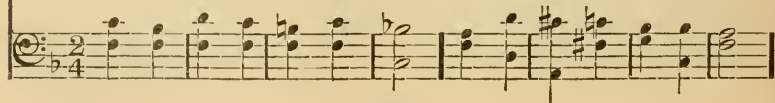
SEYMOUR.

7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. fr. WEBER.



1. Sin - ner, hast thou wan - dered far From the Fa - ther's hap - py home,



Sinner, Hast Thou Wandered Far.—Concluded.

With thy-self and God at war? Turn thee, sin-ner! homeward come!

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for nobler uses gave—
Squander'd life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, sinner! Christ can save!

3 He can heal thy bitt' rest wound;
He the feeblest prayer will hear:
Seek Him while He may be found,
Call upon Him—He is near!

J. F. Clarke.

249

1 Ye who feel your sin and woe,
To the Lamb for healing go.
Why in sorrow should you stay?
Haste and wash your guilt away.

2 All is ready—why delay?
You must perish if you stay.
Hasten—hasten while there's room!
God invites you now to come.

ANON.

250 Broken Heart, the Fountain's Open.

WIMBORNE.

8, 7, 8, 7.

JOHN WHITAKER.

1. Bro-ken heart, the fountain's o-pen, Christ hath died up-on the tree;

All the pow'rs of hell are shaken; Grace flows down from God to thee.

2 God Himself the Source—the Fount-
Christ the Way the waters flow, [ain,
By the Spirit, down from heaven
To the thirsty heart below!

4 By one righteousness completed,
Adam's life receives its doom;
Jesus Christ, in glory seated,
Everlasting life hath won.

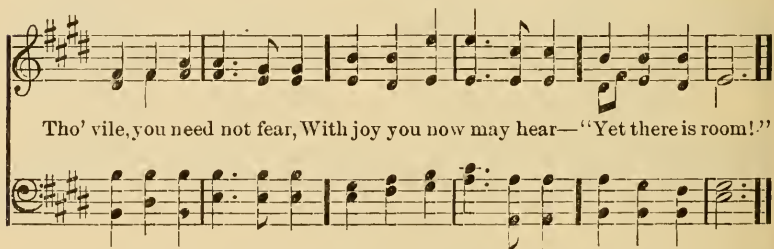
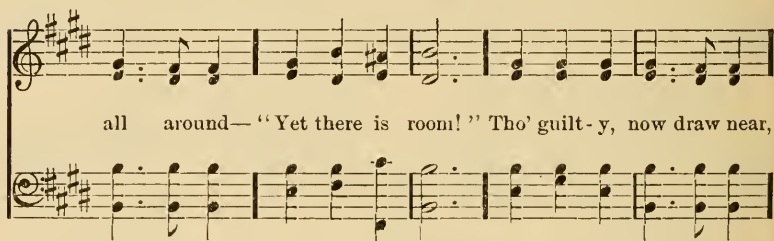
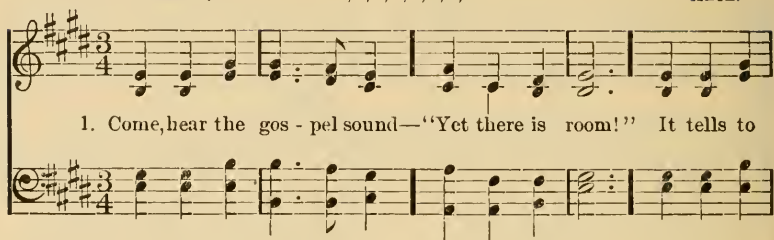
3 Now's the time—the time accepted;
Now to thee God's Light hath shone;
Christ God's love hath manifested,
He the finished work hath done.

5 Broken heart, the river's flowing—
Haste! delay not! yet there's room:
Hear the word of God beseeching—
"Whosoever thirsts may come!"

ST. NICHOLAS.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

Anon.



2 God's love in Christ we see—
 "Yet there is room!"
 Greater it could not be—
 "Yet there is room!"
 His only Son He gave,
 He's righteous now to save
 All who on Him believe—
 "Yet there is room!"

3 "All things are ready: come!"
 "Yet there is room!"
 Christ ev'rything hath done—
 "Yet there is room!"
 The work is now complete,
 "Before the mercy seat,"
 A Saviour you will meet—
 "Yet there is room!"

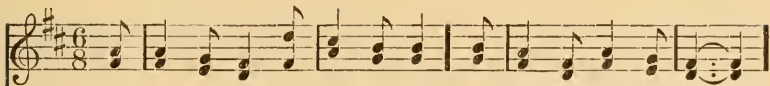
4 God's house is filling fast—
 "Yet there is room!"
 Some guest will be the last—
 "Yet there is room!"
 Yes! soon salvation's day
 From you will pass away,
 Then grace no more will say—
 "Yet there is room!"

252 Come, Sinner, to the Gospel Feast.

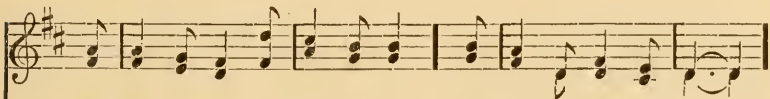
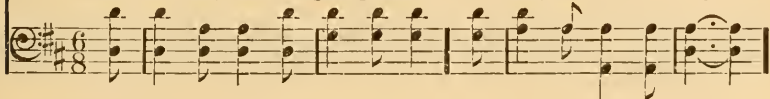
INVITATION.

C. M. D.

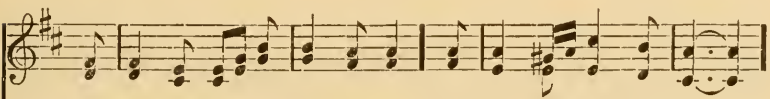
Arr. fr. SPORR.



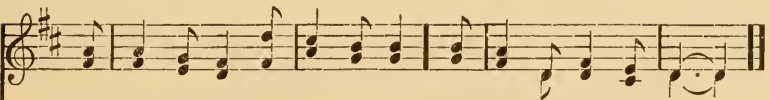
1. Come, sin-ner, to the gos - pel feast— O come, without de - lay !



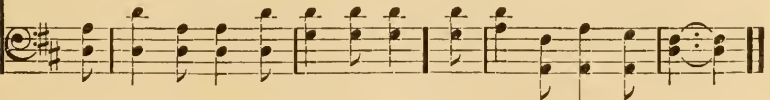
For there is room in Je - su's breast For all who come to - day.



There's room in God's e - ter - nal love To save thy pre - cious soul,—



Pow'r in the grace that's from a - bove To heal and make thee whole.



2 There's room in heav'n among the choir,
 And harps and crowns of gold,
 And glorious palms of vict'ry there,
 And joys that ne'er were told.
 There's room around the Father's board
 For thee and thousands more:
 Then come, and welcome, to the Lord—
 Yea, come this very hour.

253 "Call Them In"—The Poor, the Wretched.

PERSUASION.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

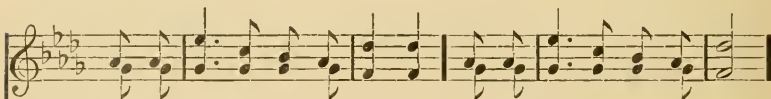
R. L. HASLUP.



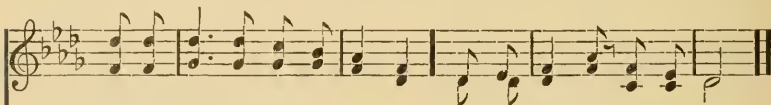
1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stain'd wand'ers from the fold;



Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?



"Call them in"—the weak, the wea-ry, La-den with the doom of sin;



Bid them come and rest in Je-sus; He is wait-ing—"call them in."



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- 2 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
Slumb'ring, sleeping, on death's brink;
Not of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think:
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
Pleasure-seekers of the earth:
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesu's priceless worth.
- 3 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came;
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them, lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"Call them in."

Anna Shipton.

254 O What Amazing Words of Grace.

BEMERTON.

C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX

1. O what a - maz - ing words of grace Are in the
 gos - pel found ! Suit - ed to ev - 'ry
 sin - ner's case, Who knows the joy - ful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls
 Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,—
 Your ev'ry burden bring :
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word !—
 May of this stream partake :
 Come, thirsty soul, and bless the Lord,
 And drink, for Jesu's sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

Samuel Medley, alt.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest ;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast ! "

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad ;

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water ; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re -
 And now I live in Him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright !"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of life, I'll walk
 Till trav'ling days are done.

Horatius Bonar.

256 O Joy of the Justified! Joy of the Free!

JUSTIFIED.

11, 11, 11, 12.

R. L. HASLUP.

1. O joy of the jus - ti - fied! joy of the free! I'll

sing of my Saviour, who died on the tree! Thro' Christ my Redeemer re -

joic- ing I stand, Be- ing sav'd by His grace, and se- cure in His hand.

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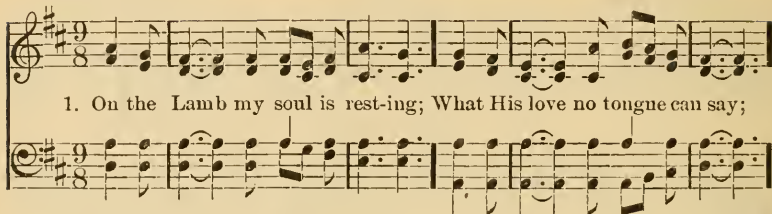
- 2 O Jesus the crucified, Saviour divine!
 Though once a lost sinner, yet now I am Thine:
 In conscious salvation, I sing of Thy grace,
 While there resteth upon me the smile of Thy face.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, I'll still sing of Thee—
 Yes, sing of Thy blood, precious, poured out for me!
 And when in the mansions of glory above,
 I will praise and adore Thy unchangeable love!
- 4 O thou who art guilty and wretched within,
 Who feelest the burden and sorrow of sin,
 Now look unto Jesus, however distressed:
 It is He who invites thee,—O come, and be blest!

257 On the Lamb My Soul Is Resting.

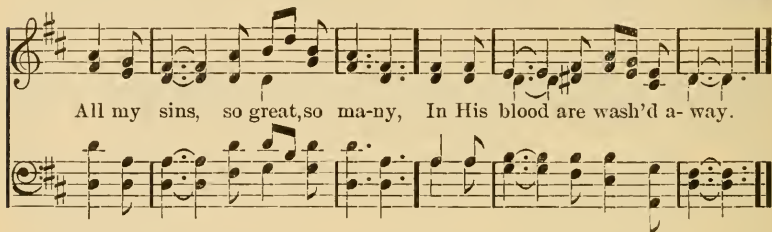
RESTING.

8, 7, 8, 7.

C. and F. JOUARD.



1. On the Lamb my soul is rest-ing; What His love no tongue can say;



All my sins, so great, so ma-ny, In His blood are wash'd a-way.

Copyright, 1899, by B. Greenman.

- 2 Sweetest rest and peace have filled me,
Sweeter praise than tongue can tell;
God is satisfied with Jesus,
I am satisfied as well.
- 3 Conscience now no more condemns me,
For His own most precious blood
Once for all has washed and cleansed me;
Cleansed me in the eyes of God.
- 4 Filled with this sweet peace for ever,
On I go through strife and care,
Till I find that peace around me
In the Lamb's bright glory there.

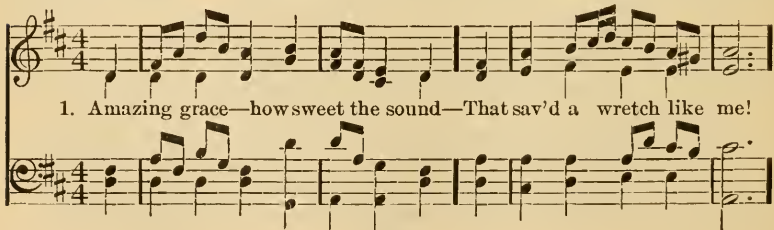
Mrs. Bevan, tr.

258 Amazing Grace—How Sweet the Sound.

WARWICK.

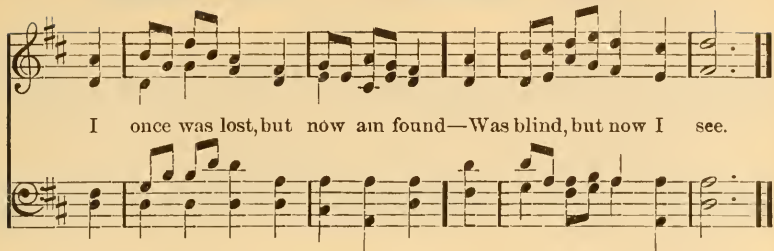
C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. Amazing grace—how sweet the sound—That sav'd a wretch like me!

Amazing Grace—How Sweet the Sound.—Concluded.



I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
And grace my fears relieved: [fear, I have already come; [far,
How precious did that grace appear, 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
The hour I first believed! And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea, though this heart and flesh should fail,
Though mortal life should cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

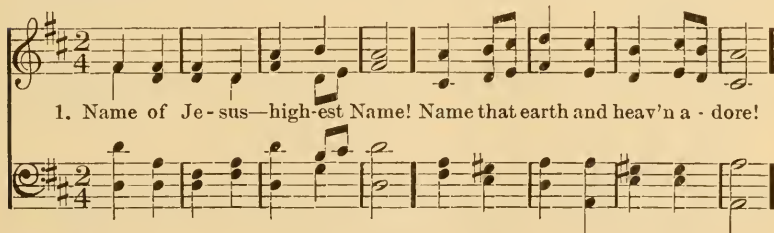
John Newton.

259 Name of Jesus—Highest Name.

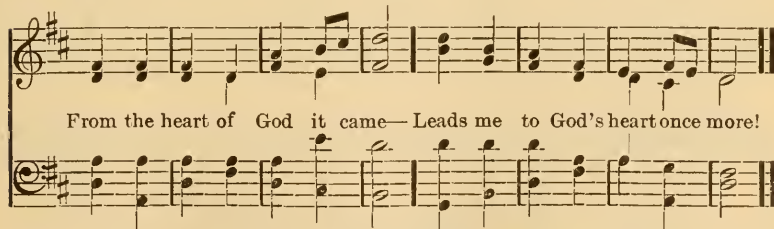
FERRIER.

7, 7, 7, 7.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Name of Je - sus—high - est Name! Name that earth and heav'n a - dore!



From the heart of God it came—Leads me to God's heart once more!

2 Name of Jesus—living tide!
Days of drought for me are past;
How much more than satisfied
Are the thirsty lips at last!

Oil of gladness, surest claim
To the treasures stored above!

3 Name of Jesus—dearest Name!
Bread of heaven, balm of love,

4 Jesus only! fairest Name—
Life and rest and peace and bliss!
Jesus, evermore the same!
He is mine, and I am His!

Selected.

260 O Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice.

HAPPY DAY.

L. M. and Refrain.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!

Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

REFRAIN.

Hap - py day! hap - py day! When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way:

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day:

Hap - py day! hap - py day! When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.

2 'Tis done! the great transaction's done; 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart—
I am my Lord's and He is mine; Fixed on that blissful centre, rest;
He drew me, and I followed on, Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
Glad to confess the Voice Divine. With Him of every good possessed.

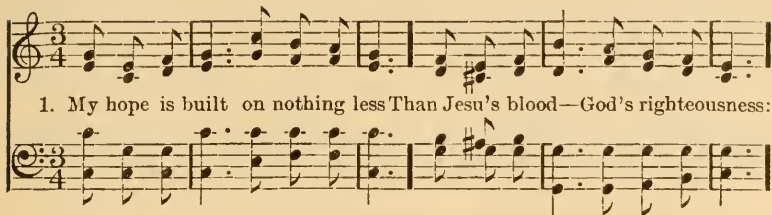
Philip Doddridge.

261 My Hope is Built on Nothing Less.

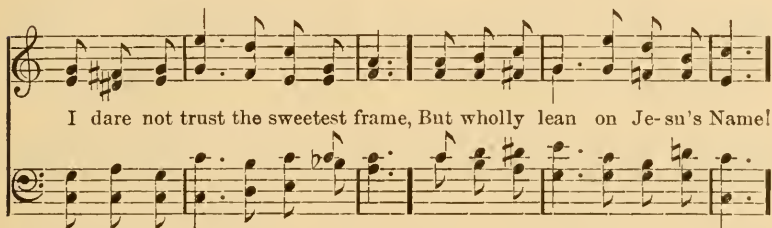
PETRA.

L. M. and Refrain.

ED. MAURER.
Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.

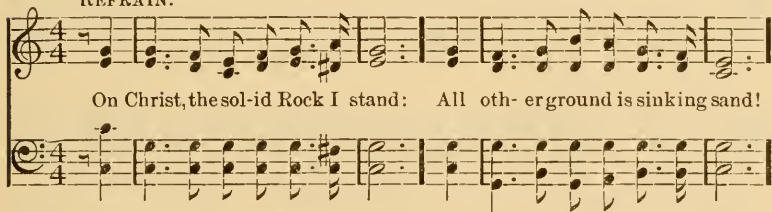


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesu's blood—God's righteousness:

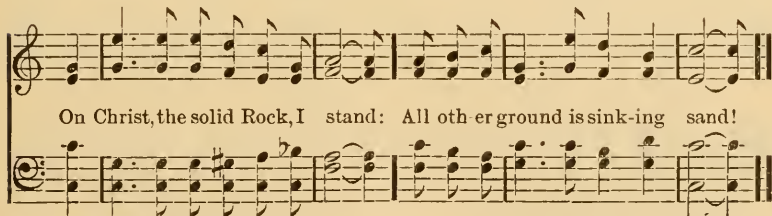


I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-su's Name!

REFRAIN.



On Christ, the sol-id Rock I stand: All oth- er ground is sinking sand!



On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand: All oth- er ground is sink-ing sand!

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2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace:
In ev'ry high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail!

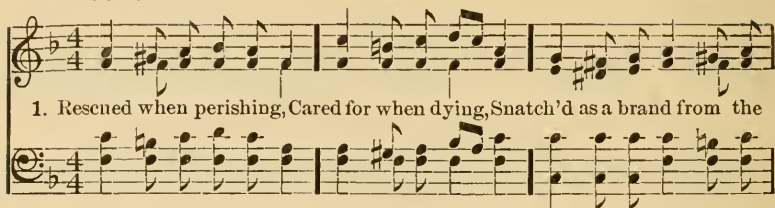
3 Eternally His promise stands,—
My name is graven on His hands!
When all around my soul gives way,
He still abides, my Hope and Stay!

Edward Mote.

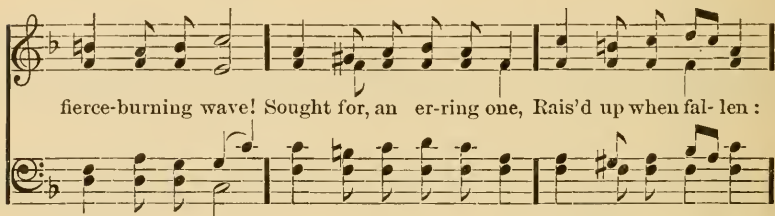
RESCUE.

P. M.

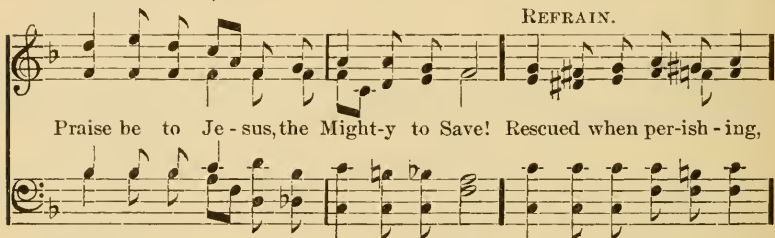
R. L. HASLUP.



1. Rescued when perishing, Cared for when dying, Snatch'd as a brand from the

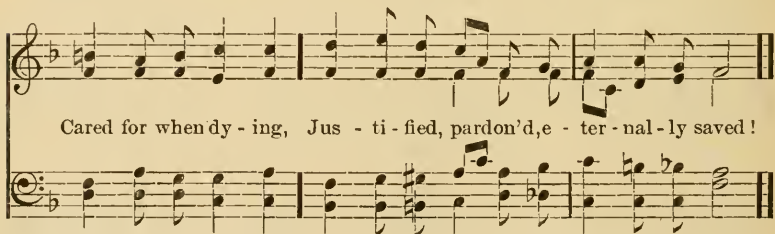


fierce-burning wave! Sought for, an er-ring one, Rais'd up when fal-len :



REFRAIN.

Praise be to Je-sus, the Might-y to Save! Rescued when per-ish-ing,



Cared for when dy-ing, Jus-ti-fied, pardon'd, e-ter-nal-ly saved!

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- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Long I lived slighting Him,
Still He stood waiting,
Waiting, my sin-burdened soul to relieve;
Pleading so lovingly,
Saying so gently,
"Look to Me, weary one, Only believe." | But in my <i>Saviour's</i> heart,
Brimful of kindness,
Cords of compassion vibrate evermore. |
| 3 Down in my sinful heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
"No good thing dwelleth" that "Grace
can restore," | 4 Praising, not perishing,
No dread of dying,
Life everlasting, "in Christ" God pro-
vides.
Walking the narrow way,
Patiently waiting, [the skies.
Waiting my Saviour's glad shout from |

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

P. M.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I heard the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength iudeed is small!

Child of weakness, come to Me! Find in Me thine all in all!"

REFRAIN.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe ;

Sin had left a crim-son stain : He washed it white as snow.

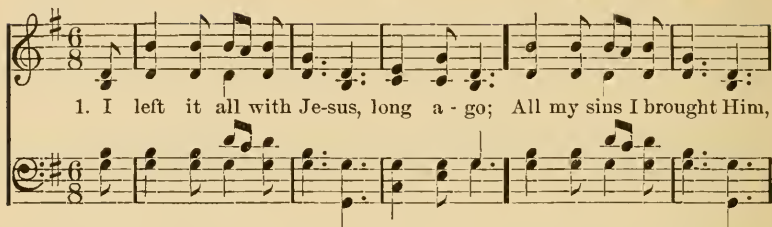
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim :

My only boast, Thy blood,
Thy ever-precious name.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in Thee complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesu's feet.

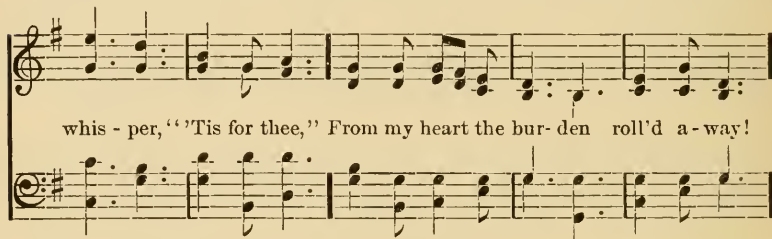
Elvina M. Hall.



1. I left it all with Je-sus, long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,



and my woe: When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His small, still



whis - per, "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den roll'd a - way!



Hap - py day! From my heart the burden roll'd a-way! Hap-py day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
 How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
 How to gild the tear-drop with His
 smile,
 Make the desert garden bloom awhile:
 ||: When my weakness leaneth on His
 might,
 All seems light. :||

3 I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;
 Faith can firmly trust Him, come
 what may.
 Hope has dropped her anchor, found
 her rest,
 In the calm sure haven of His breast;
 ||: Love esteems it heaven to abide
 At His side. :||

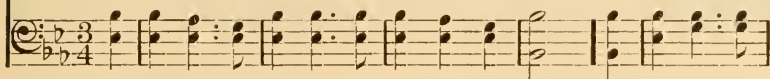
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU. 11, 11, 11, 11.

HENRY BENNETT.

Arr. fr. Pilgrim's Harp, by per.



1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God ; I knew not my



dan-ger, I felt not my load ; Tho' friendsspoke in rap-ture of



Christ on the tree, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" was nothing to me.



2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me,—I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see :
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name ;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free :
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.

4 "Jehovah Tsidkenu!" My treasure and boast ;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu!" I ne'er can be lost ;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,—
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield!

Robert M. McCheyne.

OLD, OLD STORY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6 and Refrain. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

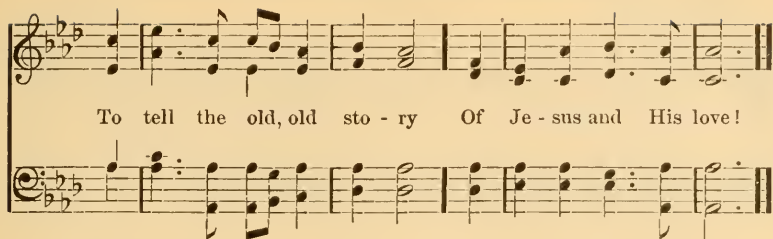
I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be my theme in glory,

I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.



To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love!

2 I love to tell the story:
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story:
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation,
 From God's own holy word.

3 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

Kate Hankey.

267

1 I saw the cross of Jesus,
 When burdened with my sin;
 I sought the cross of Jesus,
 To give me peace within;
 I brought my soul to Jesus,
 He cleansed it in His blood;
 And thro' the cross of Jesus,
 I found my peace with God.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
 There let my weary heart
 Still rest in peace unshaken,
 Till with Him, ne'er to part;
 And then in strains of glory
 I'll sing His wondrous power,
 Where sin can never enter,
 And death is known no more.

REF.—No righteousness, no merit,
 No beauty can I plead;
 Yet in the cross I glory,—
 My title there I read.

REF.—I love the cross of Jesus!
 It tells me what I am:
 A vile and guilty creature,
 Saved only through the Lamb.

Frederick Whitfield.

268

1 I love to hear the story
 Which angel voices tell,
 How once the Lord of glory
 Came down on earth to dwell.
 I am both weak and sinful,
 But this I surely know,
 The Lord came down to save me,
 Because He loved me so.

REF.—I love to hear the story:
 'Twill be my joy in glory
 To hear the old, old story
 Of Jesus and His love!

2 I'm glad my blesséd Saviour
 Was once a child like me,

To show how pure and holy
 His little ones should be.
 O may I try to follow,
 His footsteps here below,
 Who never will forget me,
 Because He loved me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
 My sweetest songs I'll raise;
 And though I cannot see Him
 I know He hears my praise!
 And He has kindly promised
 That I shall surely go
 To dwell up there where He is,
 Because He loved me so.

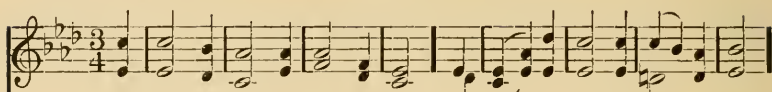
Emily H. Miller.

269 The Wanderer No More Will Roam.

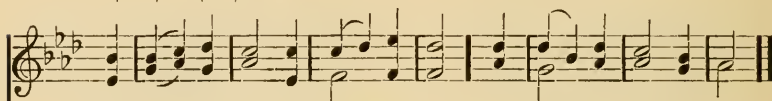
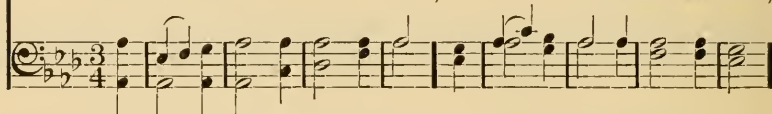
KIRKSTALL.

8, 8, 8, 6.

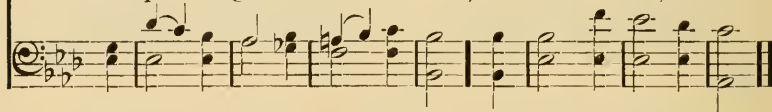
F. CARR.



1. The wan-der-er no more will roam; The lost one to the fold hath come;



The prod-i-gal is welcomed home, O Lamb of God, in Thee!



- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,
The father did embrace His child;
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee! | 5 Yea, in the fullness of His grace,
God put me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee! |
| 3 It is the Father's joy to bless;
His love has found for me a dress,—
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee! | 6 Not half His love can I express;
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee! |
| 4 And now my famished soul is fed;
A feast of love for me is spread:
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee! | 7 Thy precious name it is I bear;
In Thee I am to God brought near;
And all the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in Thee! |

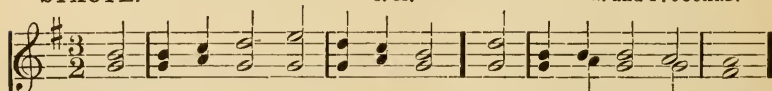
Jane Deck.

270 Jesus, O Name Divinely Sweet.

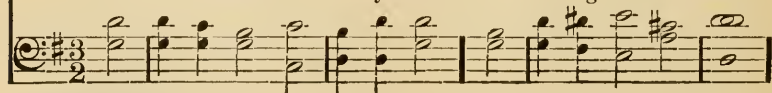
STACTE.

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.

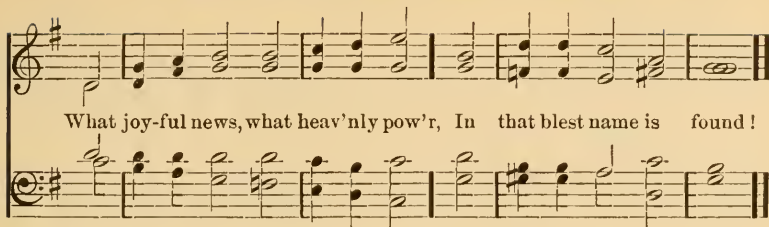


1. Je-sus! O name di-vine-ly sweet! How soothing is the sound!



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Jesus, O Name Divinely Sweet.—Concluded.



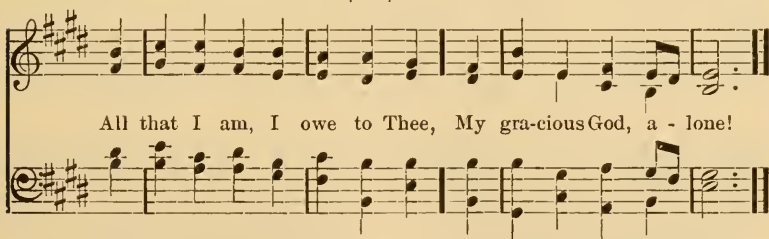
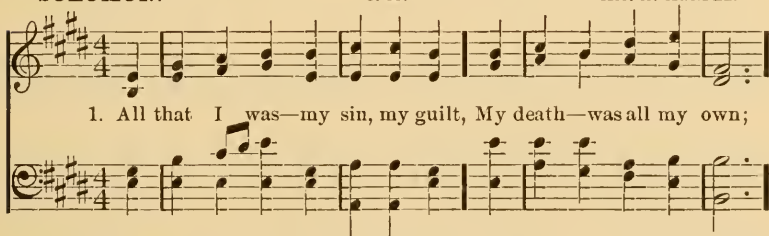
- 2 Our souls, as guilty and condemned, 3 Jesus, to purge away our guilt,
 In hopeless fetters lay,— A willing victim fell,
 Our souls, with countless sins defiled, And on His cross triumphant broke
 Of death and hell the prey. The bands of death and hell.
 Samuel Stennett.

271 All That I Was—My Sin, My Guilt.

SOLOMON.

C. M.

Arr. fr. HANDEL.



- 2 The darkness of my former state, 3 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,—
 The bondage, all was mine; It taught me to believe;
 The light of life, in which I walk, Then, in believing, peace I found,
 The liberty, is Thine. And now I live, I live!
- 4 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
 All that I hope to be,
 When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to Thee!

Horatius Bonar.

1. I am not told to la - bor, To put a - way my sin ;

So fool-ish, weak, and help - less, I nev - er could be - gin.

But bless - ed truth—I know it! Though ruined by the fall,

Christ for my soul hath suf - fered : Yes, Christ has done it all.

2 And if I now would seek Him,—
 In love He sought for me,
 When far from Him I wandered
 In sin and misery :
 He came in grace from glory,
 That I might hear His call ;
 He sought me and He found me—
 Yes, Christ has done it all.

3 And now I cannot please Him
 In aught I say or do,
 Unless He daily help me
 His glory to pursue ;

Still helpless and still feeble,
 On His strong arm I fall—
 My strength in pressing onward !
 Yes, Christ has done it all.

4 And when in heav'nly glory
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 From sin and all pollution
 Forever, ever free,
 I'll cast my crown before Him,
 And loud His grace extol :
 "Thou hast Thyself redeemed me :
 Yes, Thou hast done it all !"

Albert Midlane.

273 Nothing, Either Great or Small.

FINISHED.

P. M.

R. L. HASLUP.

1. Noth - ing, ei - ther great or small,—Noth - ing, sin - ner, no !

Je - sus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go.

REFRAIN.

“ It is fin-ish'd ! ” Yes, in - deed,— Fin - ish'd ev - 'ry jot.

Sin - ner, this is all you need : Tell me, is it not ?

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- 2 When He from His lofty throne
Stooped in love to die,
Ev'ry thing was fully done ;
Hearken to His cry,—
- 3 Weary, working, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so ?
Cease your doing, all was done
Long, long ago.

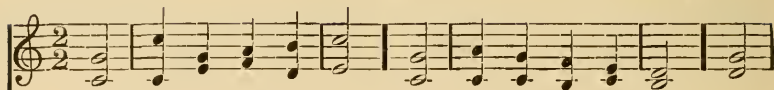
- 4 Till to Jesu's work you cling
By a simple faith,
“ Doing ” is a deadly thing—
“ Doing ” ends in death.
- 5 Cast your deadly “ doing ” down—
Down at Jesu's feet ;
Stand “ in Him ”—in Him alone,
Gloriously “ complete ! ”

James Proctor.

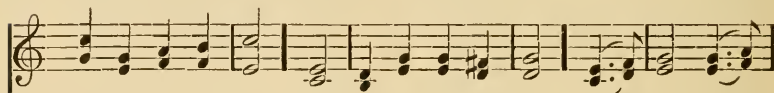
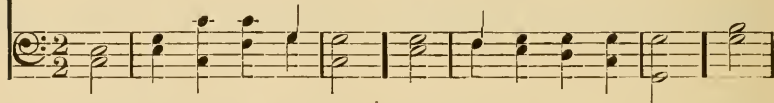
HADDAM.

H. M.

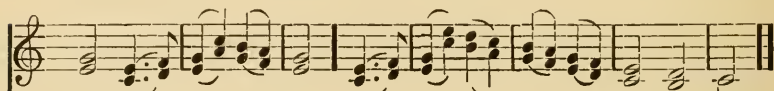
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



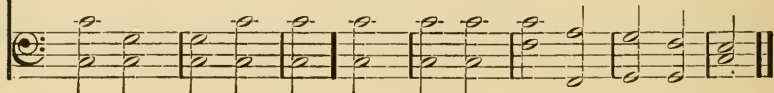
1. Thy work, not mine, O Christ, Speaks gladness to my heart! It



tells me all is done— It bids all fear de-part: I rest in



Thee, whose work a-lone Doth glo-ri-ous-ly for sin a-tone.



2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal the bruised soul!
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.
I rest in Thee, whose work alone
Doth gloriously for sin atone.

3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the Incarnate God!
I rest in Thee, whose work alone
Doth gloriously for sin atone.

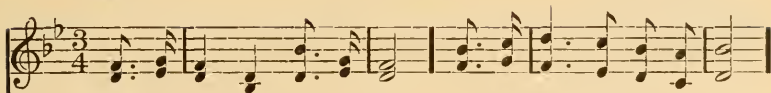
4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom, due!
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would all have been too few.
I rest in Thee, whose work alone
Doth gloriously for sin atone.

Horatius Bonar.

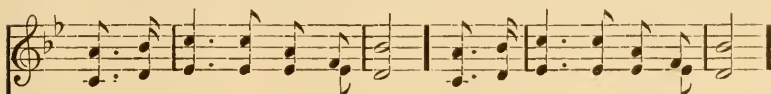
TOPLADY.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

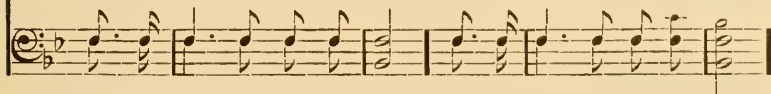
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! I am hid - den safe in Thee:



For the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,



Have—of sin the doub - le cure—Cleans'd me from its guilt and pow'r.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

3 Nothing in my hand to bring,
Simply to Thy cross to cling,
Naked came I, Lord, for dress,
Helpless, looked to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fount did fly,— [nigh.
Thou hast washed me, brought me

4 While I draw this fleeting breath—
Though my eyelids close in death—
When I rise to worlds unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
I am hidden safe in Thee !

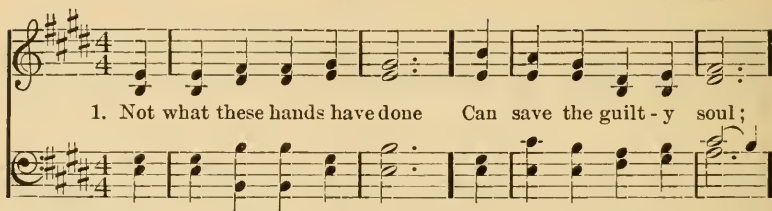
A. M. Toplady.

276 Not What These Hands Have Done.

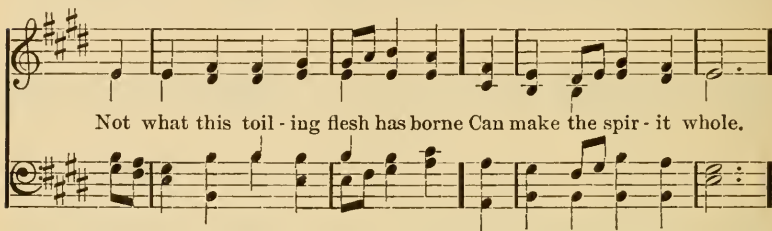
DAMMEKA.

S. M. and Refrain.

R. L. HASLUP.

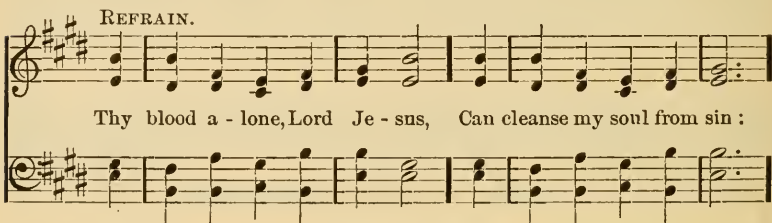


1. Not what these hands have done Can save the guilt - y soul ;



Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make the spir - it whole.

REFRAIN.



Thy blood a - lone, Lord Je - sns, Can cleanse my soul from sin :



Thy Word a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with-in!

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2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God ;
Not all my prayers, and sighs and tears,
Can ease sin's awful load.

3 Thy love to me alone—
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee—
Can rid the heart of dark unrest,
And set the spirit free.

4 No other work save Thine—
Nought save Thy blood—will do :
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.

Horatius Bonar.

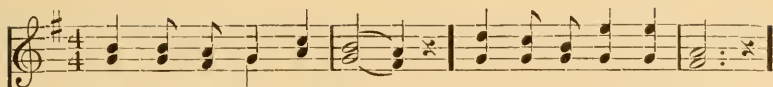
277

God's Holy Law, Transgressed.

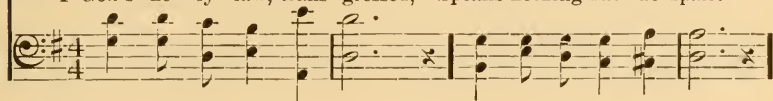
CARY.

S. M.

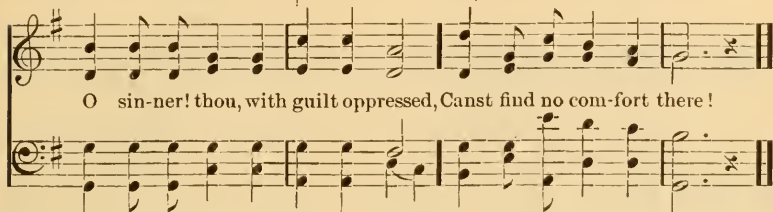
Arr. fr. SPOHR.



1 God's ho - ly law, trans- gressed, Speaks nothing but de-spair:



O sin-ner! thou, with guilt oppressed, Canst find no com-fort there!



2 Not all thy groans and tears,
Nor works which thou hast done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can for one sin atone!

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesu's precious blood:
'Tis this that heals sin's mortal wound,
And reconciles to God!

Anon.

278

Vain is the Thought of Man.

MORAVIA.

S. M.

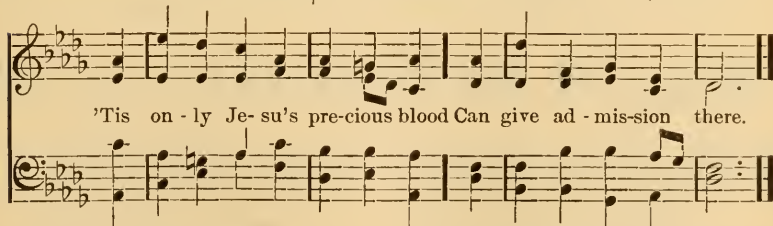
L. WEST.



1. Vain is the thought of man To mer - it heav'n by pray'r;



'Tis on - ly Je - su's pre-cious blood Can give ad - mis-sion there.



2 Could ceaseless prayers ascend,
Could tears forever flow,
The soul were still unblest, unsaved,
And peace could never know.

3 But faith's one look at Christ,
Expiring on the tree—
One heart-believing glance at Him
Can set the sinner free.

Anon.

279 The Perfect Righteousness of God.

MENDON.

L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The perfect righteousness of God Is witnessed in the Saviour's blood;

'Tis in the cross of Christ we trace His righteousness, yet wondrous grace.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second system corresponds to the second line of lyrics.

- 2 God could not pass the sinner by,
His sin demands that he must die;
But in the cross of Christ we see
How God can save, yet righteous he.
- 3 The sin alights on Jesu's head,
'Tis in His blood sin's debt is paid;
Stern Justice can demand no more,
And Mercy can dispense her store.
- 4 The sinner who believes is free,
Can say, "The Saviour died for me;"
Can point to the atoning blood,
And say, "This made my peace with God."

Albert Midlane.

280 Ah, How Shall Fallen Man.

OLMUTZ.

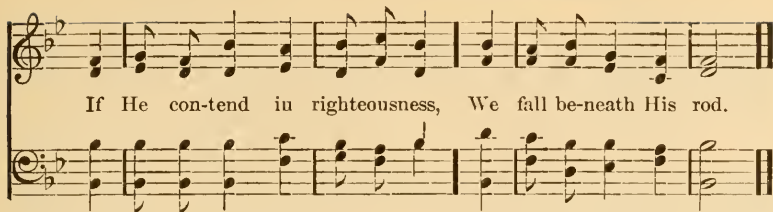
S. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Ah, how shall fal - len man Be just be - fore his God?

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second system corresponds to the second line of lyrics.

Ah, How Shall Fallen Man.—Concluded.



If He con-tend in righteousness, We fall be-neath His rod.

2 If He our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of countless faults,
A just excuse devise?

4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rotted pillars shake.

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with Thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet Him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

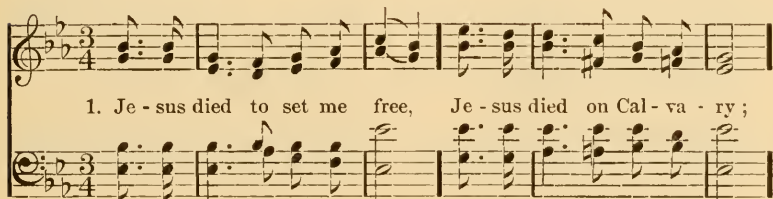
Isaac Watts.

281 Jesus Died to Set Me Free.

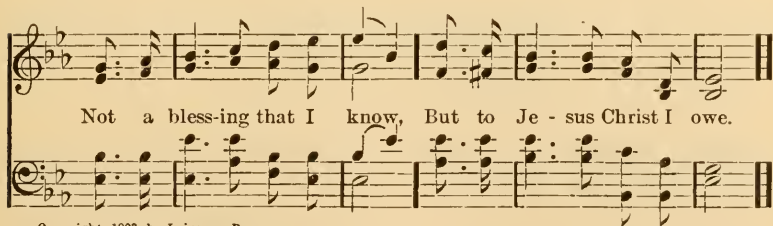
SINNER'S PLEA.

7, 7, 7, 7.

C. and F. JOUARD.



1. Je - sus died to set me free, Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry ;



Not a bless-ing that I know, But to Je - sus Christ I owe.

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2 Through His blood I'm reconciled,
Of a foe am made a child;
For His foes the Saviour died,
Sinners now are justified.

Love that passes all my thought,
Love that doth to me abound.

3 Only sin to Him I brought,
Only love in Him I found,

4 'Twas for *sinners* that He died,
Title I have none beside;
Thus I know it was for *me*
Jesus died on Calvary.

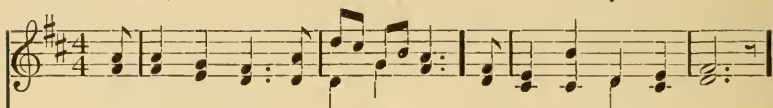
F. W. Grant.

282 To Heart and Soul How Fair Thou Art.

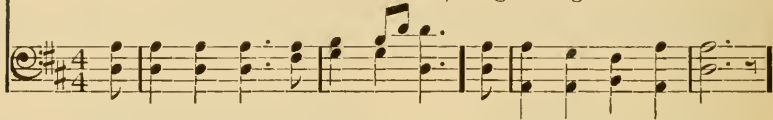
WELCOME.

C. M.

F. ALLABEN.
Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.



1. To heart and soul how fair Thou art, O great High Priest of God!—



To hearts brought nigh to God's own heart By Thy most precious blood.



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- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 No more my countless sins shall rise
To fill me with dismay:
That precious blood before God's eyes
Hath put them all away. | 4 Thy Word, O Lord, which cannot lie,
Thy Spirit, and Thy blood,
Proclaim to sinners, such as I,
The boundless love of God. |
| 3 Forgotten ev'ry stain and spot!
Their mem'ry past and gone!
For me, O God, Thou seest not—
Thou lookest on Thy Son. | 5 They tell Thy love, so deep, so free!
They tell the Father's heart!
Not what I am, nor yet must be,—
They tell me what Thou art! |
| 6. Come, weary sinners, great and small!
The Door stands open wide—
His blessed heart, Who welcomes all:
The Lamb of God who died! | |

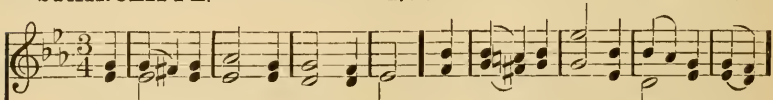
Selected.

283 Jesus, the Lord! Our Righteousness.

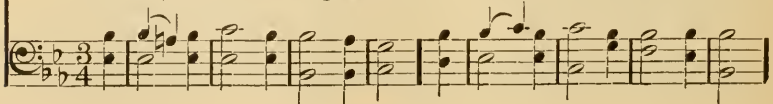
STAINCLIFFE.

L. M.

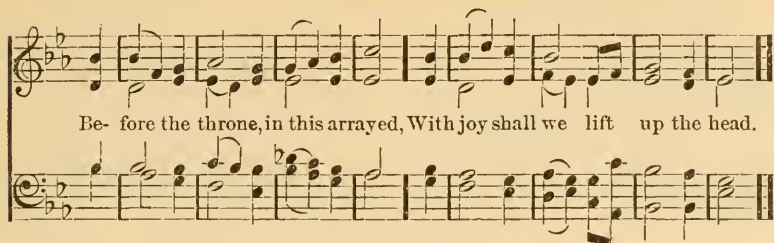
R. W. DIXON.



1. Je- sus, the Lord! our Righteousness, Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress!



Jesus, the Lord! Our Righteousness.—Concluded.



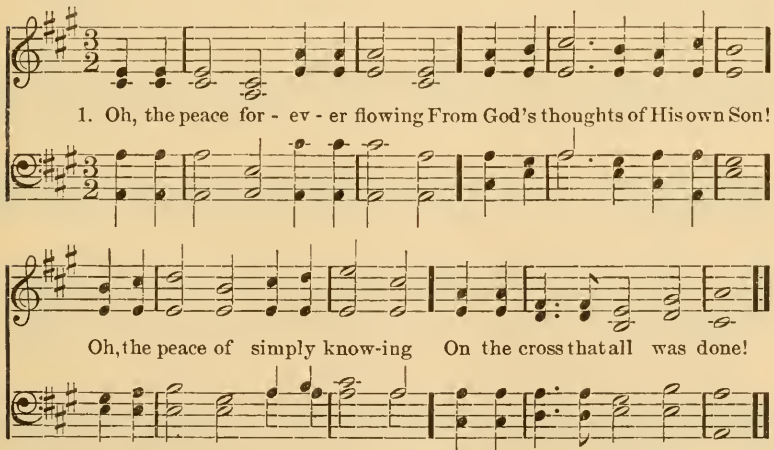
- 2 Bold shall we stand in that great day;
For who aught to our charge shall lay,
While by Thy blood absolved we are
From sin and guilt, from shame and fear?
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years:
- 4 Till we behold Thee on Thy throne,
In Thee we boast, in Thee alone:
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness."
Zinzendorf; J. Wesley, tr.

284 Oh, the Peace Forever Flowing.

OVIO.

8, 7, 8, 7.

LOWELL MASON.



- 2 Peace with God! the blood in heaven
Speaks of pardon now to me:
Peace with God! the Lord is risen!
Righteousness now counts me free.
- 3 Peace with God is Christ in glory;
God is just and God is love;
Jesus died to tell the story,
Foes to bring to God above.
- 4 Now, free access to the Father,
Through the Christ of God, we have;
By the Spirit here abiding,
Promise of the Father's love.
- 5 Jesus, Saviour, we adore Thee!
Christ of God,—Anointed Son!
We confess Thee, Lord of glory,—
Fruits of vict'ry Thou hast won!

A. P. Cecil.

MESSIAH TSIDKENU. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. A Rock that stands for - ev - er Is Christ, my Righteous-ness!

In Him I stand un - fear - ing, In ev - er - last - ing bliss!

Christ is my boast and glo - ry— All wrath for me is o'er;

The judgment of the sin - ner Af - fright - eth me no more,

The judgment of the sin - ner Af - fright - eth me no more!

2 There is no condemnation,
There is no hell for me!
The torment and the fire
My eyes shall never see!

For me there is no sentence,
For me death has no sting,
||: For Christ, my Lord, who saved me,
Will shield me with His wing! :||

A Rock that Stands Forever.—Concluded.

3 No hunger, Lord, nor thirsting,
 No danger, fear, nor fight,
 No foe, no tribulation,
 No throne, nor power, nor might,
 No height, no depth, no creature
 That has been or can be,
 ||: Can pluck me from Thy bosom—
 Can sever me from Thee! :||

4 My heart in joy upleapeth—
 Grief can not linger there!
 O Jesus, Lord in glory,
 Thou art my Sunshine fair!
 The Source of all my singing
 Is Jesus there above!
 ||: The Sun that shines upon me
 Is Jesus and His Love! :||

Paul Gerhardt.

286 Peace! What a Precious Sound!

ITALIAN HYMN.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Peace! what a pre-cious sound! Tell it the world a-round,

Christ hath made peace! Thus souls are brought to God By His a-

ton-ing blood, And crown'd with ev-'ry good: Christ hath made peace!

2 Love was the spring of all,
 Love triumphed o'er our fall—
 The love of God!
 My soul, His love adore,
 And praise Him evermore;
 Make known from shore to shore
 The love of God!

J. F. Elwin.

287 Faith, Simple Faith, the Cross Surveys.

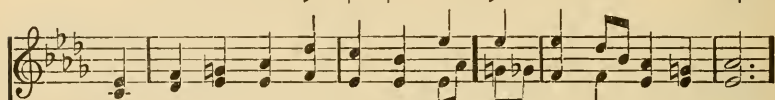
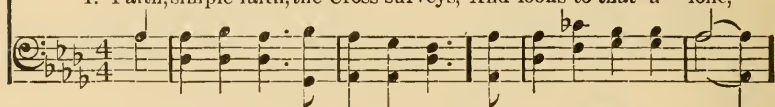
FAITH.

C. M. D.

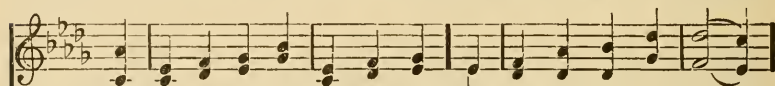
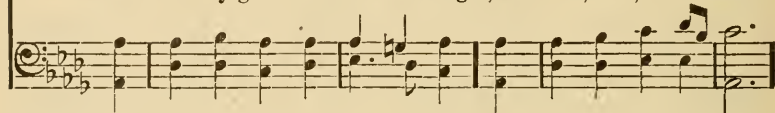
A. MACDONALD.



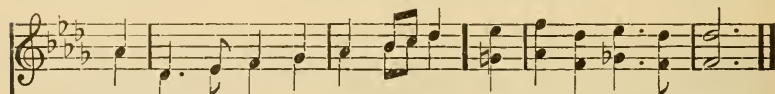
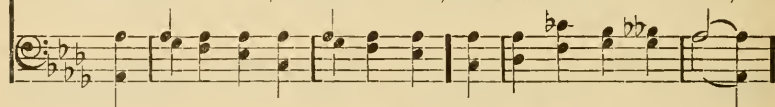
1. Faith, simple faith, the Cross surveys, And looks to that a - lone,—



Counts ev - 'ry ground of doubt as nought, And cries, "All, all is done!"



Then doubt no more, thou anxious one; Christ bore the curse for thee,



And came a Vic - tor from the tomb: In this thy bless - ing see!



2 Ascended now from Olive's Mount,

For thee He lives on high—

Thy Life before the face of God:

In Him faith brings thee nigh!

Though all thy sins on Him were laid,

No sins are on Him now:

His robe is white as heaven's light:

As He is, so art thou!

3 Thy faith in Him acceptance finds;

In Him none need to fear:

He is most precious in God's eye—

In Him thou art most dear!

O let such grace drive doubts afar,

And fill thy life with praise,

Till called to join the blood-washed

To chant immortal lays! [throng

R. Hutchinson.

288 Saved Through the Blood of Jesus.

SAVED.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

R. L. HASLUP.

1. Saved thro' the blood of Je - sus, Saved from all guilt and shame,
 Saved is the soul that trusts Him, Trusts in His pre-cious name.
 Safe in the Rock of A - ges, Fear - less - ly he may hide;
 Safe from the storms of judg - ment, Safe from the swell - ing tide.

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- 2 Saved through the blood of Jesus,
 Saved from the wrath to come,
 Saved too to dwell forever
 Safe in the Father's home.
 Joy is among the angels,
 Joy in the heart of God,
 When an unworthy sinner
 Trusts in the precious blood.
- 3 Saved through the blood of Jesus,
 Saved from eternal doom,
 Saved too to share Christ's glory,
 Saved until He shall come:

- Saved from o'erwhelming sorrow,
 Saved from distracting care,
 Saved from a world of evil,
 Saved from all doubt and fear.
- 4 Saved for the day of glory;
 Then the redeemed will sing;
 Still of the blood of Jesus
 Loudly their praise will ring;
 Saved now to wait with patience,
 Looking with faith afar,
 Till just before the dawning
 Rises the Morning Star.

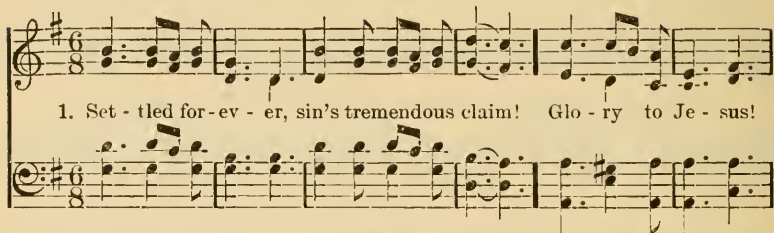
H. D'Arcy Champney.

289 Settled Forever, Sin's Tremendous Claim!

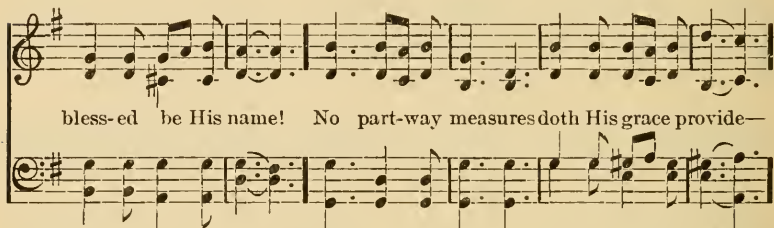
OBERLAND.

P. M.

Swiss.

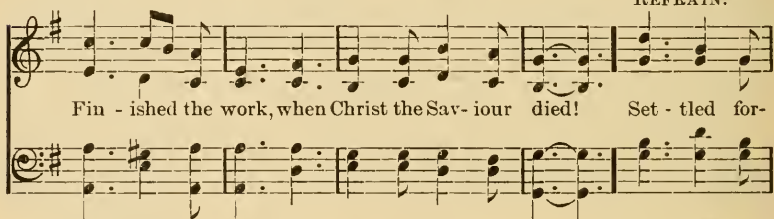


1. Set - tled for - ev - er, sin's tremendous claim! Glo - ry to Je - sus!

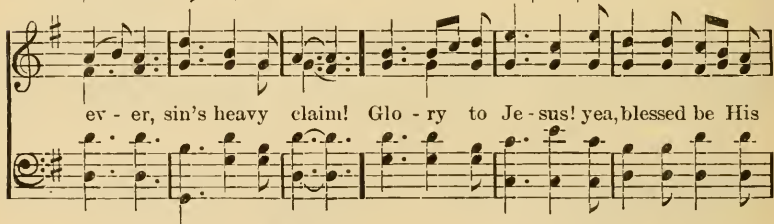


bless - ed be His name! No part-way measures doth His grace provide—

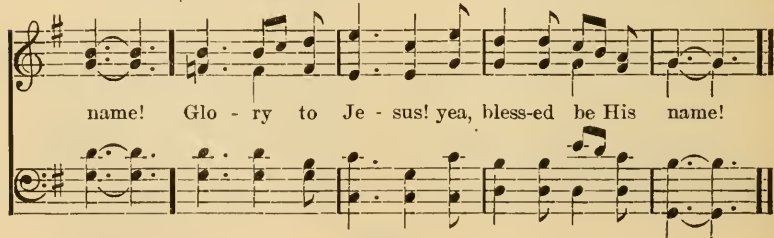
REFRAIN.



Fin - ished the work, when Christ the Sav - iour died! Set - tled for -



ev - er, sin's heavy claim! Glo - ry to Je - sus! yea, blessed be His



name! Glo - ry to Je - sus! yea, bless - ed be His name!

Settled Forever, Sin's Tremendous Claim!—Concluded.

2 Settled forever! fear not, then, to trust
Thy soul upon Him, even as Thou must!
On Calv'ry's mountain all thy sins were met—
Settled forever, all that grievous debt!

3 Settled forever! let no doubt, nor fear,
Mix with thy faith; nor in thy robe appear
One single thread of thine own righteousness,
We are complete in Him who came to bless!

4 Settled forever! yes, no work of thine—
No tears, no strivings—add to grace divine!
God says, "I blot out ev'ry sin and stain,—
I will remember them no more again!"

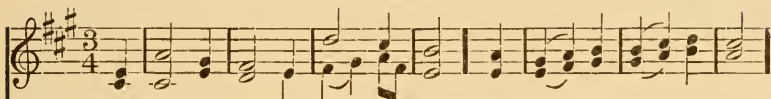
Anon.

290 By Faith We Gaze Upon the Cross.

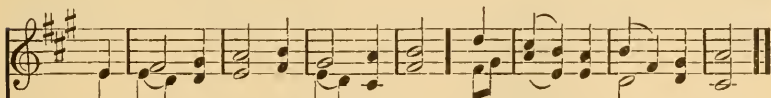
EVANGELIST.

C. M.

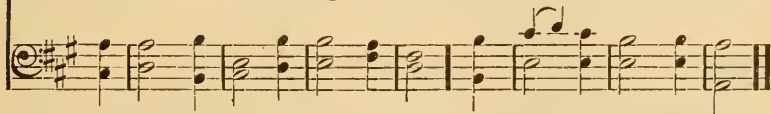
Att. fr. MENDELSSOHN.



1. By faith we gaze up - on the cross Where-on the Sav- iour died,



Which tells of life giv'n up to save, Of love by suff'ring tried.



2 By faith we gaze beyond this scene,
And on the mercy-seat,
Within the vail, we see the blood—
Our peace with God complete!

4 By faith we gaze upon Thee there,
Enthroned in glory bright,
Thy thorn-pierced brow with glory
crowned—
That place Thine own by right.

3 It speaks the glory of Thy work,
O Lord! atonement made:
Our Great High Priest upon the
throne,
As Lord and Christ displayed.

5 And ours that place, that peace, that
Thy portion, won for us, [rest;—
Where fullest glory sweetly shines
From Calv'ry's shameful cross!

291 There Is No Other Name Than Thine.

WAREHAM.

L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. There is no oth - er name than Thine, Je - ho - vah -

Je - sus!—name di - vine! On which to rest for

sins for- giv'n— For peace with God, for hope of heav'n.

2 Name above ev'ry name, Thy praise
Shall fill yon courts through endless days!
Jehovah-Jesus! name divine!
Rock of salvation, Thou art mine!

Anon.

292 Down to the Depths of Woe.

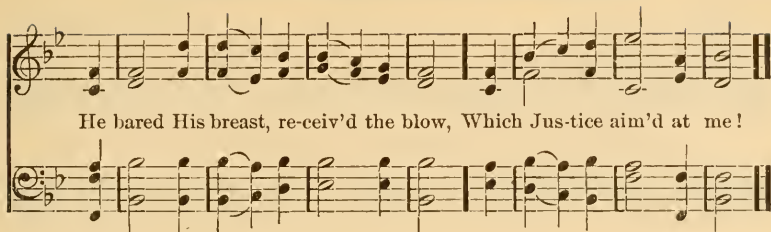
FERGUSON.

S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Down to the depths of woe Christ came, to set me free:

Down to the Depths of Woe.—Concluded.



He bared His breast, re-ceive'd the blow, Which Jus-tice aim'd at me!

2 There Justice met my sin,
On the accurs'd tree:
To prove His love, my heart to win,
Christ "gave Himself for me!"

4 Through all this desert place,
My Guide and Strength is He,
Till I shall see Him face to face,
When He shall come for me!

3 As Advocate on high,
My soul, He pleads for thee!
And when I wander, draws me nigh,—
He ever lives for me!

5 Yes! soon this waiting hour
On time's swift wing shall flee:
Soon He will come in glorious pow'r,—
Jesus Himself for me!

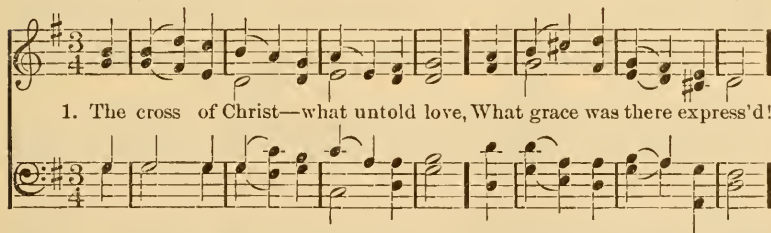
G. W. Frazer.

293 The Cross of Christ—What Untold Love.

DUBLIN.

C. M.

I. SMITH,



1. The cross of Christ—what untold love, What grace was there express'd!



The on-ly way to heav'n a - bove, To God's e - ter - nal rest.

2 Once lost but now believing ones
Find mercy on the spot;
For thus God's gracious message runs:
"To him that worketh not."

The place where God and sinners meet
Is only found in Him.

3 The work of Christ was so complete,
His glory naught can dim;

4 Heed not the poor heart's question—
Let frames and feelings cease; [ings;
'Tis faith in Christ alone which brings
Eternal life and peace.

Anon.

HYMN OF JOY.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.

1. Nev-er per-ish! words of mer-cy, Com-ing from the lips of One

Who, once here a homeless Stranger, Sits on high up - on the throne.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, Saviour, we a-dore Thee! Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep!

From Thy hand no one can pluck us, — Safe are all whom Thou dost keep.

2 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 God and man in One combined,
 Faithful Shepherd of the chosen:
 Safe are all to Thee consigned.

3 Never perish! words of sweetness,
 Dissipating ev'ry fear,
 Filling all with joy and gladness
 Who the Shepherd's voice will hear.

295 Lord Jesus, All My Sin and Guilt.

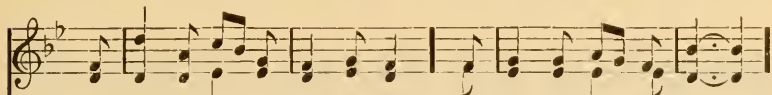
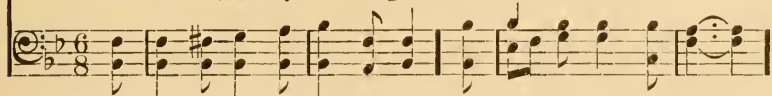
CAROL.

C. M. D.

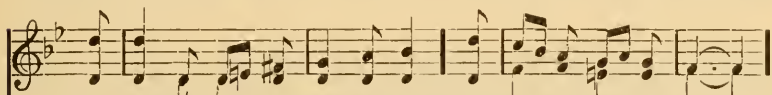
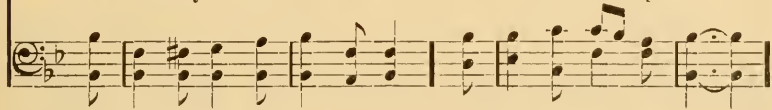
R. S. WILLIS.



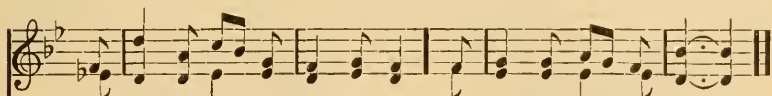
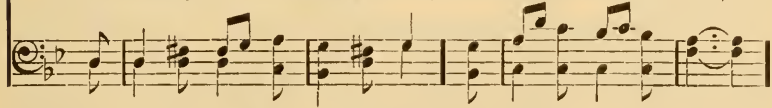
1. Lord Je-sus, all my sin and guilt Love laid of old on Thee!



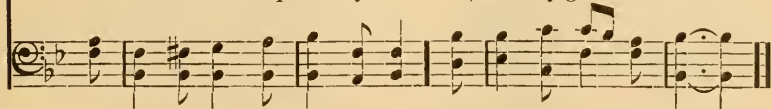
'Twas love Thy cross and sorrow will'd—Love un-deserved by me!



The vic-t'ry o-ver death and hell, Thou, Lord, for me didst win,



And Thou hast nail'd up-on Thy cross All, all my guilt and sin!



2 The way into the Holy Place
Stands open now to me,
Where I can see Thy glorious face,
Nor tremble thus to see:
For as I am to Thee I come,
I clasp Thy blesséd feet,
To learn the mystery of love,
So deep, so pure, so sweet!

3 Enfolded, O my Lord, in Thee,
And hid in Thee, I rest,
Enwrapped in Christ's own purity,
Secure upon Thy breast!
Had I an angel's raiment, fair,
With heav'nly gems unpriced,
That glorious garb I would not wear,—
My robe art Thou, O Christ!

SHEPTON.

6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

J. U. SCOBELL.

1. Je - sus, I rest in Thee, In Thee my - self I hide!

La - den with guilt and mis - er - y, Where can I rest be - side?

'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast My wea - ry soul a - lone can rest.

2 Thou Holy One of God !

The Father rests in Thee ;
 And in the savor of that blood
 Which speaks to Him for me,
 The curse is gone—through Thee I'm
 blest !
 God rests in Thee—in Thee I rest.

3 The slave of sin and fear,

Thy truth my bondage broke ;
 My willing spirit loves to bear
 Thy light and easy yoke ;
 The love that fills my grateful
 breast
 Makes duty joy, and labor rest.

4 Soon the bright, glorious day,

The rest of God shall come !
 Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
 And I shall reach my home !
 Then, of the promised land possessed,
 My soul shall know eternal rest !

James G. Deck.

297 Is Thy Soul the Saviour Seeking?

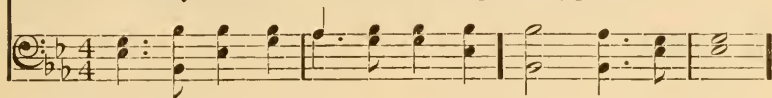
PEACE, BE STILL.

8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

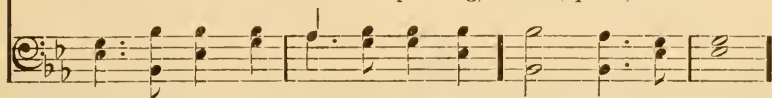
Scotch.



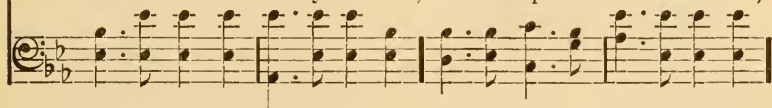
1. Is thy soul the Sav - iour seek - ing? Peace, peace, be still!



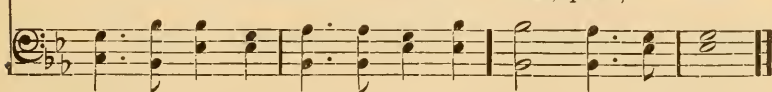
'Tis the Lord Him - self is speak - ing, Peace, peace, be still!



On God's Word we bold - ly ven - ture; All our hopes in Je - sus cen - tre;



In - to rest our souls can en - ter: Peace, peace, be still!



2 'Tis the blood of 'Christ hath spoken!

Peace, peace, be still.

The destroyer sees the token!

Peace, peace, be still.

Though with mighty foes engaging,

War with sin and Satan waging,

Storms of trial fiercely raging,

Peace, peace, be still.

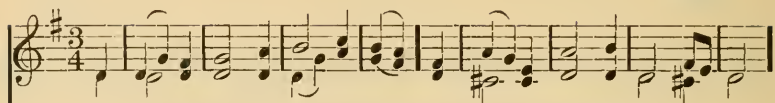
Anon.

298 God Calling Yet! Shall I Not Hear?

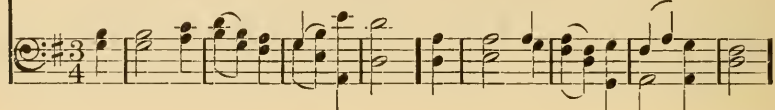
CANA.

L. M.

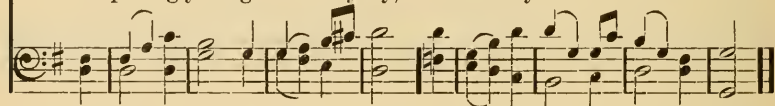
MOZART.



1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures still shall I hold dear?



Shall passing years glide swiftly by, And still my soul in slumber lie?



2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?

Can I His loving voice despise?

His mercy basely thus repay?

He calls me still: shall I delay?

4 God calling yet! shall I then give

No heed, but still in bondage live?

Not yet doth He my soul forsake:

He calls me still! my heart, awake!

3 God calling yet! and shall He 5 God calling yet! I can not stay:

knock,

While I my heart the closer lock?

Still He is waiting to receive,—

Shall I His love, His Spirit, grieve?

My heart I yield without delay!

Vain world, farewell! from thee I part!

Thy voice, O God, hath reached my heart!

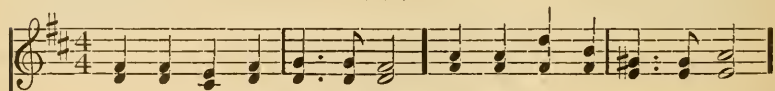
Gerhardt Ter Steegen.

299 Goodness I Have None to Plead.

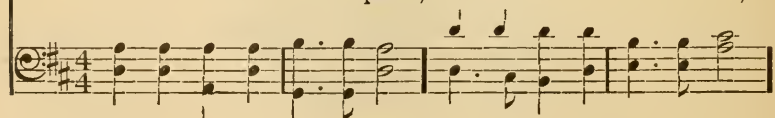
REDHEAD.

7, 7, 7, 7.

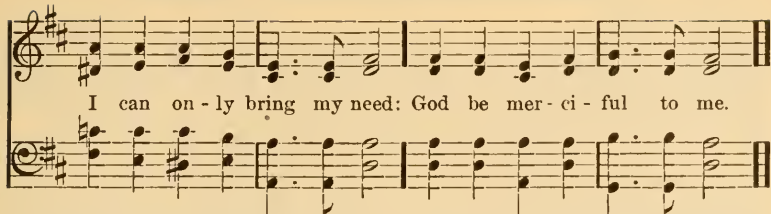
R. REDHEAD.



1. Good-ness I have none to plead; Sin-ful-ness in all I see;



Goodness I Have None to Plead.—Concluded.



I can on - ly bring my need: God be mer - ci - ful to me.

2 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.

4 There is one beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
God be merciful to me.

3 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
Not my own, I would be Thine:
God be merciful to me.

5 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake,
God be merciful to me.

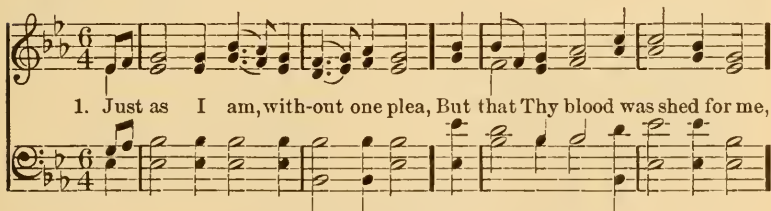
J. S. B. Monsell.

300 Just as I Am, Without One Plea.

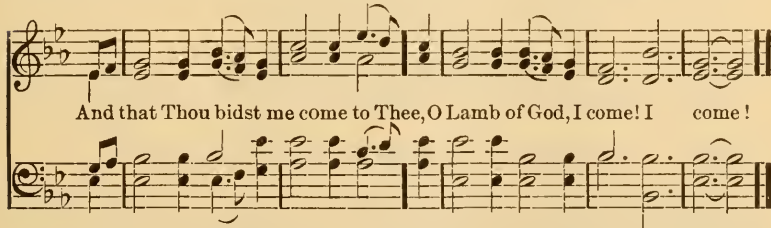
WOODWORTH.

L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,



And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come! [spot,

4 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

301

I Am Coming To the Cross.

TRUSTING.

7, 7, 7, 7.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
 REF.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry!

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sns, save me now.

Copyright property of Wm. G. Fischer.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee; 3 In Thy promises I trust;
 Long has evil dwelt within; On Thy word I have relied:
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me, I am prostrate in the dust,
 "I will cleanse you from all sin." Praising Christ, the Crucified!

(After last stanza.)

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
 Blesséd Lamb of Calvary!
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
 Praising Him who saves me now! Wm. Donald.

302

O Do Not Let the Word Depart.

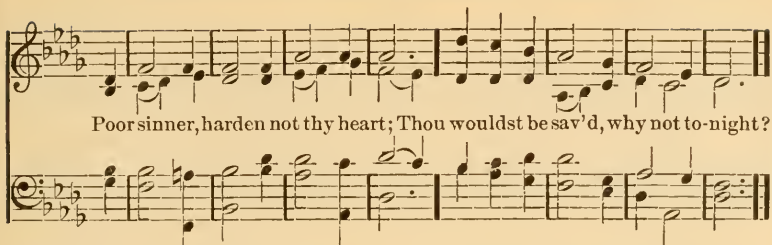
RIVAULX.

L. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light!

O Do Not Let the Word Depart.—Concluded.



Poorsinner, harden not thy heart; Thou wouldst be sav'd, why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight:
This is the time—oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved, why not
to-night?

3 Our God, in pity, lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldst be saved, why not
to-night?

4 The world has nothing new to give;
It has no true, no pure delight:
Look now to Jesus Christ and live!
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?

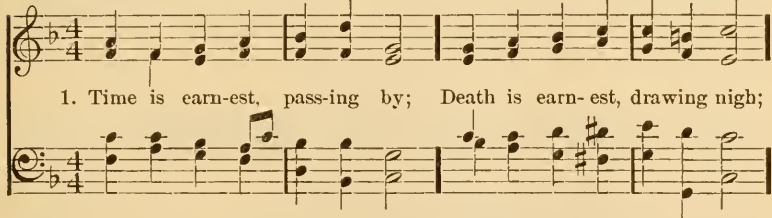
Elizabeth Reed.

303 Time Is Earnest, Passing By.

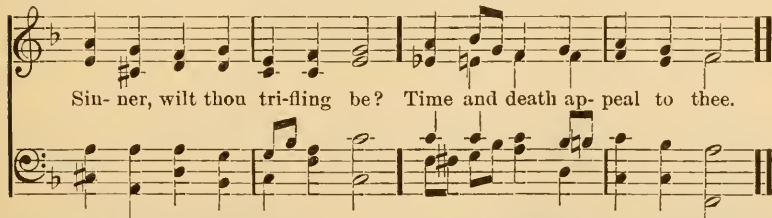
BEETHOVEN.

7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.



1. Time is earn-est, pass-ing by; Death is earn-est, drawing nigh;



Sin-ner, wilt thou tri-fling be? Time and death ap-pear to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more.
Soon to meet eternity!
Wilt thou never serious be?

4 Christ is earnest—bids thee come;
God declares that all is done;
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

3 Heav'n is earnest; solemnly
Float its voices down to thee.
Hell is earnest; art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

5 God is earnest; come to-day,
Ere the season pass away,—
Ere he set His judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone!

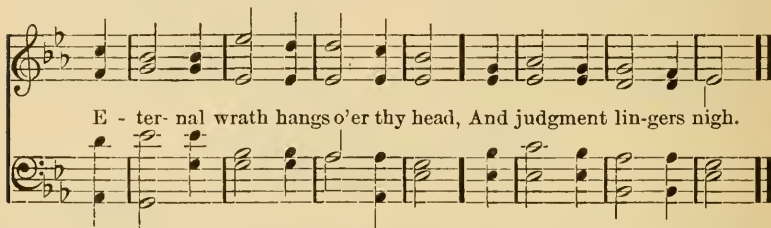
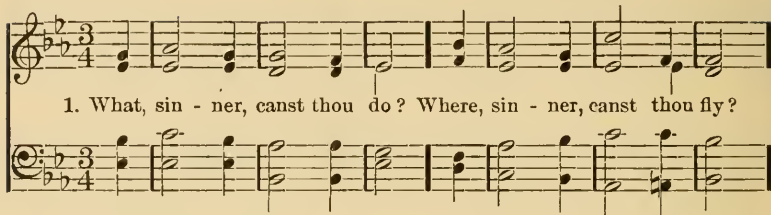
304

What, Sinner, Canst Thou Do?

SOLYMA.

S. M.

GEORGE TREDCROFT.



- 2 For God must visit sin
 With His displeasure sore;
 Since He is holy, just, and true,
 And righteous evermore.
- 3 But Jesus died for sin—
 Upon the cross He died;
 God's righteousness was there displayed,
 And Justice satisfied.
- 4 Faith is the way of life;
 Believe in Christ and live;
 Fly to the shelter of His blood,
 And peace with God receive.

Anon.

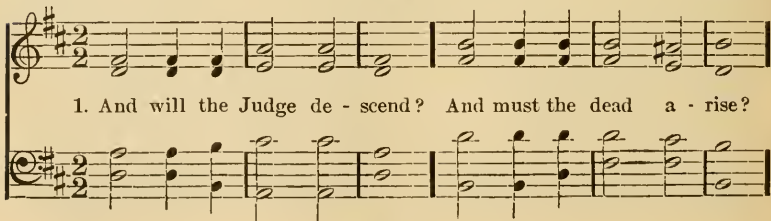
305

And Will the Judge Descend?

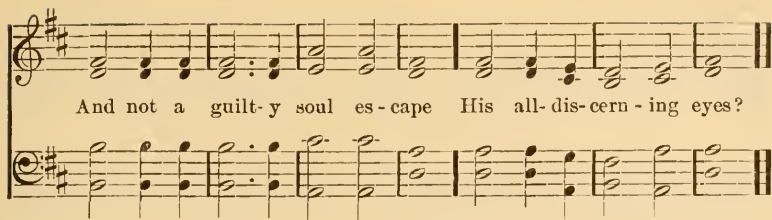
SHAWMUT.

S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



And Will the Judge Descend?—Concluded.



- 2 And from His righteous lips
Shall dreadful sentence sound,
And thro' the num'rous, guilty throng
Speak black despair around?
- When heav'n and earth, before His
Astonished, shrink away? [face,
4 O sinner, seek His grace,
Whose wrath you can not bear!
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there!
- 3 How will thy heart endure
The terrors of that day,

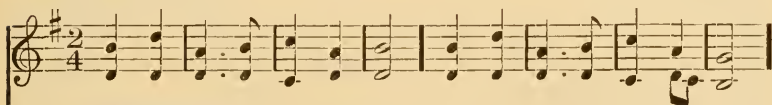
Philip Doddridge.

306 Hasten, Sinner, to be Wise.

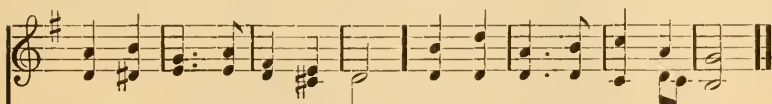
PLEYEL'S HYMN.

7, 7, 7, 7.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Has-ten, sin-ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun;



Wis-dom if thou still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.



- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage is run.
- Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere the work in thee is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,

Thomas Scott.

307 Eternity! Where? It Floats in the Air.

ETERNITY.

P. M.

WM. M. HORSEY.

1. E - ter - ni - ty! where? it floats in the air— A - mid clam - or or
 si - lence, it ev - er is there. E - ter - ni - ty! where? oh, E -
 ter - ni - ty! where? The question so sol - emn—E - ter - ni - ty where?

Copyright, 1903, by Loizeaux Bros.

- 2 Eternity! where? Eternity! where?
 With redeemed ones in glory, or fiends in despair?
 Eternity! where? oh, Eternity! where?
 With one or the other—Eternity! where?
- 3 Eternity! where? is aught worth a care?
 Friend, oh, shall we—oh, can we e'en venture to dare,
 In life that is passing as mist in the air,
 Do aught till we settle Eternity—where?
- 4 Eternity! where? oh, friend have a care!
 For soon God will no longer His judgment forbear.
 Eternity! where? oh, Eternity! where?
 This night may decide your Eternity—where?
- 5 Eternity! where? Eternity! where?
 Soon the Saviour will come for His own to the air:
 Then sleep not, nor take in the world any share
 Till answered this question—Eternity! where?

Anon.

NICÆA.

P. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the

morn-ing let songs a-rise to Thee! Ho-ly, ho-ly - ho - ly,

merci-ful and mighty,—God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

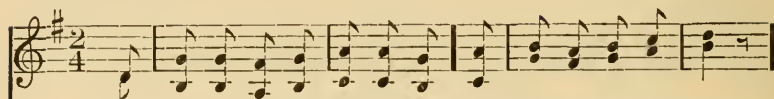
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all Thy saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! clouds no longer hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see!
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,—
Perfect in pow'r, in love and purity!
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea!
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

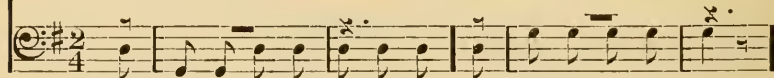
309 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

AROUND THE THRONE. C. M. and Refrain.

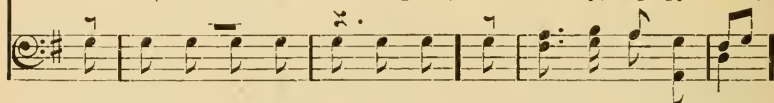
HENRY E. MATHEWS.



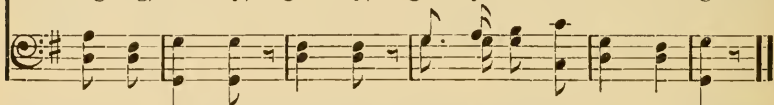
1. A-round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand,



Chil-dren, whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho-ly, hap-py band,



Sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high!"



2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See ev'ry one array'd,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high!"

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love,—
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high!"

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin,
Behold, they stand before their God
In garments white and clean,
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high!"

Anne Shepherd.

GOD IS LOVE.

8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 4.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, Our God is love.

Let heav'n and earth their prais-es bring, Our God is love.

Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet music make,

And sing with us, for Je - su's sake, Our God is love.

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2 O tell to earth's remotest bound,
 Our God is love !
 In Christ we have redemption found—
 Our God is love. [away,
 Christ's blood has washed our sins
 His Spirit turned our night to day,
 And now we can rejoice to say,
 Our God is love.

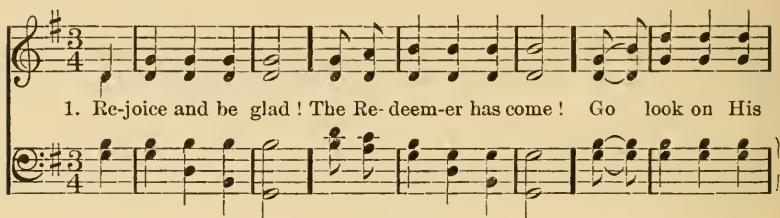
3 How happy is our portion here—
 Our God is love.
 His promises our spirits cheer—
 Our God is love.
 He is our Sun and Shield by day,
 Our Help, our Hope, our Strength, our
 He will be with us all the way—[Stay;
 Our God is love.

Anon.

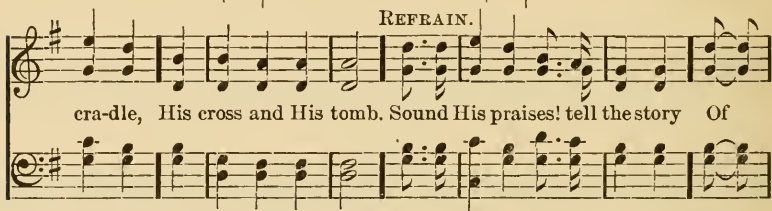
REJOICE.

P. M.

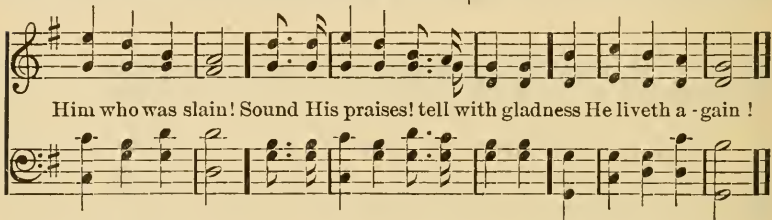
JOHN J. HUSBAND.



1. Re-joice and be glad ! The Re- deem-er has come ! Go look on His



era-dle, His cross and His tomb. Sound His praises! tell the story Of



Him who was slain ! Sound His praises! tell with gladness He liveth a - gain !

2 Rejoice and be glad !
Now the pardon is free !
The Just for the unjust
Has died on the tree.

3 Rejoice and be glad !
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant,
And liveth again.

4 Rejoice and be glad !
For our Lord is on high:
He pleadeth for us on
His throne in the sky !

5 Rejoice and be glad !
For He cometh again !
He cometh in glory,—
The Lamb that was slain !

Horatius Bonar.

312

1 We praise Thee, O God,
For the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and
Is now gone above.

REF.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !
Hallelujah ! amen !
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !
Amen and amen !

2 We praise Thee, O God,
For Thy Spirit of Light,

Who has shown us our Saviour,
And scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and
Has cleansed ev'ry stain.

4 All glory and praise
To the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us,
And guided our ways.

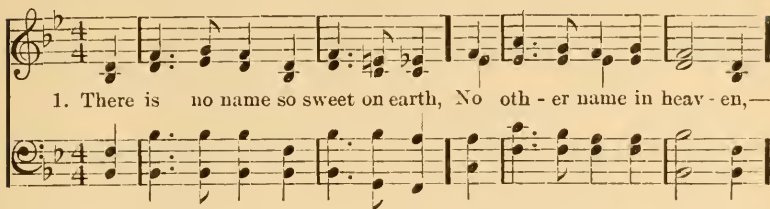
William Paton MacKay.

313 There Is No Name So Sweet On Earth.

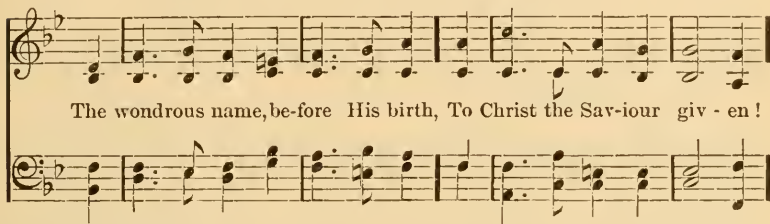
SWEETEST NAME.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

C. and F. JOUARD.

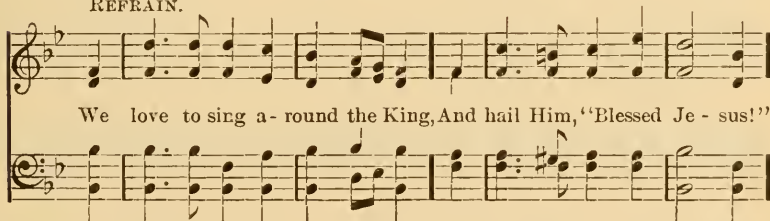


1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No oth - er name in heav - en,—

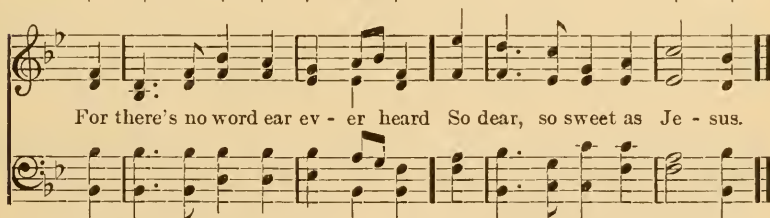


The wondrous name, be-fore His birth, To Christ the Sav-iour giv - en!

REFRAIN.



We love to sing a- round the King, And hail Him, "Blessed Je - sus!"



For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

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- 2 To mock Him, hanging on the tree, 3 And now upon His Father's throne—
That name they wrote above Him; Almighty to release us
But there we see the reason we From sin and pains—He gladly reigns,
Forever more should love Him. A Prince and Saviour, Jesus!

4 O Jesus! by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never!
To-day, as yesterday, the same,—
Thou art the same forever!

Geo. W. Bethune.

ST. GERTRUDE.

11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry un - to Je - sus be!

Sing a - loud the sto - ry of His vic - to - ry! How He left the

splen - dor of His home on high; Came in love so ten - der

REFRAIN.

on the cross to die. Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry un - to Je - sus

be! Sing a - loud the sto - ry of His vic - to - ry!

Everlasting Glory Unto Jesus Be.—Concluded.

2 We in death were lying, lost in hopeless gloom;
Jesus, by His dying, vanquished e'en the tomb!
Burst its iron portal, rolled away the stone,
Rose, in life immortal, to the Father's throne.

REF.—Everlasting glory unto Jesus be!

Sing aloud the story of His victory!

3 Christ the Lord is risen, sing we now to-day!
Freed are we from prison, Christ our debt did pay!
Sing aloud, and never cease to spread His fame;
Triumph, triumph ever in the Saviour's name.

REF.—Everlasting glory unto Jesus be!

Sing aloud the story of His victory!

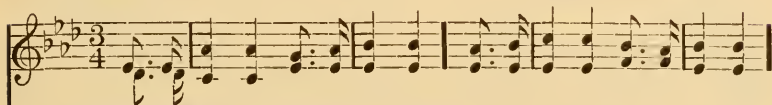
Anon.

315 Praise the Saviour, Ye Who Know Him.

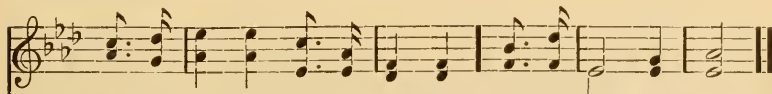
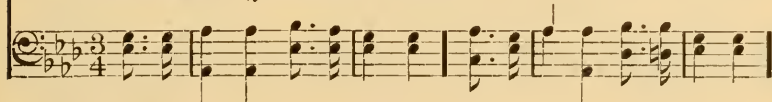
ACCLAIM.

8, 8, 8, 5.

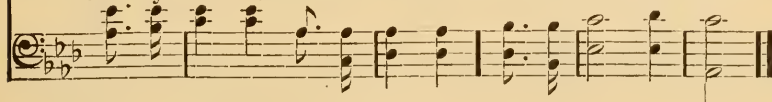
German.



1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him! Who can tell how much we owe Him?



Glad - ly let us ren - der to Him All we have and are.



2 Jesus is the name that charms us;
He for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves and nothing harms us
While we trust in Him.

4 Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleaving
To Thyself and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys with Thee.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, forever;
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.

5 Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be;
Things that are not now, nor could be,
Soon shall be our own.

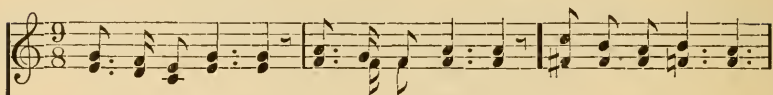
Thomas Kelly.

316 Wonderful Saviour, Blessed Redeemer.

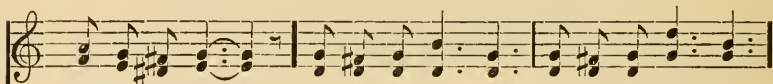
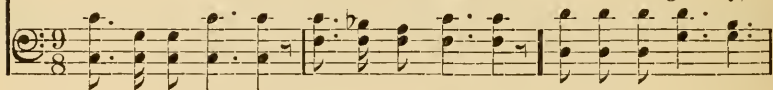
10, 9 10, 9, and Refrain.

WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

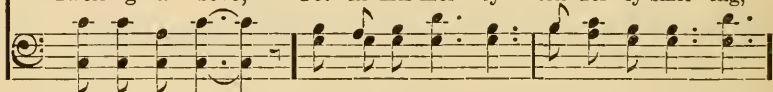
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.



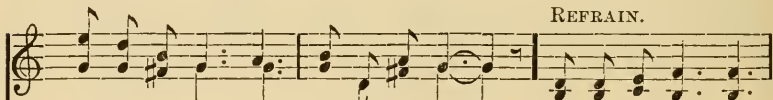
1. Won-der-ful SAVIOUR! bless - ed REDEEM-ER! Ev - er in glo - ry,



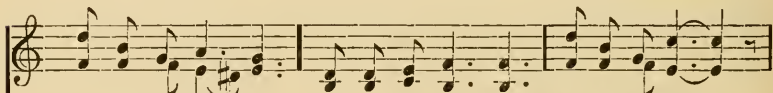
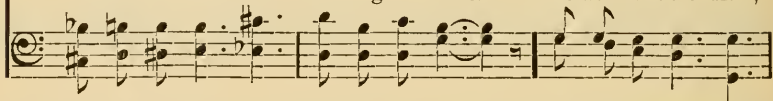
dwelling a - bove; Yet in His mer - cy ten - der - ly smil - ing,



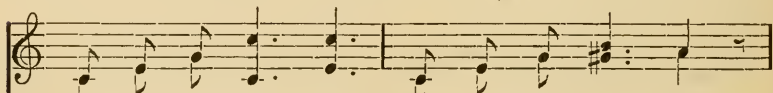
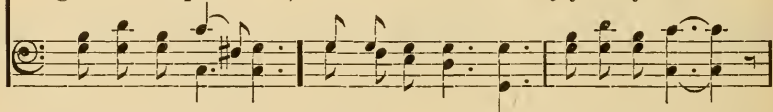
REFRAIN.



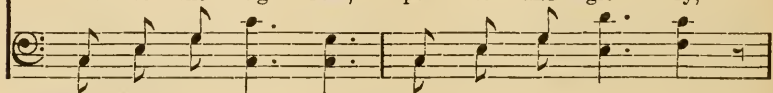
O - ver the chil - dren bend - ing in love. We will a - dore Him,



gath - er and praise Him, Voic - es in con - cert joy - ful - ly blend!



His be the king - dom, pow - er and glo - ry,



Wonderful Saviour, Blessed Redeemer.—Concluded.

Now and for - ev - er, world without end! His be the king-dom,

pow - er and glo - ry, Now and for - ev - er, world without end!

- 2 Sing of His greatness, infinite greatness,
Sing of His goodness day after day;
Guarding from evil, shielding from
danger, [way.
Leading us onward, cheering the
- 3 He is our refuge, He is our safe-guard,
Peace to the youthful kindly He
brings; [us,
Sweet is the promise, He will protect
He will defend us under His wings.
Fanny J. Crosby.

317 Sing of Jesus! Sing For Ever.

SONG.

8, 8, 8, 5.

German.

1. Sing of Je - sus! sing for ev - er Of the love that changes nev - er!

Who or what from Him can sev - er Those He makes His own?

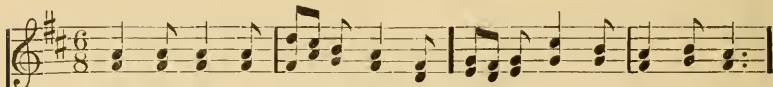
- 2 With His blood the Lord hath bought [them;
When they knew Him not, He sought
them; [them:
He from all their wand'rings brought
His the praise alone!
- 3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heav'n He feeds
them, [them
And through all the way He speeds
To their home above!

318 Little Children, Praise the Saviour.

LAUD.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

C. and F. JOUARD.



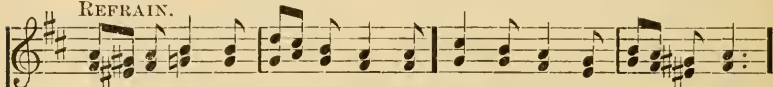
1. Lit - tle chil-dren, praise the Saviour! He re-gards you from a - bove.



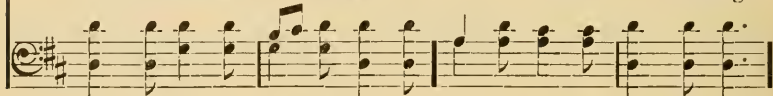
Praise Him for His great sal - va - tion! Praise Him for His gracious love!



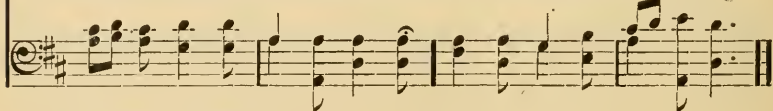
REFRAIN.



Sweet ho-san-nas! sweet ho-san - nas! To the name of Je - sus sing!



Sweet ho-san-nas! sweet ho-san-nas! To the name of Je - sus sing!



Copyright, 1899, by B. Greenman.

2 When the anxious mothers round Him
With their tender infants pressed,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blessed.

3 Little children, praise the Saviour!
Praise Him—your undying Friend!
Praise Him, till in heav'n you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end!

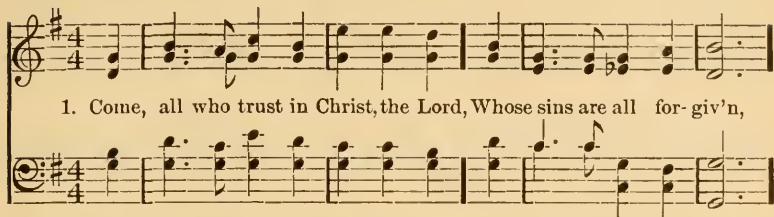
Anon.

319 Come, All Who Trust in Christ the Lord.

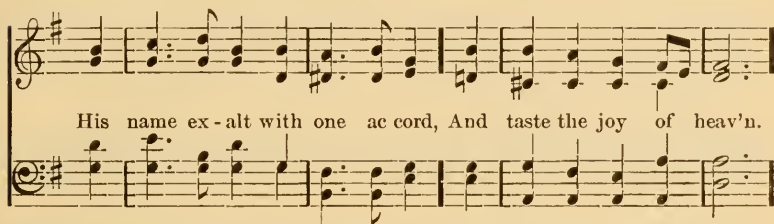
HALLEL.

C. M. and Refrain.

R. L. HASLUP.

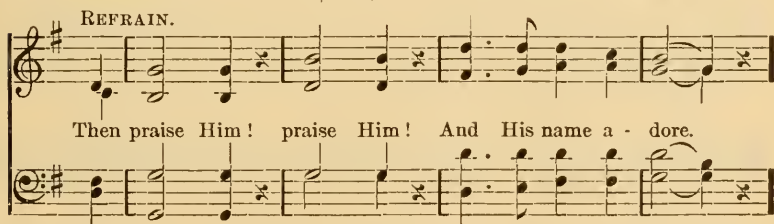


1. Come, all who trust in Christ, the Lord, Whose sins are all for-giv'n,

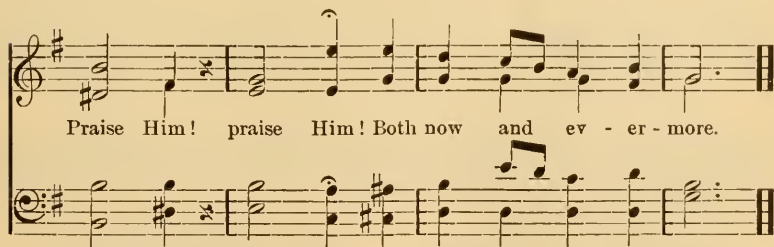


His name ex-alt with one ac-cord, And taste the joy of heav'n.

REFRAIN.



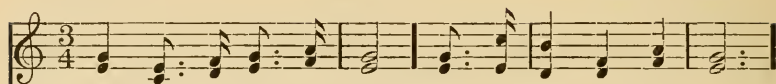
Then praise Him! praise Him! And His name a-dore.



Praise Him! praise Him! Both now and ev-er-more.

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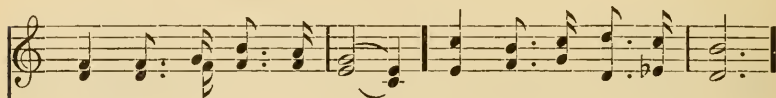
- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Praise Him for all the matchless worth,
Which in Himself we see;
The triumphs of His love tell forth,
And sing, He died for me. | 4 Praise Him for all we hope to be,
When called from earth away;
And raised or changed His face we see,
In heav'n's bright cloudless day. |
| 3 Praise Him for all His present love,
As Priest and Advocate:
He pleads our cause in heav'n above,
While here for Him we wait. | 5 Then with the mighty ransomed host,
The purchase of His blood, [boast
We'll raise our song, and make our
In Christ, the Lamb of God. |



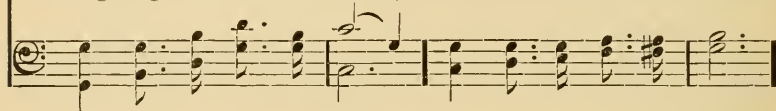
1. Come, let us glad - ly sing, Hal - le - lu - iah! A - men.



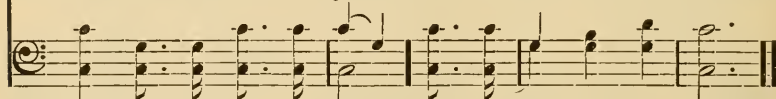
To Christ our prais - es bring, Hal - le - lu - iah! A - men.



Bring song and in - cense choice, And all with heart and voice



Be - fore the throne re - joice: Hal - le - lu - iah! A - men.



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2 Come, lift each heart on high,
Halleluiah! Amen.
Let praises fill the sky,
Halleluiah! Amen.
In love did He descend—
Our Lord, our Guide, our Friend,
Whose love shall never end:
Halleluiah! Amen.

3 Above we'll sing again,
Halleluiah! Amen.
A nobler, sweeter strain,
Halleluiah! Amen.
On heaven's blissful shore
Thee, Saviour, we'll adore
In songs forevermore:
Halleluiah! Amen.

E. F. Hatfield.

HOSANNA.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

German.

1. When, His sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,

The chil-dren all stood sing-ing Ho - san - na to His name.

Nor did their zeal of-fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,

He bade them still at - tend Him, And lov'd to hear their song.

2 Then since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though not as king He reigneth,
On Zion's holy hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon God's throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To God the Father's Son!

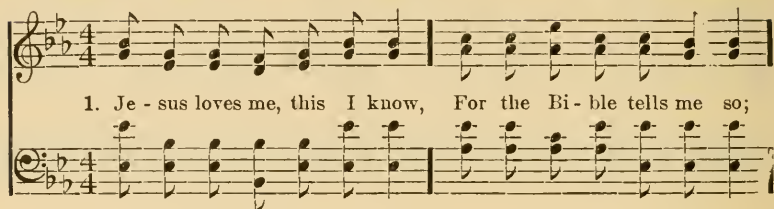
3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, but with hearts made tender,
Our all shall be the Lord's.

J. King.

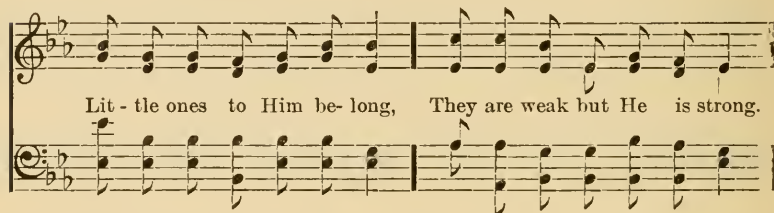
JESUS LOVES ME.

7, 7, 7, 7, and Refrain.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

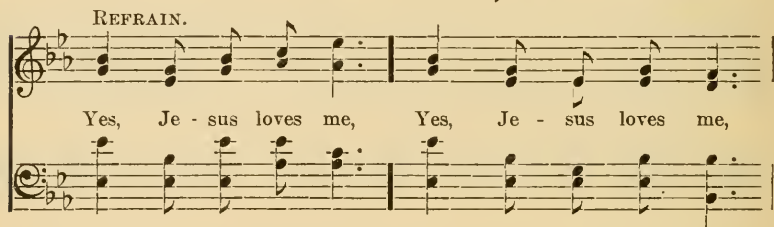


1. Je - sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;



Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.

REFRAIN.



Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me,



Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

Copyright property of the Biglow & Main Co. Used by per.

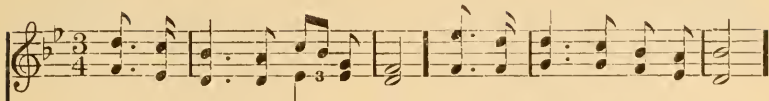
- 2 Jesus loves me, He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let a little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me, though I'm bad,
And He waits to make me glad;
Waits to fold me in His arm,
Keep me safe from ev'ry harm.

- 4 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
When I'm very weak and ill,—
From His shining place on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
- 5 Jesus loves me, He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I trust Him, by and by,
He will take me home on high.

PILOT.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

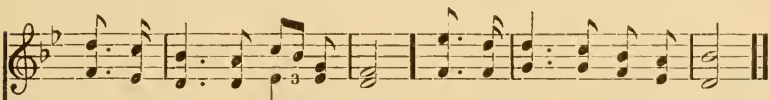
J. E. GOULD.



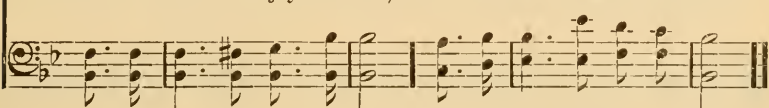
1. Chil-dren, can you tell me why Je-sus came to bleed and die?



He was hap-py high a-bove, Dwelling in His Father's love,



Yet He left His joy and bliss, For a wick-ed world like this.



2 Children, I will tell you why
Jesus left His home on high:
He is gracious, full of love,
Kind and gentle as a dove,
So He could not live alone,
Though He sat upon a throne.

3 We were all by sin undone,
Yet He loved us, ev'ry one;
So to earth He kindly came,
On the cross to bear our shame,
And to wash away our guilt
In the precious blood He spilt.

4 He who for our sins was slain,
Lives and dwells above again,
Where He's waiting to receive
All who will His love believe:
This, dear children, this is why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

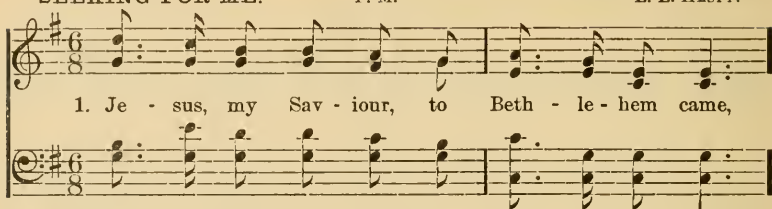
Anon.

324 Jesus, My Saviour, to Bethlehem Came.

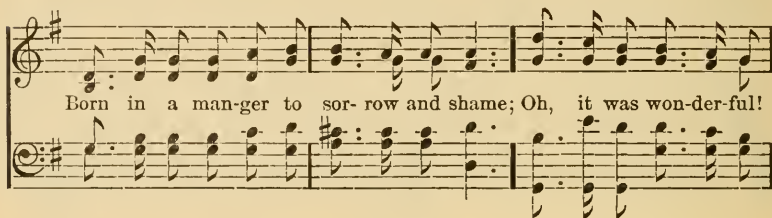
SEEKING FOR ME.

P. M.

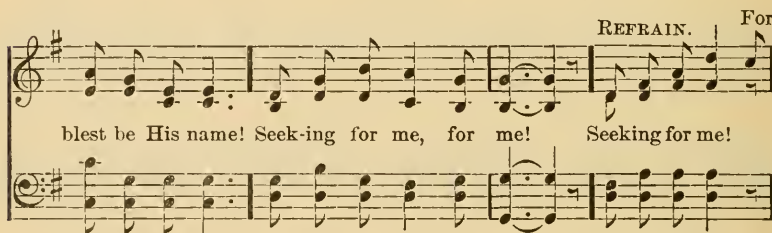
E. E. HASTY.



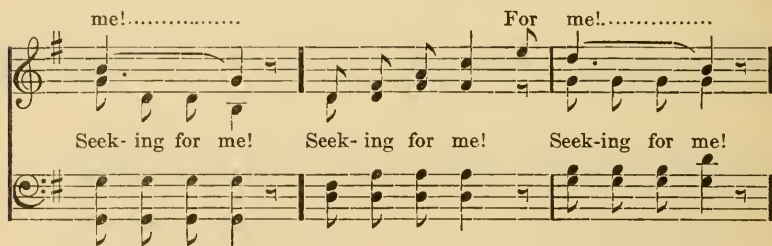
1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came,



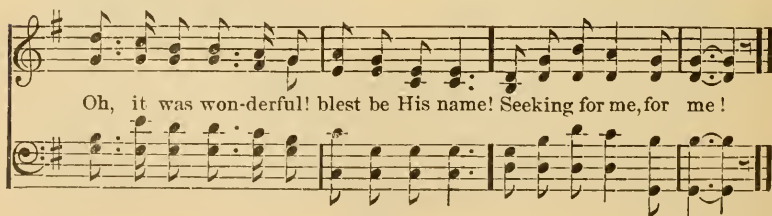
Born in a man-ger to sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful!



blest be His name! Seek - ing for me, for me! Seeking for me!



me!..... For me!.....
Seek - ing for me! Seek - ing for me! Seek - ing for me!



Oh, it was won - der - ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!

Jesus, My Saviour, to Bethlehem Came.—Concluded.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set
free:
Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be?
Dying for me, for me!</p> | <p>3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I was wand'ring afar from the
fold, [soul,
Gently and long did He plead with my
Calling for me, for me!</p> |
|--|---|

REF.—Dying for me, for me!

Dying for me, for me!

Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be?

Dying for me, for me!

REF.—Calling for me, for me!

Calling for me, for me! [soul,

Gently and long did He plead with my

Calling for me, for me!

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high,

Sweet is the promise, as weary years fly!

Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,

Coming for me! for me!

REF.—Coming for me, for me!

Coming for me, for me!

Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,

Coming for me, for me!

ANON.

325

Christ Is Merciful and Mild.

ALETTA.

7, 7, 7, 7.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Christ is mer-ci-ful and mild, He was once a lit-tle child;

He whom heav'nly hosts a-dore Liv'd on earth amongst the poor.

2 He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

4 Thus He laid His glory by,
When for us He stooped to die:
How I wonder, when I see
His unbounded love to me!

3 Ev'ry bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the world was made
Had not where to lay His head.

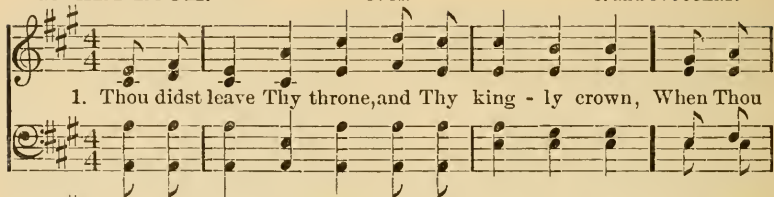
5 He who is the Lord most high
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

ANON.

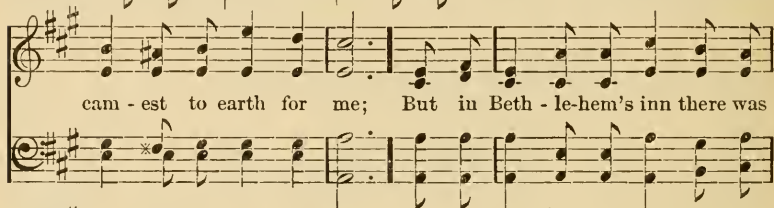
HEART-ROOM.

P. M.

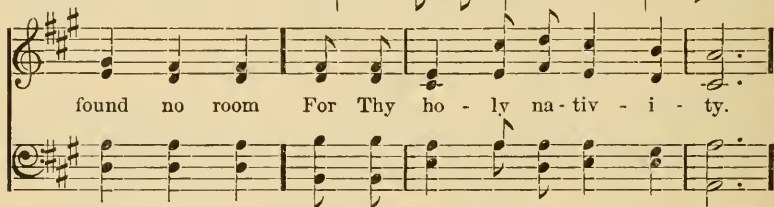
C. and F. JOUARD.



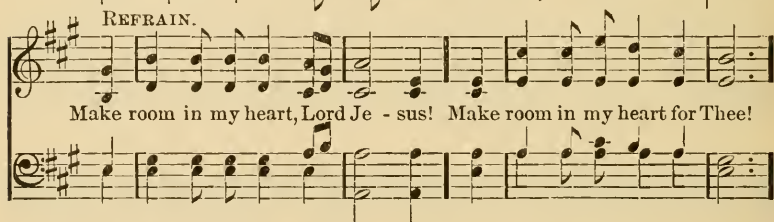
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou



cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's inn there was

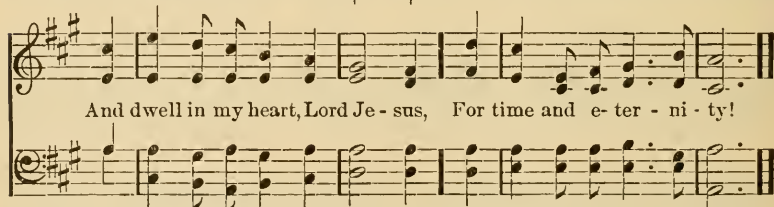


found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.



REFRAIN.

Make room in my heart, Lord Je - sus! Make room in my heart for Thee!



And dwell in my heart, Lord Je - sus, For time and e - ter - ni - ty!

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- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
 All proclaiming Thy high degree;
 But in lowliest birth Thou didst come
 to earth,
 And in greatest humility.
- 3 E'en the fox found rest, and the bird
 its nest,
 In the shade of the cedar tree;
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
 Son of God,
 In the deserts of Galilee.

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.—Concluded.

<p>4 Thou didst come, O Lord, with Thy living Word That should set all Thy people free; But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Calvary.</p>	<p>5 Heaven's dome shall ring, and its choirs shall sing At Thy coming to victory; Thou wilt then call me home, saying, "Lo, there's room, There is room at My side for Thee!"</p>
---	---

Emily S. Elliott.

327

How Kind is the Saviour.

MENTONE.

11, 11, 11, 11.

Sir J. BARNBY.

1. How kind is the Sav-iour! how great is His love! To bless lit-tle
 chil-dren He came from a - bove; He left ho - ly an - gels and
 their bright a-bode, To live here with children and teach them the road.

2 He wept in the garden and died on the tree,
 To open a fountain for sinners like me:
 His blood is that fountain, which pardon bestows,
 And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.

3 O help us, blest Jesus, more sweetly to praise,
 And walk in Thy footsteps the rest of our days!
 Then raise us, dear Saviour, to taste of Thy love,
 And praise Thee forever, with children above!

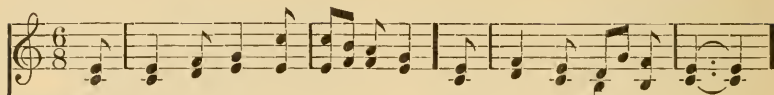
E. F. Hughes.

328 O Saviour, Shepherd-Lord Above!

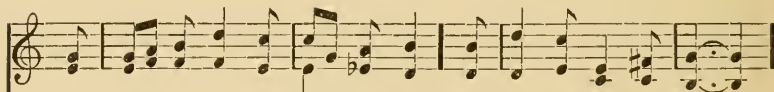
RESPONSE.

C. M. D.

C. and F. JOUARD.



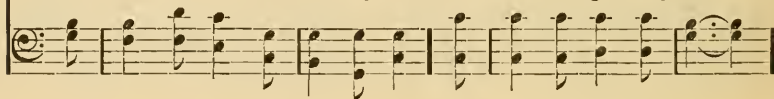
1. O Saviour, Shepherd-Lord a-bove, When wand'ring sheep were we,



Thou soughtest us in wondrous love, And shall we not love Thee?



Shall we not love the Low-ly One Who sorrow's pathway trod—



Whose words and deeds of love have shown Our hearts the heart of God?



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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Shall we not love Thee, Jesus, Lord,
 Who for us bore the scorn,
 The scoff, the blow, the scourging cord,
 The cross, the crown of thorn?
 Shall we not love Thee, who couldst
 Through mighty love for us, [bear
 In Thine own holy body there,
 Our sins upon the cross!</p> | <p>3 We love Thee, O Thou knowest, Lord,
 And wait for Thee to come,
 That we, according to Thy word,
 With Thee may be at home.
 Yet teach us ever more to love,
 To serve, to worship Thee,
 Till all Thine own, caught up above,
 Thy face in glory see.</p> |
|--|---|

F. Allaben.

How Loving Is Jesus.

BENEVOLENTIA.

11, 11, 11, 11, and Refrain.

R. L. HASLUP.

1. How lov - ing is Je - sus, who came from the sky, In ten - der - est

pit - y, for sin - ners to die! His hands and His feet they were nail'd to the

REFRAIN.

tree, And judgment He suffered for sin - ners like me. For sin - ners like

me, for sin - ners like me, And judgment He suffer'd for sinners like me.

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- 2 How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak He supports them,—their Shepherd, He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

REF.—He kindly provides, He kindly provides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

- 3 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart;
His glory He gives them, their home is above,
And Jesus will take them to dwell in His love.

REF.—To dwell in His love, to dwell in His love,
And Jesus will take them to dwell in His love.

AMOR PATRIS.

11, 11, 11, 11.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. O God, our blest Fa - ther, Thou lov - est us so,

Thy loved One Thou gav - est, our Ran - som from woe!

To seek and to save us He came from a - bove,—

The Light of Thy bos - om, the Son of Thy love!

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2 O Father, in mercy, with meekness, Thy Son
Hath told out Thy pity to sinners undone!
To carry our sorrows He came from above,—
The Joy of Thy bosom, the Son of Thy love!

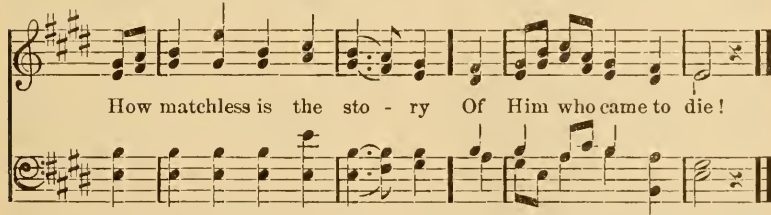
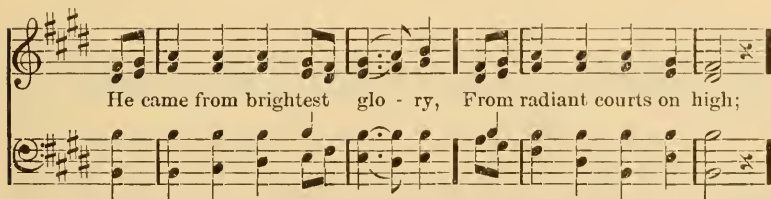
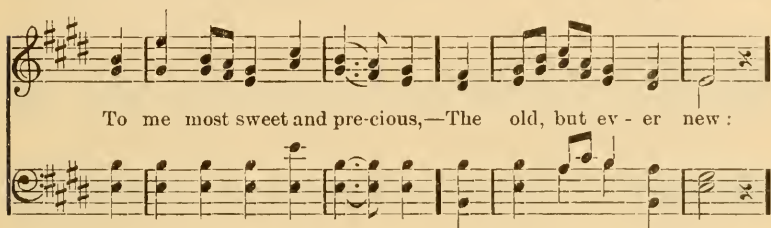
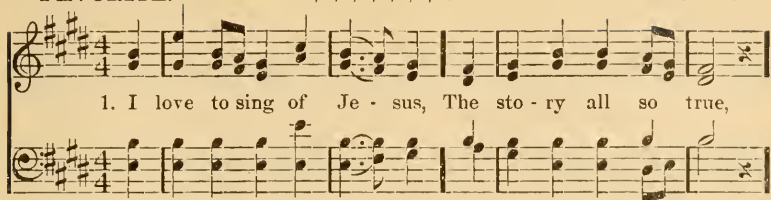
3 Alone and forsaken, our doom did He bear;
Alone in that darkness, Thy Son and Thine Heir!
The stroke of God's judgment smote Him from above,—
The Son of Thy bosom, the Son of Thy love!

4 Made Thine thro' His travail, Thy children shall be
Forever, O Father, with Jesus and Thee!
Forever, O Father, with Jesus above,
At rest on Thy bosom as sons of Thy love!

FAVORITE.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

German.



2 The Babe in Beth'lem's manger,
The lowly One on earth,
Rejected and a Stranger,—
Few cared to know His worth!
My soul would now recall Him,
In all His perfect love,
Who e'en as Calv'ry's Victim
Its wondrous depths could prove.

3 'Twas there my Saviour suffered,
And tasted death for me;
Yes, there the work He finished
That sets me ever free.

My sins all laid upon Him,
The wrath and judgment borne,
The power of Satan broken,
In Jesu's death of scorn!

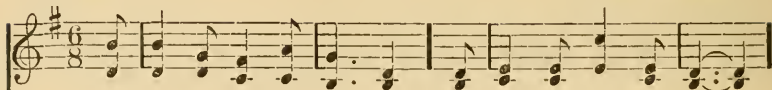
4 And now the Lord is risen,
His grief and travail o'er,
Seated in highest heaven,
Alive to die no more.
And soon for me He's coming
To take me home above,
Where still I'll sing the story
Of Jesus and His love.

Anon.

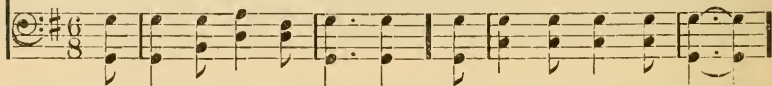
LOUTRON.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

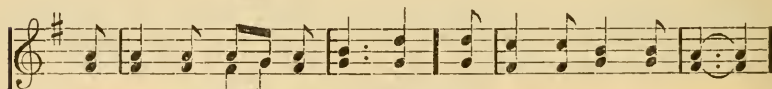
C. and F. JOUARD.



1. Our sins were borne by Je - sus, The ho - ly Lamb of God :



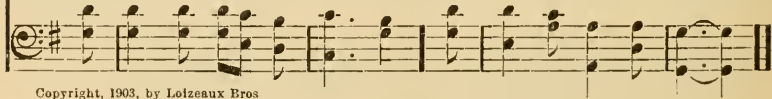
He took them all, and freed us From that condemn - ing load.



Our guilt was borne by Je - sus, Who washed the crimson stains



White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.

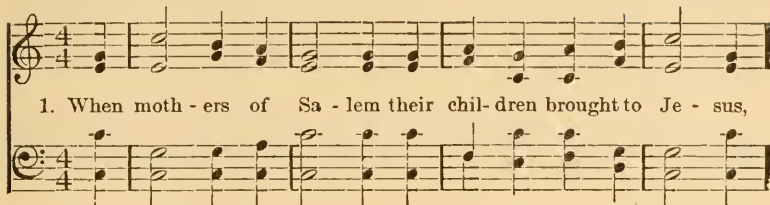


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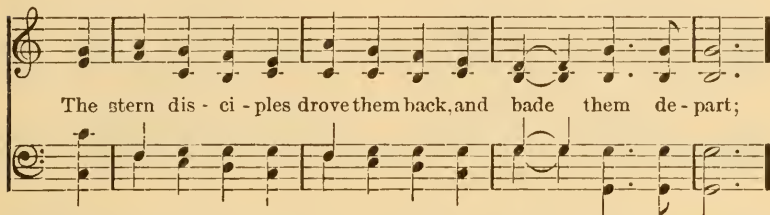
2 Our wants are known to Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth all diseases,
Who did our souls redeem.
We tell our griefs to Jesus,
Our burdens and our cares;
He from them all releases,
And all our sorrow shares.

3 We love the name of Jesus,
The Christ of God, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.
We long to be with Jesus,
With all the ransomed throng,
To sing for aye His praises,—
The one eternal song.

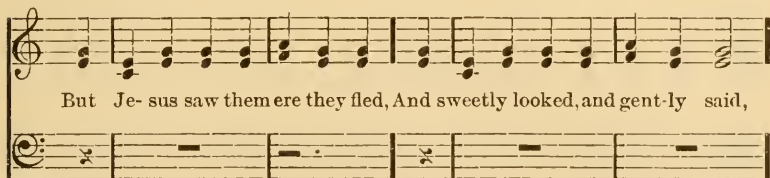
Horatius Bonar.



1. When moth - ers of Sa - lem their chil - dren brought to Je - sus,



The stern dis - ci - ples drove them back, and bade them de - part;



But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, And sweetly looked, and gent - ly said,



"Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me.

2 "For I will receive them, and fold
them to My bosom,
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs—Oh!
drive them not away;
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live;
Suffer the children to come unto Me."

3 How kind was the Saviour to bid these
children welcome!
But there are many thousands who
have never heard His name;

The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

4 How happy the children who rest on
Jesu's bosom,
And there, like little folded lambs,
are safe and at rest;
Thence, none can pluck them e'er
away,
For He who keeps them loves to say,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

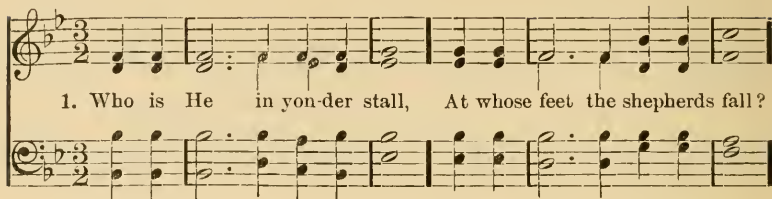
334

Who Is He, In Yonder Stall?

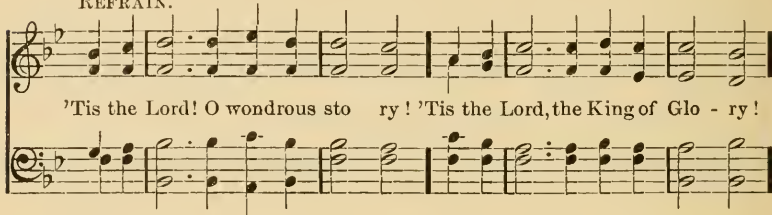
GRATIA JESU.

7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7.

B. R. HANBY.



REFRAIN.



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2 Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?5 Who is He, in Calv'ry's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?3 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?6 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?4 Lo! in anguish, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemaue?7 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

B. R. Hanby.

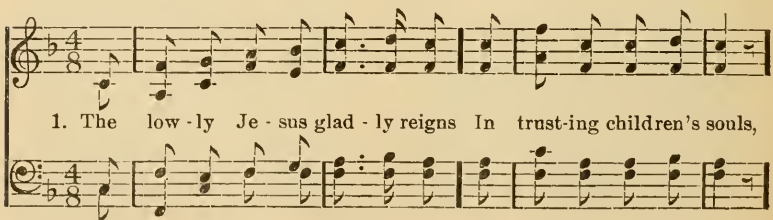
335

The Lowly Jesus Gladly Reigns.

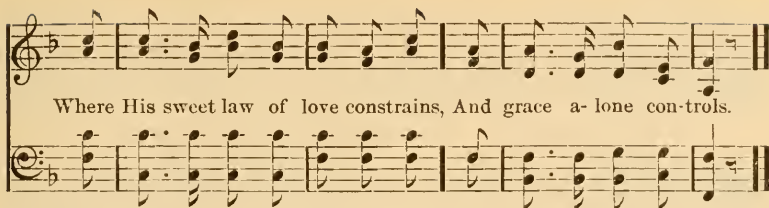
JESUS REIGNS.

C. M.

German.



The Lowly Jesus Gladly Reigns.—Concluded.



Where His sweet law of love constrains, And grace a-lone con-trols.

2 The blessed light of truth divine
He doth to each impart,
And kindly poureth oil and wine
On every wounded heart.

3 Jesus, the Lord, is full of love :
How tender all His ways!
He hears His children's prayers above,
He loves their notes of praise.

4 Through life He guides them by His
If, ere He come, they die, [Word;
His hand shall loose the silver cord—
To *Him* their spirits fly.

5 Yes, from the gloomy world they rise,
To Jesus borne along,
Until, above the starry skies,
They join the heav'nly throng.

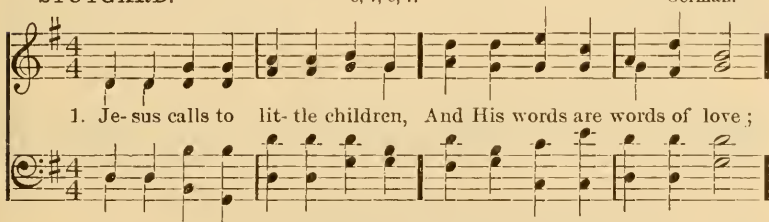
Anon.

336 Jesus Calls to Little Children.

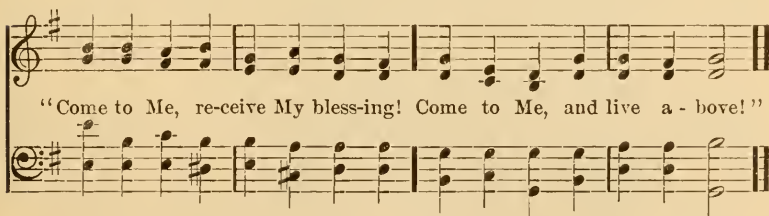
STUTTGARD.

8, 7, 8, 7.

German.



1. Je-sus calls to lit-tle children, And His words are words of love ;



“Come to Me, re-ceive My bless-ing! Come to Me, and live a - bove!”

2 “But,” you say, “He lives in heaven;
How can I approach Him there?”
Listen then to what He utters,
Thus His gracious words declare:—

3 “Though in glory I am seated,
E’en the softest word I hear;
And the voice of little children
Soundeth sweetly in Mine ear.

4 “In My love to ruined sinners,
To this wretched world I came;
Here I died to make atonement;
Justice now no more can claim.

5 “Sinners now in Me believing
Everlasting life receive;
Come, in faith, to Me for pardon—
I have died that thou may’st live.”

Anon.

337 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

SWEET STORY.

11, 8, 12, 9.

Anon.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When

Je - sus was here a-mong men,— How He call'd lit-tle chil-dren as

lambs to His fold,— I should like to have been with Him then.

- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
His arms had been thrown about me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His presence in prayer I may go,—
I know I may trust in His love;
And if thus I will earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.
- 4 A beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiv'n,
And now many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Ne'er heard of that heavenly home,
Though the Bible declares there is room for them all,
And that Jesus invites them to come.
- 6 It speaks of a blesséd and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd into His arms and be blessed.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold,

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - troll'd ;

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child ;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste and wild :
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wand'ring one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole :

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wand'ring sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold :
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam ;
I love my heav'nly Father's voice,
I love, I love His home !

1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Wip - ing ev - 'ry tear;

Fold - ed in His bo - som, What have we to fear?

On - ly let us fol - low Whith - er He doth lead,

To the thirst-y des - ert, Or the dew - y mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice—
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone:
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep He bled;
Ev'ry lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;

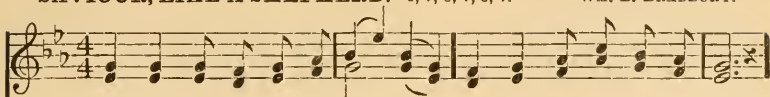
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,—
"They that have My Spirit,"
"These," saith He, "are Mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
Though we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,—
Victors o'er the tomb.

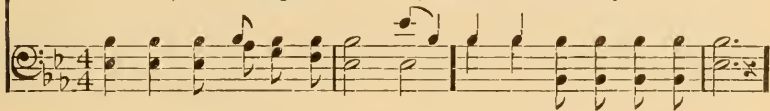
340 Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

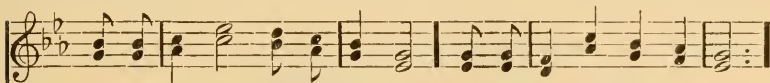
WM. B. BRADBURY.



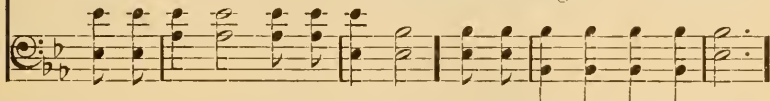
1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care!



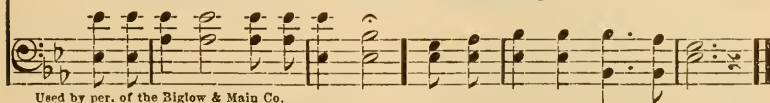
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us; For Thy fold our souls prepare:



Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us—Thine we are.



Blessed Je - sus! blessed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us—Thine we are!



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2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 ||: Blesséd Jesus! blesséd Jesus!
 Early may we turn to Thee! :||

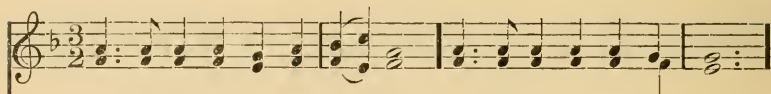
3 Early may we seek Thy favor,
 Early may we learn Thy will;
 Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 ||: Blesséd Jesus! blesséd Jesus!
 Thou hast lov'd—dost love us still. :||
 Dorothy A. Thrupp.

341 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

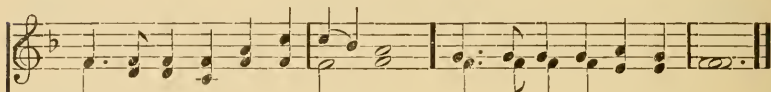
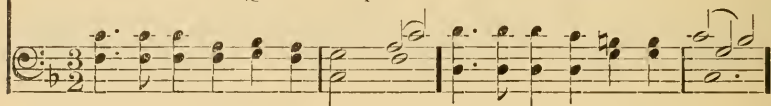
ST. SYLVESTER.

8, 7, 8, 7

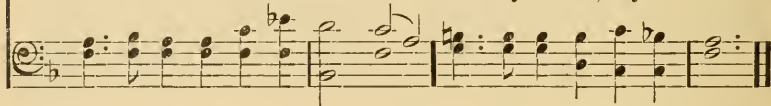
J. B. DYKES.



1. Gra-cious Saviour, gentle Shepherd! Lit-tle ones are dear to Thee :



Gathered in Thine arms, and carried In Thy bo-som, may we be.



2 Tender Shepherd ! never leave us,
From Thy fold to go astray :
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
May we with Thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord the King.

Jane E. Leeson and J. Whittmore.

342 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

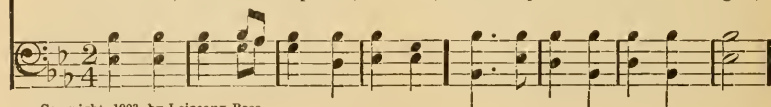
TENDER SHEPHERD.

8, 7, 8, 7.

C. and F. JOUARD.

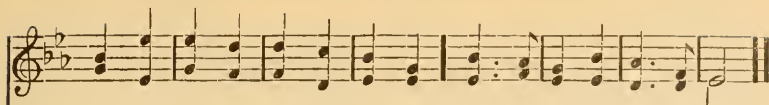


1. Je - sus, ten- der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit- tle lamb to - night;



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Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.—Concluded.



Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning light.



- 2 All this day Thy hand hath led me, 3 Let my sins be all forgiven ;
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ; Bless the friends I love so well ;
 Thou hast kept and cloth'd and fed me : Fit me, Lord, as Thine for heaven,
 Listen to my humble prayer. Happy there with Thee to dwell.

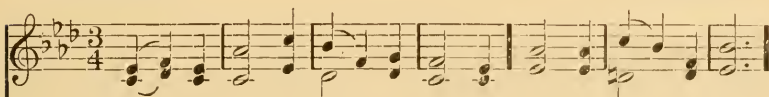
Mary Duncan.

343 I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

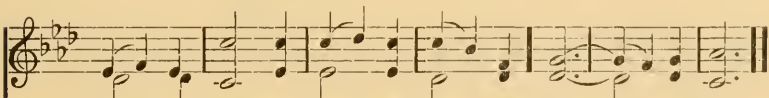
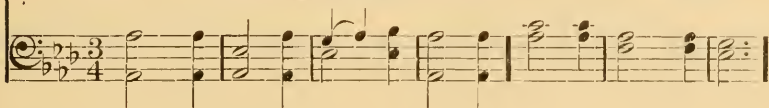
BULLINGER.

8, 5, 8, 3.

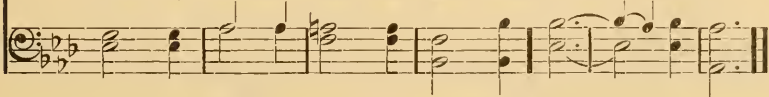
E. W. BULLINGER.



1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus! Trust-ing on - ly Thee !



Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great..... and free.



- 2 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus!
 At Thy feet I bow,
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now!
- 3 I am trusting Thee to guide me:
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Ev'ry day and hour supplying
 All my need.

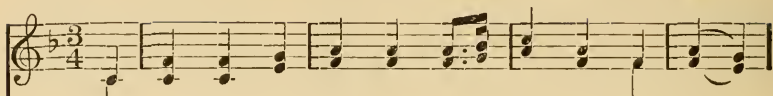
- 4 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus!
 Never let me fall!
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.

Frances R. Havergal.

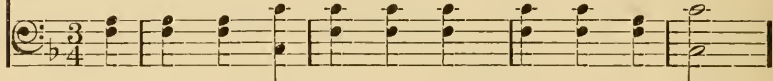
DUREN.

11, 11, 11, 11.

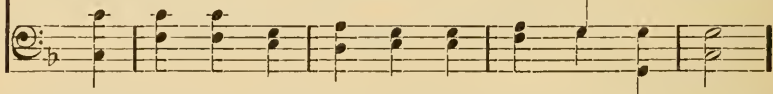
LOWELL MASON.



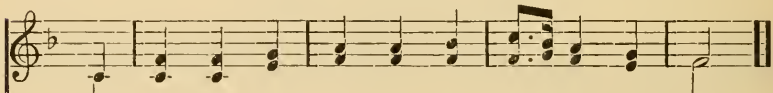
1. Our lov - ing Re - deem - er! we trust in Thy word—



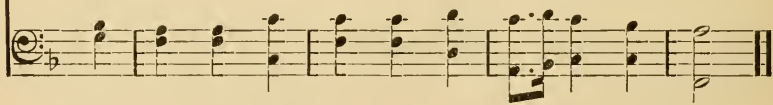
The word which of old called the chil - dren to Thee:



Its tones, all so ten - der, with joy we have heard,



“For - bid not the lambs who would come un - to Me.”



2 Our sins were as scarlet; Thou makest us clean—
 Washed white, in Thy blood, as the beautiful snow;
 The best robe of righteousness on us is seen;
 The joy of forgiveness Thou makest us know.

3 When life is all over, when we are above,
 Where cometh no terror, where falleth no tear,
 We'll sing in sweet numbers Thy wonderful love,
 With all who in childhood have followed Thee here.

Anon.

O BONA PATRIA.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. I need Thee, precious Je - sus! For I am ver - y poor;

A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.

I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,

To guide my fee - ble foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.

2 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus!

I need a friend like Thee;

A friend so sympathizing,

A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus

To feel each anxious care,

To tell my every want to,

And all my sorrows share.

3 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus!

And hope to see Thee soon,

Encircled with the rainbow,

And seated on Thy throne;

There, with the blood-bought children,

My joy shall ever be,

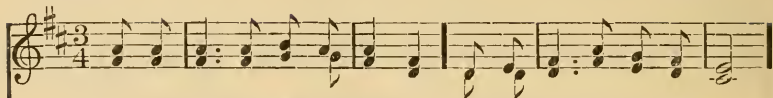
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus—

To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

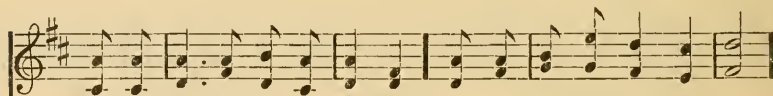
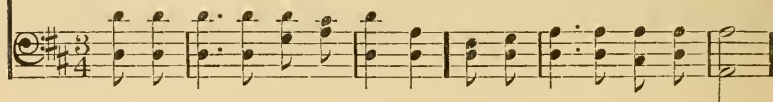
CLESIS.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

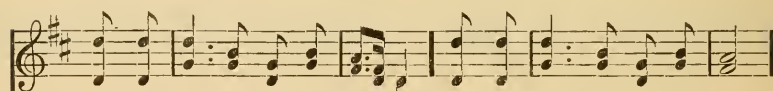
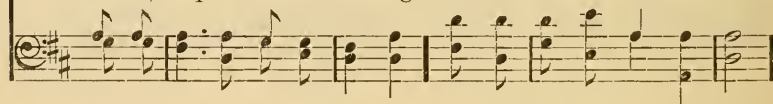
German.



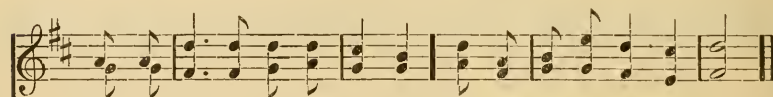
1. Hark! it is the Saviour call-ing, "Lit-tle children, fol-low Me!"



Je-sus, keep our feet from fall-ing—Teach us how to fol-low Thee!



O do Thou who, meek and lowly, Trod Thy-self this vale of woe,



Make us Thine, and make us ho-ly—Guard and guide us as we go!



2 Childhood's years are passing o'er us—

Youthful days will soon be done;

Cares and sorrows lie before us—

Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

May we heed that Voice, then, calling,

"Little children, follow Me!"

Jesus, keep our feet from falling—

Teach us how to follow Thee!

SHINING.

P. M.

R. L. HASLUP.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, with a pure clear light,

Like a lit - tle can - dle burn - ing in the night.

In this world of dark - ness so we must shine,

You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.

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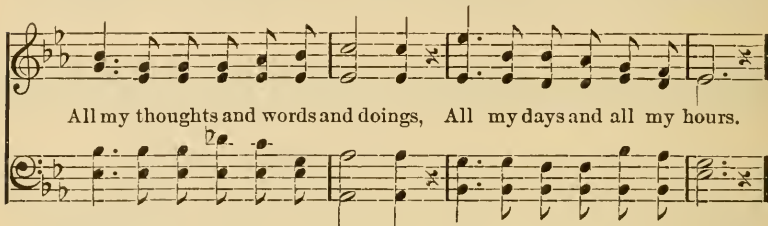
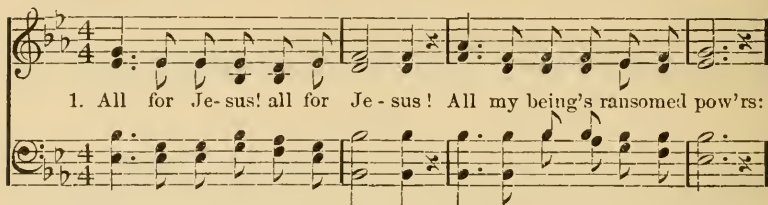
2 Jesus bids us shine first of all for Him ;
 Well He sees and knows it, if our light grows dim.
 He looks down from heaven to see us shine,
 You in your small corner, and I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine then for all around ;
 Many kinds of darkness in the world are found—
 Sin, and want, and sorrow ; so we may shine,
 You in your small corner, and I in mine,

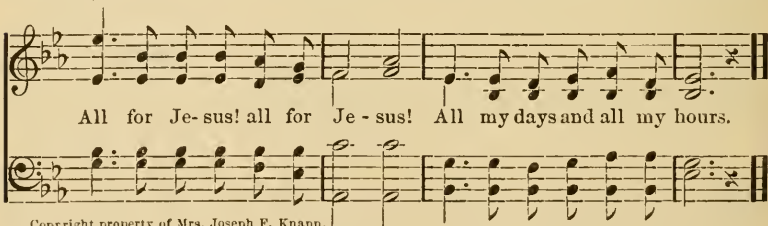
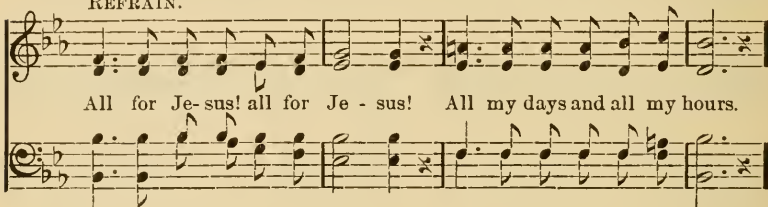
Anna B. Warner.

ALL FOR JESUS.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



REFRAIN.



Copyright property of Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding,
 Let my feet run in His ways,
 Let my heart love Jesus only,
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.:||

3 Let my eyes be fixed on Jesus!
 Losing sight of all beside;
 Chained to Him my spirit's vision,

Gazing on the Crucified.
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Gazing on the Crucified. :||

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings,
 Deigns to call me His beloved,
 Resting now beneath His wings.
 ||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath His wings. :||

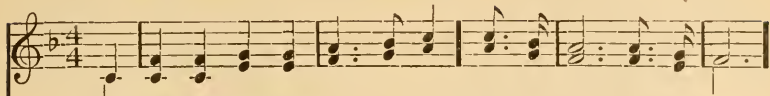
Marv D. James.

349 We're Traveling Home to Heaven Above.

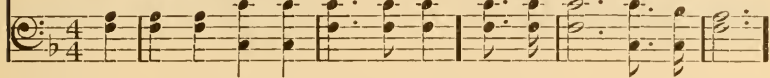
WILL YOU GO?

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

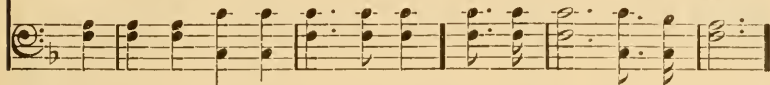
Western Melody.



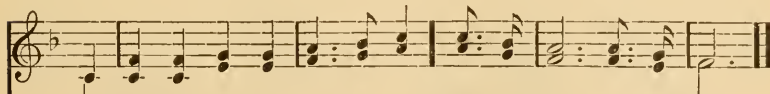
1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n a-bove; Will you go? will you go?



To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love: Will you go? will you go?



Millions have reached that blest abode, — Anointed kings and priests to God.



And mil-lions more are on the road: Will you go? will you go?



- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 2 We there shall walk the plains of light: | 3 O! could we hear some sinner say, |
| Will you go? will you go? | I will go! I will go! |
| Far, far from curse and death and night: | O! could we hear him humbly pray, |
| Will you go? will you go? | I would go! I would go! |
| The crown of life we then shall wear, | And all his old companions tell, |
| The conq'ror's palm we then shall bear, | "I will not go with you to hell: |
| And all the joys of heav'n we'll share: | I long with Jesus Christ to dwell:— |
| Will you go? will you go? | I will go! I will go!" |

HERALD ANGELS.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Lit - tle trav'lers heav-en - ward, We are journeying in - to rest,

In the king-dom of our Lord, In the man-sions of the blest.

There to greet us Je - sus waits—Gives the crowns His followers win:

O - pen wide, ye gold-en gates, Let the lit - tle trav'lers in!

O - pen wide, ye gold-en gates, Let the lit - tle trav'lers in!

Little Travelers Heavenward.—Concluded.

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey thro',
Now have reached that heav'nly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land!"
"I from India's sultry plain!"
||: "I from Afric's barren sand!"
"I from islands of the main!" :||

3 All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
There in joy they meet at last
In the home of God on high.
Each for us with Jesus waits,
Conq'rors over death and sin:
||: Open wide, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in! :||

James Edmeston.

351

On Our Way Rejoicing.

ST. ALBANS.

6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

HAYDN.

1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our

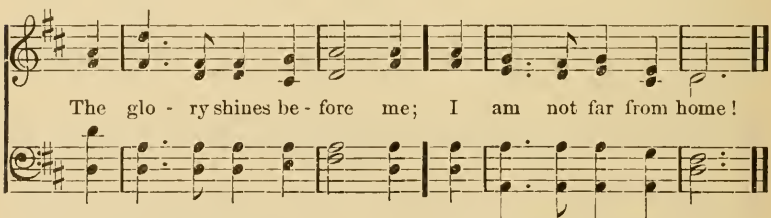
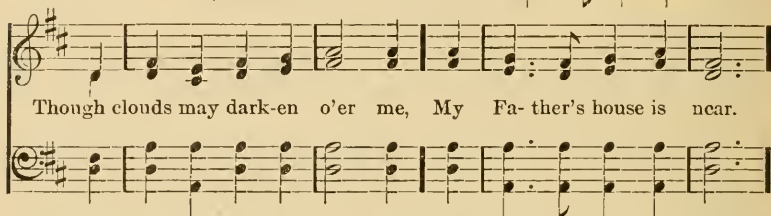
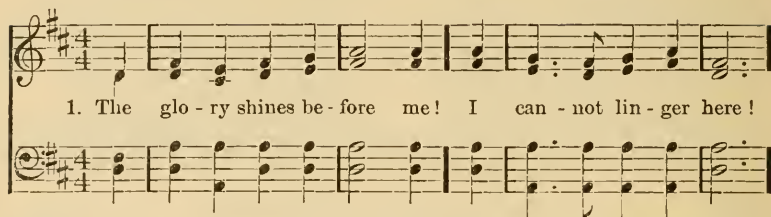
prais-es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness?

Thou our joy shalt be! Is our sky beclouded? Light is found with Thee!

2 On our way rejoicing,
Gladly let us go:
Jesus is our Leader!
Conquered is our foe!
Christ without, our Safety!
Christ within, our Joy!
Who, if we but trust Him,
Can our hope destroy?

3 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing!
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring!
Led by God the Spirit,
Gladly we adore—
On our way, rejoicing,
Now and ever more.

J. S. B. Monsell.



2 Beyond the storms I'm going,
 Beyond this vale of tears,
 Beyond the flood's o'erflowing,
 Beyond the changing years;
 I'm going to the home-land,
 By faith long since possessed,—
 The glory shines before me,
 For this is not my rest!

3 The Lamb is there the glory!
 The Lamb is there the light!
 There shall be no more weeping,
 And there is no more night.

The voice of Jesus calls me,
 My race will soon be run,
 The glory shines before me:
 The prize will soon be won!

4 The glory shines before me!
 I know that all is well!
 My Father's care is o'er me,
 His praises I would tell.
 The love of Christ constrains me,
 His blood has washed me white;
 Where Jesus is in glory,—
 'Tis home! and love! and light!

Hannah K. Burlingham.

Come, Children! On to Glory.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

J. F. PARKER,

Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.

1. Come, children! on to glo - ry, With ev - 'ry face set fast!

On, toward the gold-en cit - y Where we shall rest at last!

Lo, we can tread, re - joic - ing, The nar - row pil-grim road:

We know the voice that calls us, We know our faith - ful God!

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- 2 Though now the path be narrow
And steep and rough and lone,
Though crags and tangles cross it,—
Praise God! we will go on.
Take heart! the rest eternal
Awaits our weary feet, [ward,—
From strength to strength press on—
The end, how passing sweet!
- 3 We follow Jesu's footsteps,—
What if our feet be torn?
Where He has marked the pathway,
All hail the briar and thorn!

- Unseen, unheard, unreckoned,
Despised, defamed, unknown,
Yet still, with joy and singing,
On, children! ever on!
- 4 On, on, beloved children,
For evening is at hand,
And desolate and fearful
The solitary land!
On, on, with voice of singing,
Till from this land of night,
We pass, in glorious music,
Swift upward, out of sight!

HAPPY LAND.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4.

Hindoo Melody.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way,

Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day ;

Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Wor - thy is the Sav - iour King !

Loud let His prais - es ring ! Praise, praise for aye !"

2 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die ;
Oh, then to glory run,—
Jesus has the vict'ry won ;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye !

3 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will you doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free !
Lord, we shall dwell with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye !

Andrew Young.

355 There's a Friend for Little Children.

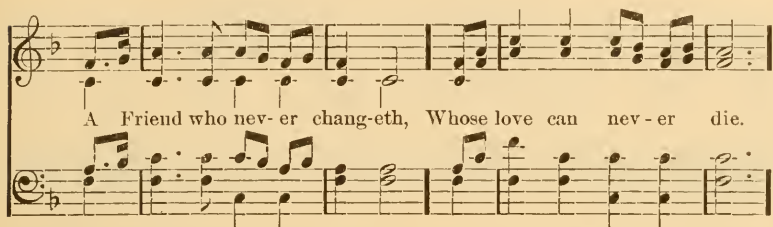
MELENBRAS.

8, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

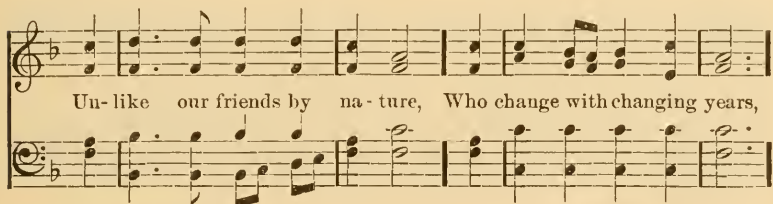
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



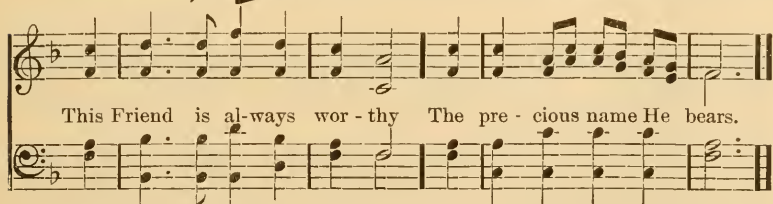
1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky;



A Friend who nev - er chang - eth, Whose love can nev - er die.



Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with changing years,



This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears.

2 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory;
A home of peace and joy.
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free,
Where ev'ry little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky—
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;

A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

4 There's a robe for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A harp of sweetest music,
A palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
O may we trust Thee, Saviour!
That all may be our own.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a - bove! Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I

love! Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl - y white! Beau-ti-ful

tem-ple—God its light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,

REFRAIN:

Open'd those pearl - y gates to me! Zi - on, Zi - on,

Repeat pp.

ho - ly Zi - on Beau-ti-ful Zi - on—cit - y of our God!

Beautiful Zion, Built Above.—Concluded.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Beautiful heaven—all is light !
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white!
 Beautiful strains that never tire!
 Beautiful harps through all the choir!
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshiping at the Saviour's feet !</p> | <p>3 Beautiful crowns on ev'ry brow!
 Beautiful palms the conq'rors show!
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear!
 Beautiful all who enter there!
 Thither I press with eager feet,—
 There shall my rest be long and sweet!</p> |
|---|--|
- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ the King !
 Beautiful songs the ransomed sing !
 Beautiful rest, where wand'rings cease !
 Beautiful home of perfect peace !
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see !
 Haste to that heav'nly home with me !

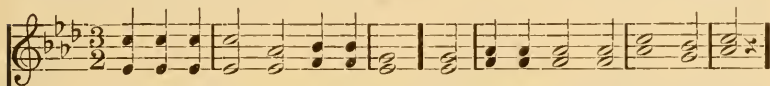
G. Gill.

357 Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

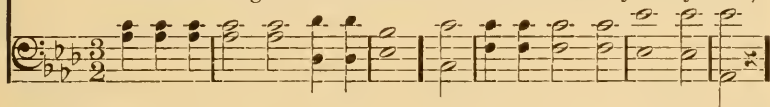
MISSIONARY CHANT.

L. M.

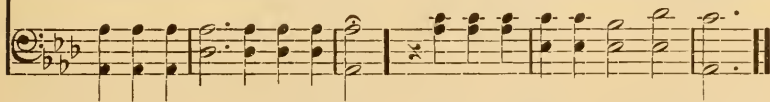
CHARLES ZEUNER.



1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc-cessive journeys run ;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.



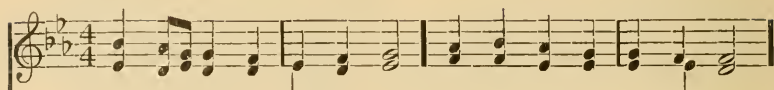
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Peoples and realms of ev'ry tongue,
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.</p> | <p>4 Where He displays His healing power,
 Death and the curse shall reign no more;
 But Adam's race in Him shall boast
 More blessings far than Adam lost.</p> |
| <p>3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
 The pris'ners leap to loose their chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.</p> | <p>5 Then all the earth shall rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to its King ;
 Angels respond with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.</p> |

Isaac Watts.

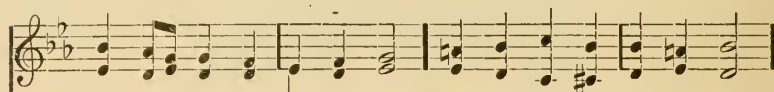
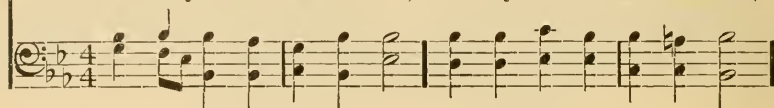
SCOTIA.

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

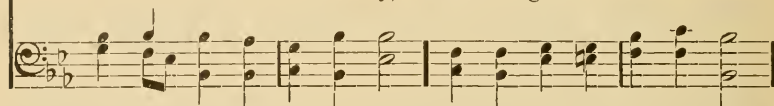
W. D. MACLAGAN.



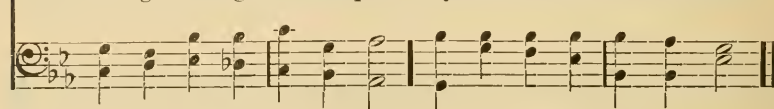
1. Far be-yond the dark blue sea, Ma - ny lit - tle children dwell,



In a land of mis - er - y, Where no gen - tle voic - es tell



Those glad tidings which im-part Joy and com-fort to the heart.



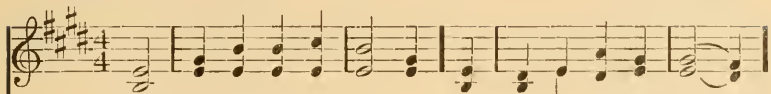
2 But they bend, from day to day,
To their gods, of wood and stone,
For the Gospel's cheering ray
Has not made the Saviour known;
Few the beams of heav'nly light
Shining in their dreadful night.

3 Children dear, if you have found
Pardon through the Saviour's blood,
Seek to spread the joyful sound,
Seek to bring their souls to God;
Share those blessings rich and true,
Which He kindly gives to you.

Anon.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

LOWELL MASON.



1. From Greenland's i- cy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand,



Where Af- ric's sun- ny fount- ains Roll down their gold-en sand,



From many an an- cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their souls from er-ror's chain.



2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile!
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown,—
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt the Saviour's name.

Reginald Heber.

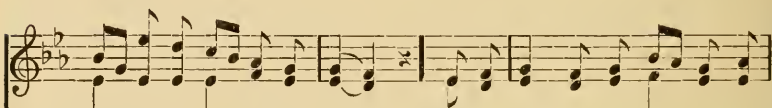
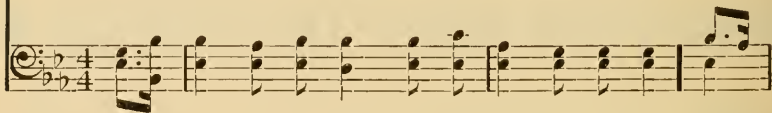
GRACE.

11, 8, 12, 8, 11, 8, 12, 9.

R. REDEEAD.



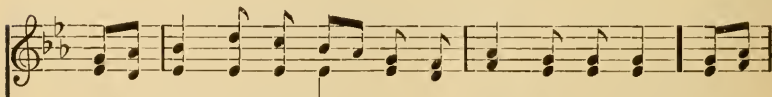
1. Come, chil- dren, and learn of the in - fin - ite grace Of



Je- sus in coming to die; How He left His bright home, that all-



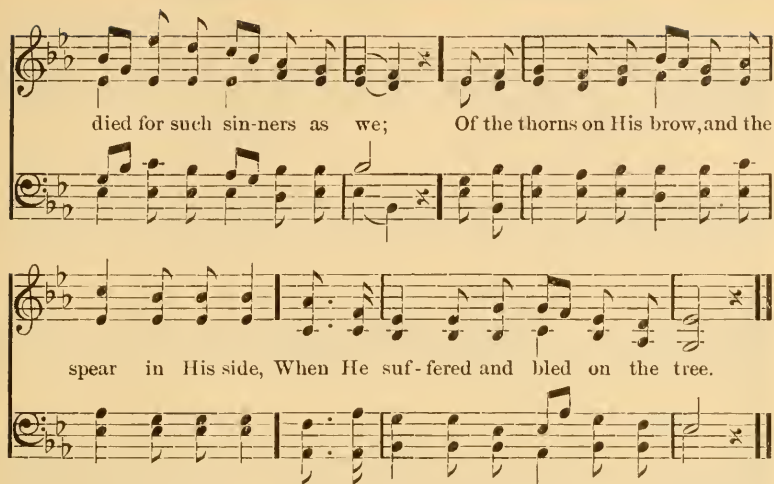
glo - ri - ous place, His beau - ti - ful home in the sky.



Oh! think of the Lamb who on Cal - va - ry died, And



Come, Children, and Learn.—Concluded.



died for such sin-ners as we; Of the thorns on His brow, and the

spear in His side, When He suf-fered and bled on the tree.

- 2 Ah! never was sorrow so bitter as this,—
 The anguish He suffered below;
 For the dear Son of God had done nothing amiss,—
 For others He tasted such woe.
 Oh! think of His love, when He gave up His life
 For sinners so guilty as we;
 'Twas for them that He finished the conflict and strife,
 'Twas for them that He bled on the tree.
- 3 Dear little ones, think! is it nothing to you—
 The tale of His wonderful grace?
 When He comes in the clouds, will you joyfully view,
 Or tremble to look at His face?
 Oh! think of the Lamb who on Calvary died,
 And died for such sinners as we;
 Of the thorns on His brow, and the spear in His side.
 When He suffered and bled on the tree.
- 4 When He shall come back in His glory so bright,
 The wicked may well have despair;
 But the children who love Him will rise with delight,
 To meet their dear Lord in the air.
 Oh! think of His love, when He gave up His life
 For sinners so guilty as we;
 'Twas for them that He finished the conflict and strife,
 'Twas for them, that He bled on the tree.

Anon.

361

Little Child, the Door is Open.

SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

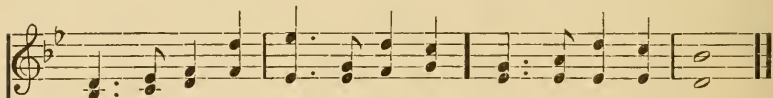
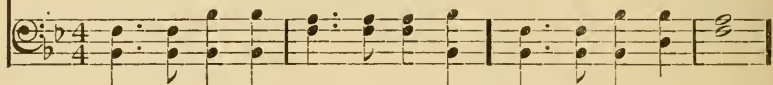
8, 5, 8, 5.

F. ALLABEN.

Harmonized by R. L. HASLUP.



1. Lit - tle child, the Door is o - pen, Heav - en's pal - ace - door,



Where the Father's kiss a-waits thee— Fa - ther-less no more!



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2 One fair golden Door, one only,—
Jesus who hath died!
Jesus is the blessed Doorway,
Open free and wide!

4 Saying, "Child, the night is dreary
On the mountain lone:
Pass within the Father's palace,—
Heav'n shall be thine own!

3 Child, no need to knock to ask Him
If thou mayest come:
Lo, He stands in love beseeching,
Saying, "Child, come home!"

5 "Thou hastsinned, but I have suffered
Curse and death for thee:
Now as I to God am precious,
Thou art dear to Me!"

Selected.

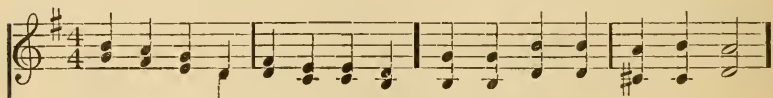
362

Little Children, Come to Jesus.

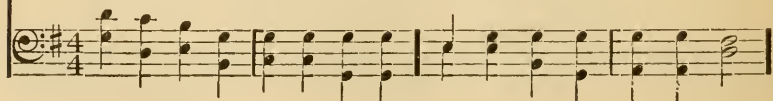
BROCKLESBURY.

8, 7, 8, 7.

CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD,



1. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus; Hark! He calls you, come a - way!



Little Children, Come to Jesus.—Concluded.

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: Lit- tle children, come to Je- sus In this bright, this gos- pel day.

2 Trust upon His sacred promise,
Lean upon His loving breast;
Little children, come to Jesus,—
He alone can give you rest.

Anon.

363

Come to Jesus, Little One.

ANTRIM.

7, 5, 7, 5

English.

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 1. Come to Je- sus, lit - tle one! Come to Je - sus now!

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: Hum - bly at His gra- cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow.

2 At His feet confess your sin—
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean:
He will hear your prayer.

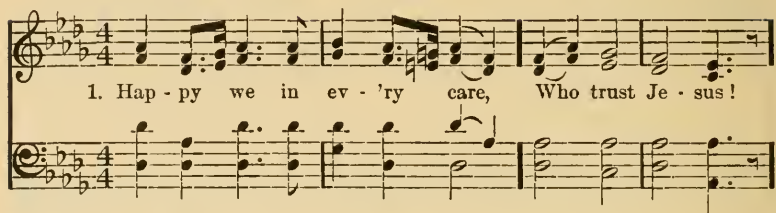
3 Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart:
Tarry not but, while you may,
Choose the better part.

Edmund Turney.

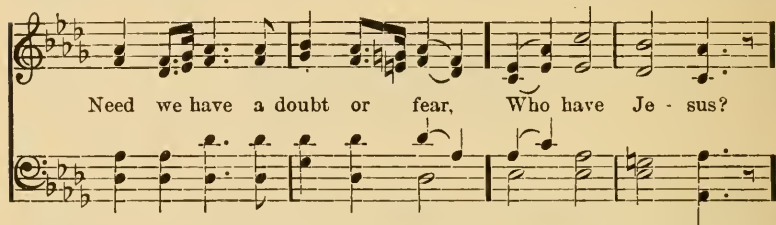
WE HAVE JESUS,

7, 4, 7, 4, 7, 7, 4.

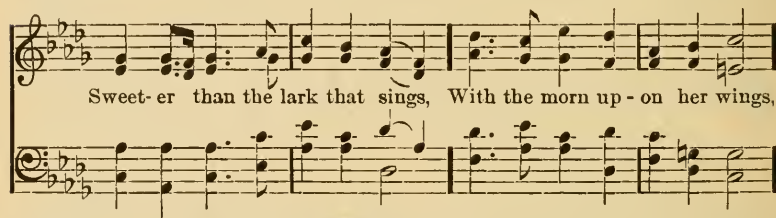
C. and F. JOUARD.



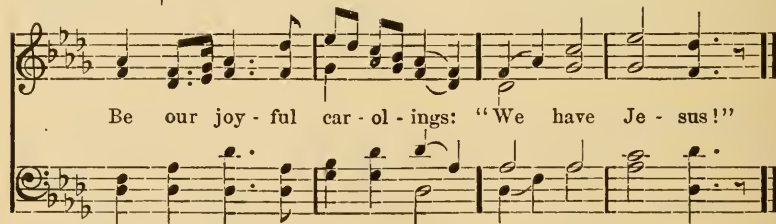
1. Hap - py we in ev - 'ry care, Who trust Je - sus!



Need we have a doubt or fear, Who have Je - sus?



Sweet - er than the lark that sings, With the morn up - on her wings,



Be our joy - ful car - ol - ings: "We have Je - sus!"

Copyright, 1898, by B. Greenman.

2 All the night of sin is gone—
We have Jesus!
Come is the Eternal Sun,
Our own Jesus!
And though still we look within
On a heart that's full of sin,
Still, whatever we have been,
We have Jesus!

3 Yes, for He for sinners came,—
Blesséd Jesus!
Bore the spitting and the shame—
Our Lord Jesus!
Bore the sinners heavy load,
Bowed beneath the wrath of God,—
Shed for us His precious blood :
Our own Jesus!

Happy We In Every Care.—Concluded.

4 Thus, because the Saviour died,—
 Our Lord Jesus,—
 We who've nothing else beside—
 We have Jesus!
 We, with nothing of our own,
 Clinging unto Him alone,
 On the tried foundation stone,
 Rest in Jesus.

5 Men and things are failing fast,
 Only Jesus
 Will remain when time is past,—
 None but Jesus!
 Soon, the short, rough voyage o'er,
 We shall sing upon the Shore,
 Ever and forever more:
 "We have Jesus!"

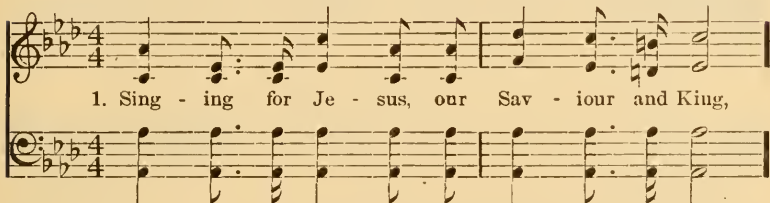
F. W. Grant.

365 Singing for Jesus, Our Saviour and King.

NAAMAN.

10, 10, 10, 10.

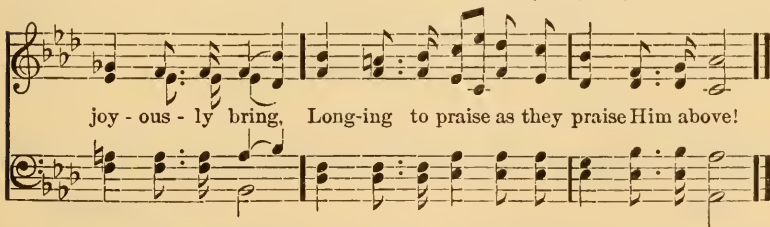
Arr. fr. COSTA.



1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King,



Sing - ing for Je - sus, the Lord whom we love, Heart ad - o - ra - tion we



joy - ous - ly bring, Long - ing to praise as they praise Him above!

2 Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
 Many to love Him, and join in the song,—
 Calling the weary and wandering in,
 Rolling the chorus of gladness along!

3 Singing for Jesus! O singing with joy!
 Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
 Till He shall call us to brighter employ—
 Singing for Jesus for ever above!

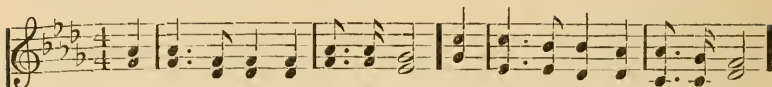
Frances R. Havergal.

366 In Jesus Sleeping Till He Come.

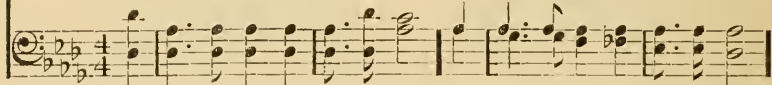
ANALYSIS.

L. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



1. In Je - sus sleeping till He come! O hap - py spir - it, now at home,



Can heart conceive thy wondrous rest, In peace asleep on Je-su's breast?



Copyright, 1903, by Loizeaux Bros.

- 2 What joys are thine, unknown below,
What nameless bliss, we do not know;
But know thou art with Him we love,—
At home, O Lord, with Thee above!
- 3 Thou givest Thy beloved sleep!
We bless Thee, though the eye doth weep.
Our hearts through grief, O Love Divine,
Draw closer—make more fully Thine!
- 4 We too shall sleep, or tarry here,
Awake, to meet Thee in the air:
Yet waking or asleep, how blest—
Thyself our Refuge, Home and Rest!

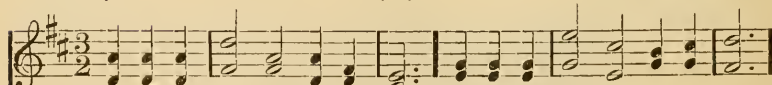
F. Allaben.

367 Asleep In Jesus! Blessed Sleep.

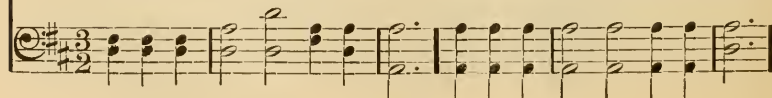
REST.

L. M.

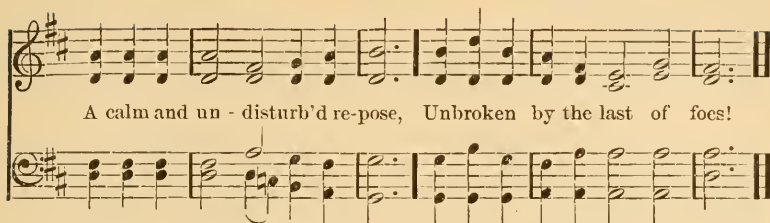
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Asleep in Je - sus! blesséd sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep:



Asleep In Jesus, Blessed Sleep.—Concluded.



A calm and un - disturb'd re-pose, Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,—
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Where waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power!

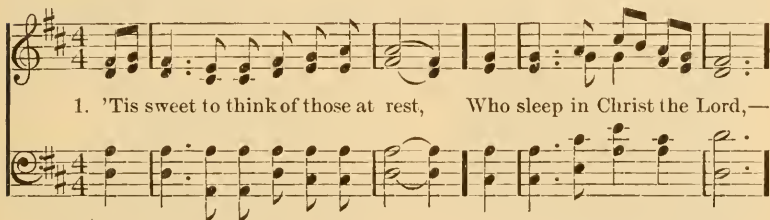
Anon.

368 'Tis Sweet To Think Of Those At Rest.

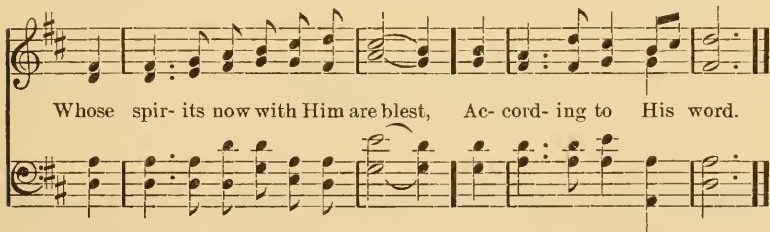
SAINT'S REST.

C. M.

C. and F. JOUARD.



1. 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest, Who sleep in Christ the Lord,—



Whose spir- its now with Him are blest, Ac- cord- ing to His word.

Copyright, 1899, by B. Greenman.

2 They once were pilgrims here with
In Jesus now they sleep; [us,—
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless can not weep.

4 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
Whose blood for us was shed,—
With Him forever we shall be,
Made like our glorious Head!

3 How bright the resurrection-morn
On all the saints will break!
The Lord Himself will then return,
His ransomed Church to take!

5 We cannot linger o'er the tomb:
The resurrection-day [gloom,
To faith shines bright beyond its
Christ's glory to display!

S. P. Tregelles.

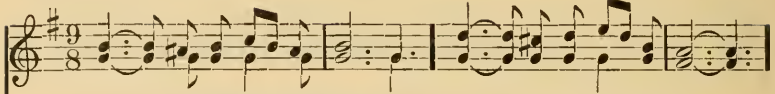
369

Rest for the Little Sleeper.

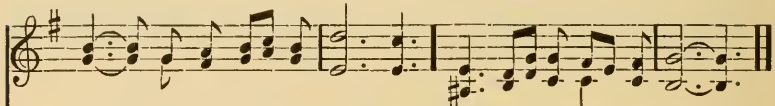
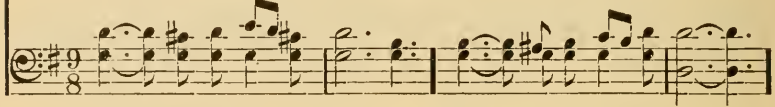
FOLDED LAMB.

7, 6, 7, 6.

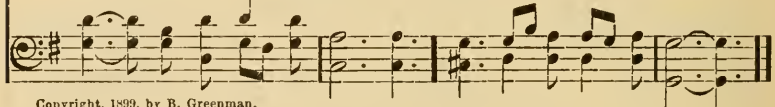
C. and F. JOUARD.



1. Rest for the lit-tle sleep-er! Joy for the ransom'd soul!



Peace for the lone-ly weep-er, Dark tho' the wa-ters roll!



Copyright, 1899, by B. Greenman.

2 Weep for the little sleeper,—
Weep, it will ease thy heart,
Though the dull pain be deeper
Than with the world to part.

4 Joy for the little sleeper,—
Gentle and timid lamb,
Safe with the tender Keeper!
Could there be sweeter balm?

3 Lamb by the Shepherd taken,
Folded upon His breast,
Hushed in His arms—to waken
In joy to endless rest!

5 Do not then droop in sadness,
Dark though the night may be:
There's a bright morn of gladness,
Mourner, reserved for thee!

6 Grieve not with hopeless sorrow,
Jesus has felt thy pain:
Soon shall He come—glad morrow!—
Bringing thy lamb again!

Anon.

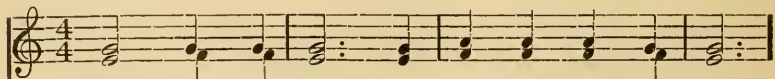
370

Peace, Perfect Peace.

PAX TECUM.

10, 10.

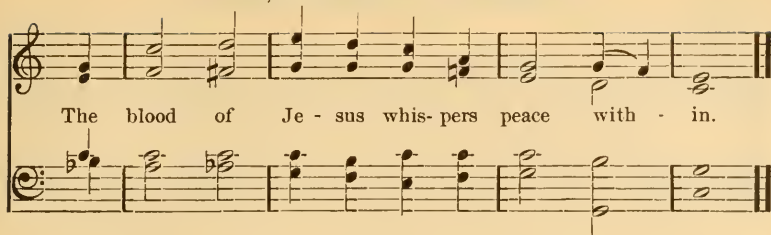
G. T. CALDBECK.



1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin?



Peace, Perfect Peace.—Concluded.



2 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesu's bosom naught but calm is found.

3 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

4 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth.

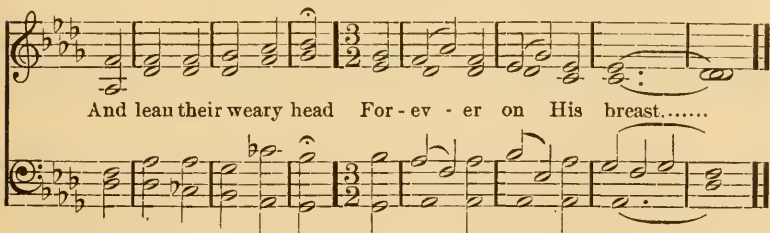
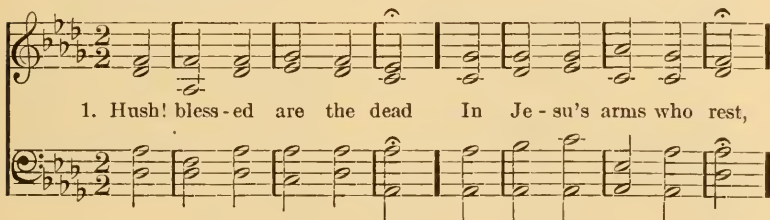
371

Hush! Blessed are the Dead.

AUSTRIAN MELODY.

6, 6, 6, 6.

Arr. by J. T. COOPER.



2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,—
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

3 Their voice, their touch, their smile,—
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

4 But soon at break of day,
His calm Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake! arise! rejoice!

E. H. Bickersteth.

372

Let Me Be With Thee.

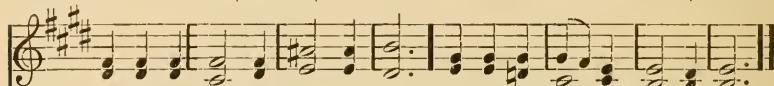
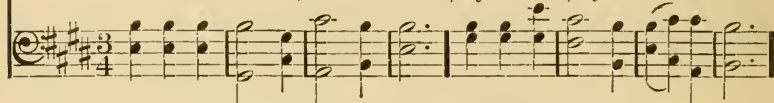
HESPERUS.

L. M.

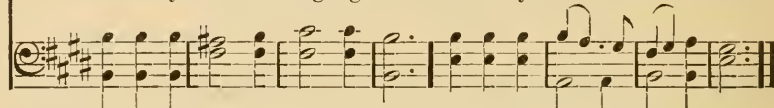
HENRY BAKER.



1. Let me be with Thee, where Thou art, My Saviour, my e - ter - nal Rest!



Then on - ly will this long - ing heart Be ful - ly and for ev - er blest!



2 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Thine unvailed glory to behold!

Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more!

Then only will this wand'ring heart
Cease to be faithless, treach'rous
cold!

4 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none
remove,

3 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name
adore!

Where life nor death my soul can part
From Thy blest presence and Thy
love!

Charlotte Elliott.

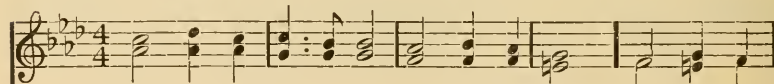
373

O What Will Be That Day.

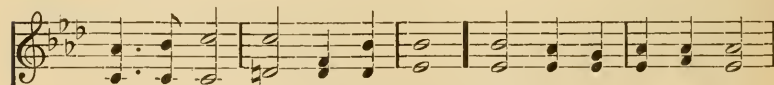
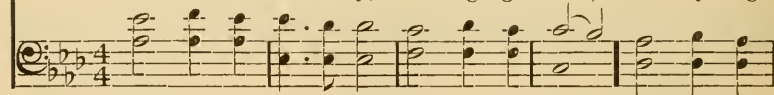
EUROCLYDON.

10, 10, 10, 10.

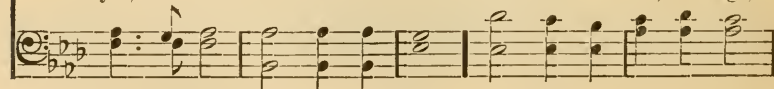
JAMES FLINT.



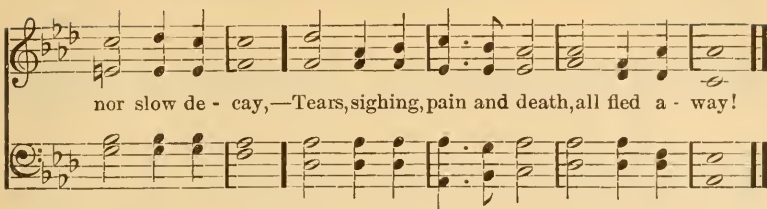
1. O what will be that day, when nought grows old, — No dy - ing



eyes, no form life - less and cold! When time is not, nor age,



O What Will Be That Day.—Concluded.



2 O what will be that day, when left below
Our journey, long and sad! when we shall know
His love who drew us on—how, from afar,
O'er that dark sea was Christ our Guiding Star!

3 O Lord, bring forth that day, when yields the sod
Its dead in Christ, awake—ris'n sons of God!
When we with them, all changed, to Thee ascend—
When our long pilgrimage shall sweetly end!

4 O Lord, bring forth that day, when we shall hear,
"Come, all ye blesséd, come!" Voice sweet and clear!
When these, our eyes, shall see Thee in Thy grace—
Thy Form of love, adored, Thy once-marred Face!

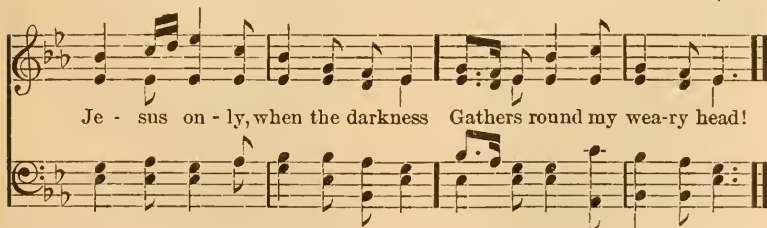
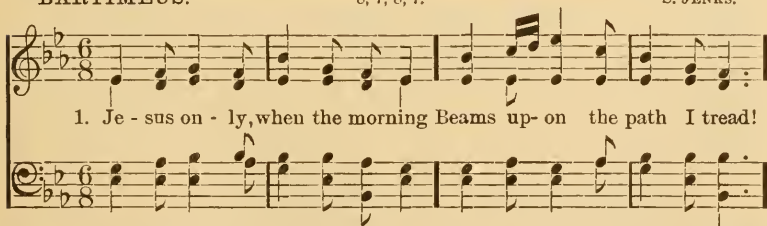
C. J. P. Spitta, alt.

374 Jesus Only, When the Morning.

BARTIMEUS.

8, 7, 8, 7.

S. JENKS.



2 Jesus only, though death's billows,
Cold and sullen o'er me roll!
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and thrills the soul!

3 Jesus only, when—adoring— [bring!
Saints their crowns before Him
Jesus only, I shall—joyous—
Through eternal ages sing!

Elias Nason.

PRIORY.

6, 6, 8, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4.

Anon.

1. We are by Christ re-deemed, The cost, His pre-cious blood:

Be noth-ing by our souls es-teem'd Like this great good!

Were the vast world our own, With all its var-ied store,

And Thou, Lord Je-sus, wert unknown, We still were poor!

2 Our earthen vessels break,
The world itself grows old;
But Christ our precious dust will take
And freshly mould:
He'll give these bodies vile
A fashion like His own,
He'll bid the whole creation smile,
And hush its groan!

3 Thus far by grace preserved,
Each moment speeds us on;
The crown and kingdom are reserved
Where Christ is gone.

When cloudless morning shines,
We shall His glory share;
In pleasant places are the lines!
The home how fair!

4 To Him our weakness clings,
Through tribulation sore,
And seeks the covert of His wings
Till all be o'er;
And when we've run the race,
And fought the faithful fight,
We then shall see Him face to face,
With saints in light!

KLETOS.

10, 10, 10, 10.

C. and F. JOUARD.

1. Call'd from a - bove, a heav'n - ly race by birth,

Who once were but the toil-ing slaves of earth, Now pilgrims here, we

seek a heav'nly home, Our por-tion in the a - ges yet to come!

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- 2 There all the saints of ev'ry clime shall meet,
There each, with all, shall all the ransomed greet:
But oh! the height of bliss, O Lord, shall be
To owe it all, to share it all, with Thee!
- 3 That precious stream of water and of blood,
Which from Thy pierc'd side so freely flowed,
Has put away our sins of scarlet dye,
Washed us from ev'ry stain, and brought us nigh!
- 4 Lord, not a step of all the desert road,
No pain, no sorrow, not one heavy load,
But Thou with us dost sweetly sympathize—
Share all, with tender heart and pitying eyes!
- 5 Here we are strangers! Lord, we do not crave
A home on earth, which gave Thee but a grave!
Thy cross has severed ties which bound us here:
Thyself our Treasure, in a brighter sphere!

James G. Deck.

WAITING.

6, 6, 11, 6, 6, 11.

Scotch.

1. I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord,

I'm wait - ing for Thee— for Thy com - ing a - gain.

Thou'rt gone o - ver there, Lord, A place to pre - pare, Lord,

Thy home I shall share at Thy com - ing a - gain.

- 2 'Mid danger and fear, Lord,
 I'm oft weary here, Lord, [again.
 The day must be near of Thy coming
 'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,
 No sighing nor care, Lord,
 But glory so fair at Thy coming again.
- 3 Whilst Thou art away, Lord,
 I stumble and stray, Lord,
 Oh, hasten the day of Thy coming again.
- This is not my rest, Lord,
 A pilgrim confessed, Lord,
 I wait to be blest at Thy coming again.
- 4 E'en now let my ways, Lord,
 Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,
 For brief are the days ere Thy coming
 I'm waiting for Thee, Lord, [again.
 Thy beauty to see, Lord,
 Not triumph formelike Thy coming again.
- Hannah K. Burlingham.

378 We Wait For Thee, O Son of God.

EXPECTATION.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

BACH.

1. We wait for Thee, O. Son of God, And long for Thine ap -
pear - ing; "A lit-tle while," Thou'lt come, O Lord, Thy waiting peo-ple
cheer - ing. Thus hast Thou said: we lift the head In
joy - ful ex - pec - ta - tion, For Thou wilt bring sal - va - tion.

2 We wait for Thee, content to share,
In patience, days of trial;
So meekly Thou the cross didst bear,
Our sin, reproach, denial,
And shall not we receive with Thee
The cup of shame and sorrow,
Until the promised morrow?

3 We wait for Thee; for Thou, e'en here,
Hast won our heart's affection;
In spirit still we find Thee near,
Our solace and protection.

In cloudless light, and glory bright,
We soon with joy shall greet Thee,
And in the air shall meet Thee.

4 We wait for Thee—Thou wilt arise
Whilst hope her watch is keeping;
Forgotten then, in glad surprise,
Shall be our years of weeping.
Our hearts beat high, the dawn is nigh
That ends our pilgrim story,
In Thine eternal glory!

VENIT.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

R. L. HASLUP.

1. He is com-ing, com-ing for us; Soon we'll see His light a - far,

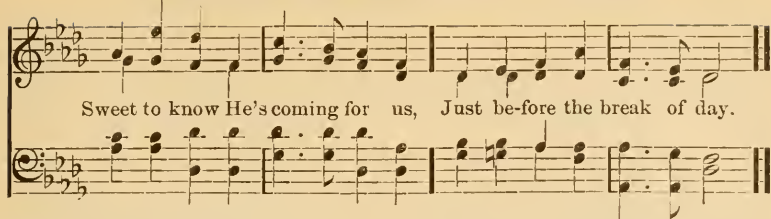
On the dark ho - ri - zon gleaming, As the Bright and Morning Star,

Cheer - ing ev - 'ry wak-ing watcher, As the star whose kindly ray

Her - alds the approaching morning Just before the break of day.

Oh! what joy, as night hangs round us, 'Tis to think of morning's ray;

He is Coming, Coming for Us.—Concluded.



Sweet to know He's coming for us, Just be-fore the break of day.

2 He is coming, coming for us:

Soon we'll hear His voice on high;
Dead and living, changed and rising,
In the twinkling of an eye
Shall be caught up all together,
For the meeting in the air;
With a shout the Lord, descending,
Shall Himself await us there.
Oh! what joy that great foregath'ring,
Trysted meeting in the air;
Sweet to know He's coming for us,
Calling us to join Him there.

3 He is coming—oh! how solemn

When the Judge's voice is heard,
And in His own light He shows us
Ev'ry thought, and act, and word!
Deeds of merit as we thought them,
He will show us were but sin,

Little acts we had forgotten

He will tell us were for Him.
Oh! what joy, for He imputeth
Righteousness instead of sin;
Sweet to take the linen garments,
All a gift, and all from Him.

4 He is coming as the Bridegroom,

Coming to unfold at last
The great secret of His purpose,
Mystery of ages past;
And the Bride, to her is granted
In His beauty there to shine,
As in rapture she exclaimeth,
"I am His, and He is mine."
Oh! what joy that marriage union,—
Mystery of love divine;
Sweet to sing in all its fulness,
"I am His, and He is mine."

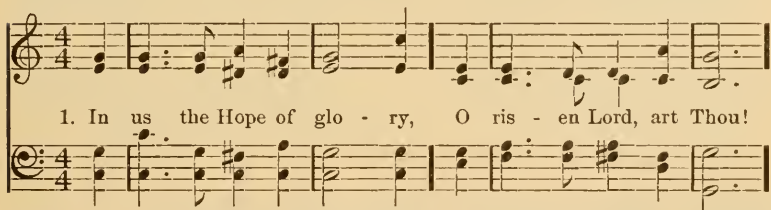
Anon.

380 In Us the Hope of Glory.

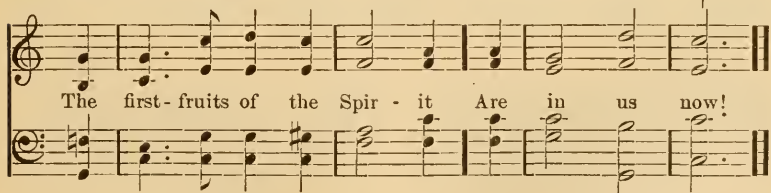
GENUNG.

P. M.

U. C. BURNAP.



1. In us the Hope of glo - ry, O ris - en Lord, art Thou!



The first-fruits of the Spir - it Are in us now!

2 O come in all Thy glory,
Our great Immanuel!

Come, take us, Prince and Saviour,
With Thee to dwell!

3 Bring Thy eternal Sabbath!

Bring Thy eternal day!
And cause all grief and sighing
To flee away!

381 Bride of the Lamb, Awake! Awake!

BRIDE.

C. M.

C. and F. JONARD.

1. Bride of the Lamb, a - wake! a-wake! Why sleep for sor - row now?

The hope of glo - ry, Christ is thine,— A child of glo - ry thou.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's faraway,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart. | 5 This earth, the scene of all His woe,—
A homeless wild to thee,—
Full soon upon His heav'nly throne
Its rightful King shall see. |
| 3 But lo, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer. | 6 Thou, too, shalt reign—He will not
His crown of joy alone! [wear
And earth His royal Bride shall see
Beside Him on the throne. |
| 4 He comes—for, oh! His yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy,
To call His bride away. | 7 Then weep no more! 'tis all thine
His crown, His joy divine, [own—
And sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself, is thine. |

Sir Edward Denny.

382 Hear the Cry, "Behold, He Cometh!"

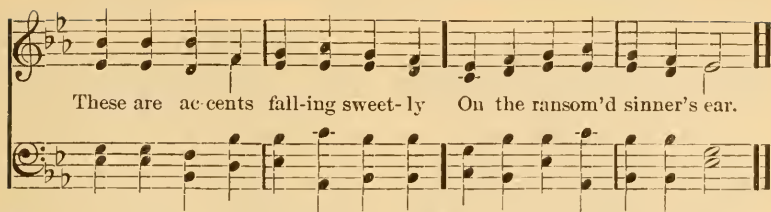
BATTY.

8, 7, 8, 7.

German.

1. Hear the cry, "Be-hold, He cometh!" Hear the cry, "The Bridegroom's near!"

Hear the Cry, "Behold, He Cometh!"—Concluded.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Man may disbelieve the tidings,
Or in anger turn away;
'Tis foretold there shall be scoffers
Rising in the latter day.</p> <p>3 But He'll come, the Lord from heaven,
Not to suffer, nor to die,
But to take His waiting people
To the glorious rest on high.</p> | <p>4 Happy they who stand expecting
Christ, the Saviour, to appear:
Sad for those who do not love Him—
Those who do not wish Him here.</p> <p>5 But in mercy still He lingers,
Length'ning out the day of grace
Till He comes, inviting sinners
To His welcome, fond embrace.</p> |
|--|---|

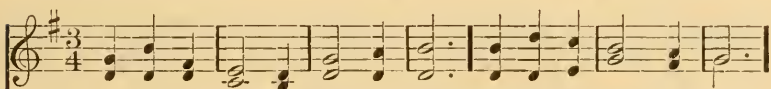
Albert Midlane.

383 Jesus, Our Lord, Thou Morning Star.

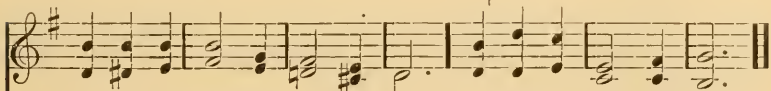
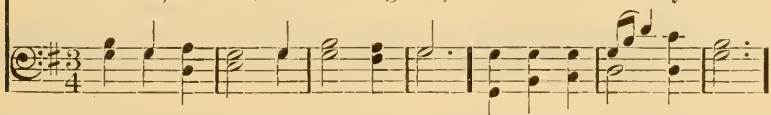
MORNING STAR.

C. M.

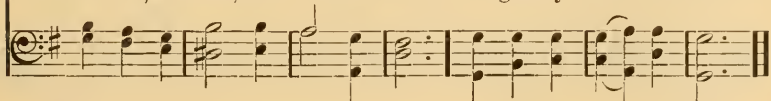
W. BURGMÜLLER.



1. Je-sus, our Lord, Thou Morning Star, How well we know Thy name!



Je-sus, the Lord, the Cru-ci-fied— In glo-ry still the same.



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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Jesus, the One who left the throne,
To save a ruined race,
Thy love and lowliness still shine
Upon that glorious face.</p> <p>3 Jesus, the One who trod the earth,
The lowly, subject One;
Obedience unto death was Thine—
God's well-belovéd Son!</p> | <p>4 Jesus, what mem'ries thrill our hearts
Of Thy blest footprints here,
While now to heav'n our eyes we turn
And gaze upon Thee there!</p> <p>5 Jesus, our Saviour, quickly come,
That we may with Thee be!
Heav'n's morning breaks and glory
When Thy blest face we see. [dawns</p> |
|---|--|

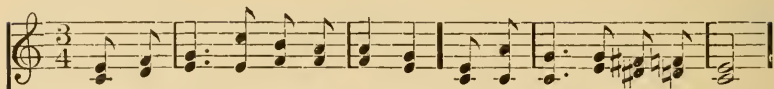
Miss A. E. Price.

384 Lo, He Comes From Heaven Descending.

EPIPHANY.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

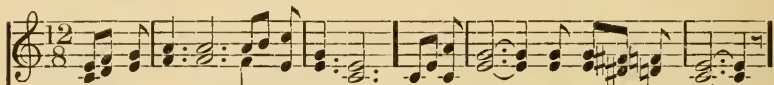
GEO. TREMBLAY.



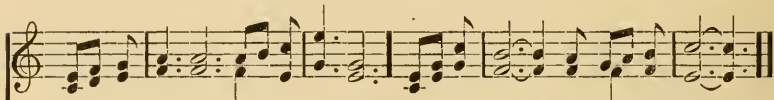
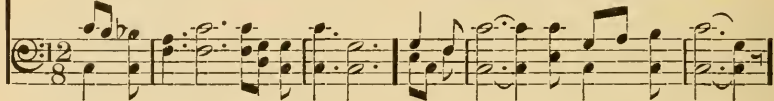
1. Lo, He comes, from heav'n descending—Once for favor'd sin-ners slain!



Thousand thousand saints at-tend - ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train!



Hal-le- lu- jah! hal-le- lu- jah! Je- sus comes, and comes to reign!



Hal- le - lu- jah! hal- le - lu- jah! Je- sus comes, and comes to reign!



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2 See the Saviour, long expected,
Crowned with glory, now appear,
While His saints, by man rejected,
All His heav'nly glory share!

||: Hallelujah! hallelujah!
See the Son of God appear! :||

3 Israel's race shall now behold Him,
Full of grace and majesty!
They who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced Him, nailed Him to the tree,

||: Now in glory—now in glory,
Shall their great Messiah see! :||

Lo, He Comes, From Heaven Descending.—Concluded.

4 'Tis Thy heav'nly bride and Spirit,
Jesus, Lord, that bid Thee come,
All Thy glory to inherit,
And to take Thy people home!
||: All creation—all creation [come! :||
Travails, groans, till Thou shalt

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take Thy power and glory—
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own!
||: Come, Lord Jesus! come, Lord Jesus!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come! :||

C. Wesley, J. Cennick and Madan.

385 Light of the Lonely Pilgrim's Heart.

NEWBOLD.

C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Light of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the
com - ing day, A - rise, and with Thy morning beams, Chase all our
griefs a - way! Chase all our griefs a - way!

2 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
||: And calls aloud for Thee! :||

3 Come, blesséd Lord, let ev'ry shore
And answ'ring island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
||: And own Thee as their King! :||

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
||: The palm of vict'ry Thine! :||

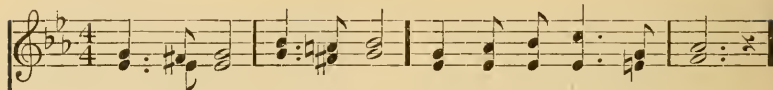
Sir Edward Denny.

386 Bridegroom, Come! Bridegroom, Come!

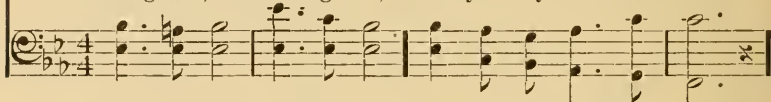
BRIDEGROOM.

P. M.

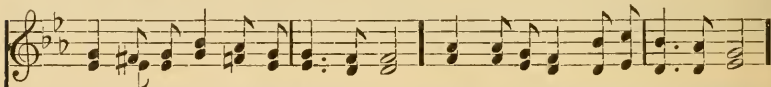
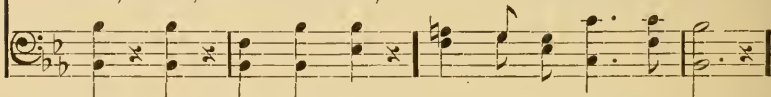
C. and F. JOUARD.



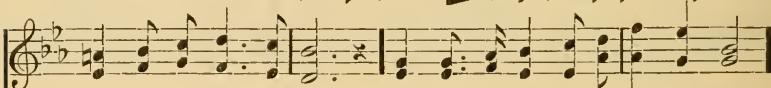
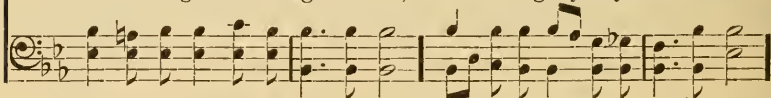
1. Bridegroom, come! Bridegroom, come! Cry of Thy bride to Thee!



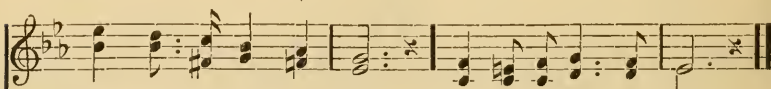
Come, come, bear her home, Ev - er to bide with Thee!



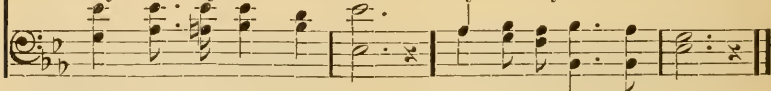
Nev - er to grieve Thee again below, Ev - er in glory Thy love to know—



Ev - er to bide with Thee! Bridegroom, the Spir-it and bride say, Come!



Cry of Thy bride to Thee! Cry of Thy bride to Thee!



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2 Saviour, come! Saviour, come!

Cry of our heart to Thee!

Come, come, bear us home,

Never to part from Thee!

Ever to gaze on Thy face above,

Never to sadden Thy heart of love—

Never to part from Thee!

Blesséd Lord Jesus, Thy saints say,

Come!

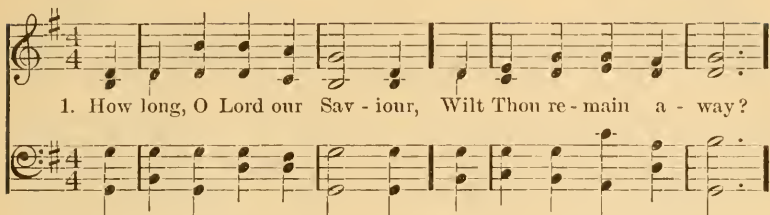
||: Cry of our heart to Thee! :||

387 How Long, O Lord Our Saviour.

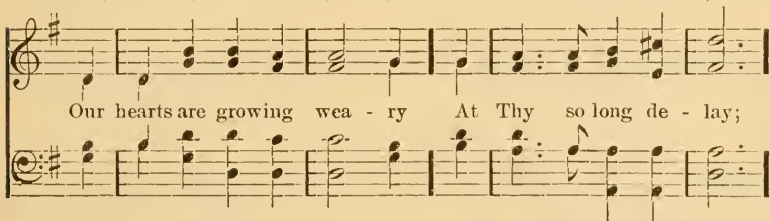
CHENIES.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

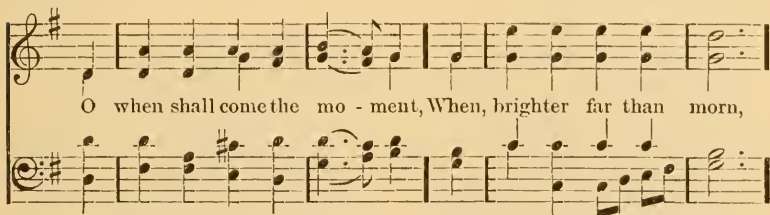
T. R. MATTHEWS.



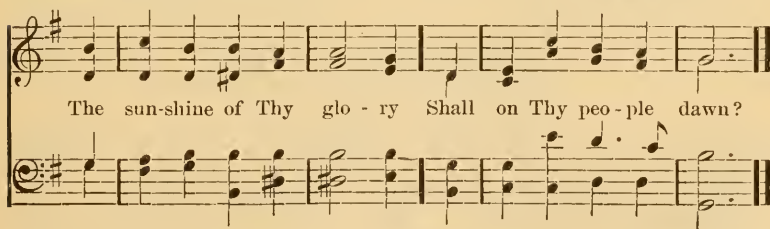
1. How long, O Lord our Sav - iour, Wilt Thou re - main a - way?



Our hearts are growing wea - ry At Thy so long de - lay;



O when shall come the mo - ment, When, brighter far than morn,



The sun-shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn?

2 How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom,
 How long wilt Thou delay?
 And yet how few are grieving
 That Thou dost absent stay!
 O may our lamps be burning,
 Our loins well girded be,—
 Each longing heart preparing
 With joy Thy face to see!

James G. Deck.

COME!

4, 6, 8, 8, 4.

GEO. TREMBLAY.

1. Lord Je- sus, come, And take Thy rightful place As Son of Man, of
all the theme! Come, Lord, to reign o'er all supreme! Lord Jesus, come!

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Lord Jesus, come!
The Man of sorrows once,
The Man of patience waiting now—
The Man of joy, forever, Thou!
Come, Saviour, come!</p> <p>3 Lord Jesus, come!
Crowned with Thy many crowns—
The Crucified, the Lamb once slain
To wash away sin's crimson stain,
Lord Jesus, come!</p> | <p>4 Lord Jesus, come,
That, lost in Thee, our souls
May bow and worship and adore,
In Thy blest presence evermore!
Lord Jesus, come!</p> <p>5 Lord Jesus, come,
And let Thy glory shine,
That quickly these changed bodies may
Each one reflect a living ray.
Lord Jesus, come!</p> <p>6 Spirit and Bride,
With longing voice say, "Come;"
Yea, Lord, Thy word from that bright home
Is, "Surely, I will quickly come!"
E'en so, Lord, come!</p> |
|--|---|

Mrs. Dent.

THESSALY.

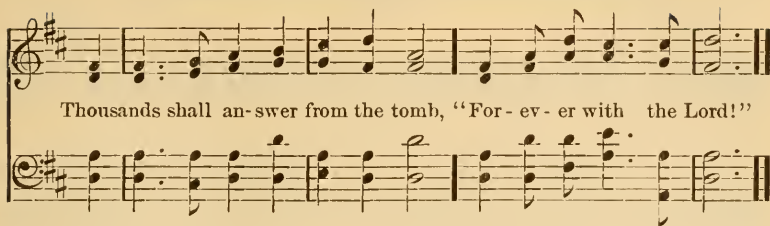
S. M.

C. and F. JOURD.

1. The Lord Himself shall come, And shout a quick'ning word!

Copyright, 1898, by B. Greenman.

The Lord Himself Shall Come.—Concluded.



2 Then, as we upward fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be our shout of victory—
"Forever with the Lord!"

3 "Knowing as we are known,"
How shall we love that word—
How oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

4 There with unwearied gaze
Our eyes on Him we'll rest,
And satisfy with endless praise
A heart supremely blest!

5 That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more—"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!

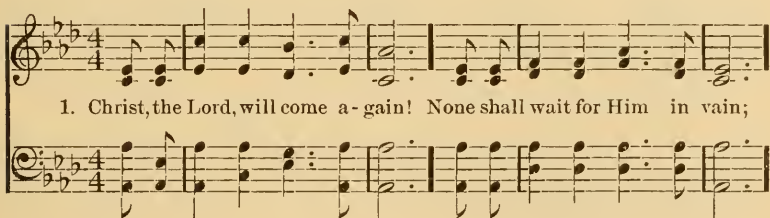
James Montgomery.

390 Christ, the Lord, Will Come Again.

ANTICIPATION.

7, 7, 7, 7.

GEO. TREMBLAY.



Copyright, 1903, by Loizeaux Bros.

2 Then, when the archangel cries,—
Calls the sleeping saints to rise,—
Rising millions shall proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

3 "This is our redeeming God!"
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud:
"Praise, eternal praise be giv'n
To the Lord of earth and heav'n!"

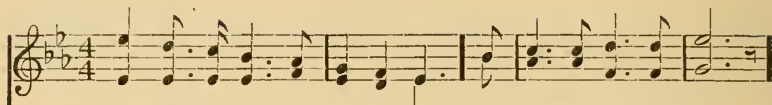
Joseph Swain.

391 Jesus, the Lord, Will Soon Descend.

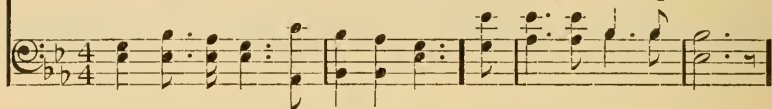
ANTIOCH.

C. M. P.

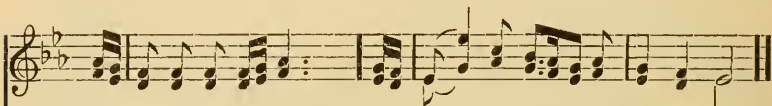
HANDEL.



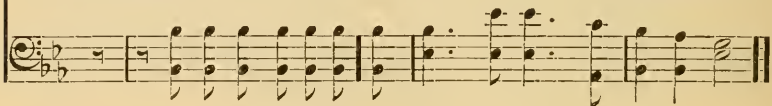
1. Je - sus, the Lord, will soon descend With shout, with trump of God!



Ye saints, re-joice! His pow'r-ful voice The graves shall instant rend,



While saints their voices blend In notes of rap-ture, sweet and loud!



2 Come, mighty Shepherd of the sheep!	3 Death and the grave with Thee we'll
Come in Thy beauty! come!	In immortality! [tread,
To Thee convoke Thy waiting flock,—	Caught up in air, in cloud-ranks fair,
All saints who wake or sleep	Transfigured quick and dead
Swift summon forth to keep	Shall rise to Thee, their Head:
Love's glorious tryst beyond the tomb!	Death swallowed up in victory!

4 Wake, bride of Christ, in ecstasy,
 Love's glad triumphant chord!
 Soon, wondrous sight! all love and light,
 The Bridegroom, come for thee,
 Shall take thee, bright as He,
 To be forever with the Lord!

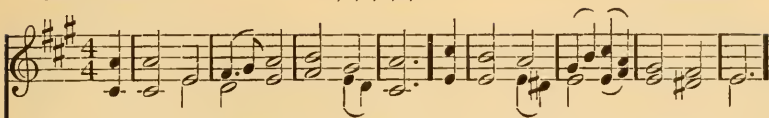
F. Allaben.

392 That Bright and Blessed Morn Is Near.

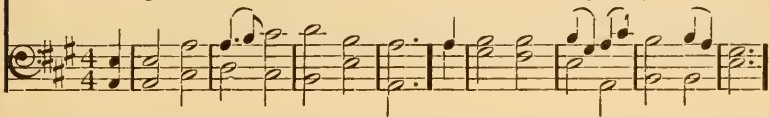
GROSVENOR.

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

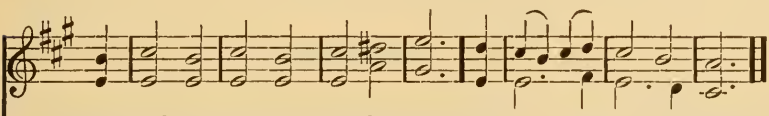
E. HARWOOD.



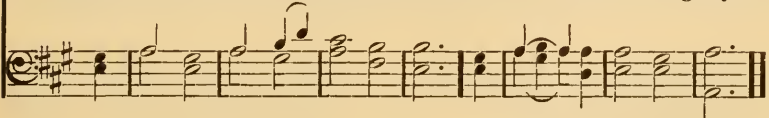
1. That bright and blessed morn is near When He, the Bridegroom, shall appear,



And call His bride a - way. Her bless - ing then shall be complete,

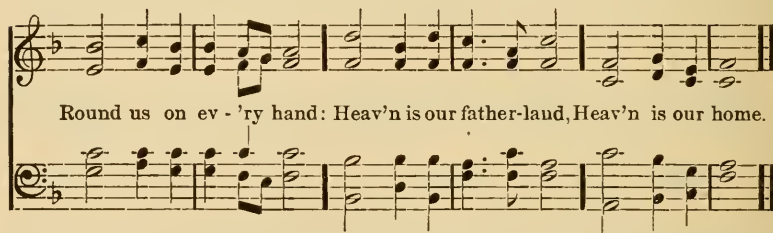
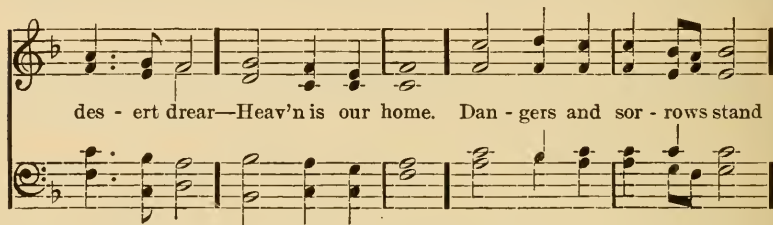
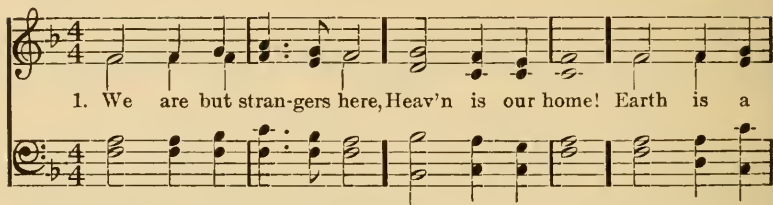


When with her Lord she takes her seat In ev - er - last - ing day.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The days and months are gliding past,
Soon shall be heard the trumpet's blast
Which wakes the sleeping saints.
The dead in Christ in glory rise, [skies
When we with them shall reach the
Where Jesus for us waits.</p> | <p>4 No more deferred our hope shall be,
No longer through a glass we'll see,
But clearly, face to face.
We'll dwell with Jesus then above,
Whom absent we have learned to love,
Blest samples of His grace.</p> |
| <p>3 What wonder, joy, and glad surprise
Shall fill our hearts as thus we rise
To meet Him in the air;
To see His face, to hear His voice,
And in His perfect love rejoice,
Whose glory then we'll share!</p> | <p>5 O may this hope our spirits cheer,
While waiting for our Saviour here;
He'll quickly come again.
O may our hearts look for that day,
And to His word responsive say,
"Come, Jesus, Lord. Amen."</p> |

G. W. Frazer.



2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heav'n is our home!
 Short is our pilgrimage—
 Heav'n is our home.
 Time's wild and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpassed:
 We shall reach home at last—
 Heav'n is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,
 In heav'n our home,
 We shall be glorified—
 Heav'n is our home!
 There with the good and blest,
 Those we love most and best,
 We shall forever rest
 In heav'n our home!

4 Therefore we'll murmur not—
 Heav'n is our home!
 Whate'er our earthly lot,
 Heav'n is our home.
 For we shall surely stand
 There at our Lord's right hand!
 Heav'n is our father-land,
 Heav'n is our home.

HENRY BENNETT.

HOMEWARD BOUND. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Arr. fr. Pilgrim's Harp, by per.

1. My heart is bounding on - ward Home to the land I love ;

Its dis-tant vales and mount-ains My wish-ful pas-sions move ;

Fain would my thirsting spir - it Its liv - ing fresh-ness breathe ;

And wea - ry steps find rest - ing Its hallow'd shades be-neath.

2 No soil of nature's evil,
 No touch of man's rude hand,
 Shall e'er disturb around us
 That bright and peaceful land.
 The charms that woo our senses
 Shall be as pure as fair,
 For all, while stealing o'er us,
 Shall tell of Jesus there.

3 What light! when all its beaming
 Shall own Him as its Sun—
 What Music! when its breathing
 Shall bear His name along.
 No pause, no change, those pleasures
 Shall ever seek to know—
 The draught that lulls our thirsting,
 But wakes that thirst anew.

J. G. Bellett.

STOLEY.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Anon.

1. O for the robe of whiteness, To walk with Christ in light!

O for the glo-rious brightness Of day with-out a night!

We would a name of fa - vor, Graved on the stone of white;

We'd taste that manna's fla - vor, Re - serv'd for heav'n's de-light.

2 'Tis sweet, the thought of rising
The risen Lord to meet;
Or changed, ourselves surprising,
Like Him for whom we wait.
What joy supreme in seeing
The Saviour face to face—
The peaceful joy of being
Forever in that place!

3 Jesus, Thou King of glory,
We soon shall dwell with Thee,
And sing Thy love's bright story,
When we Thy glory see!

E'en now our souls would enter
The holiest on high,
That all our love might center
On Thee who cam'st to die!

4 At God's right hand in glory
Thou sitt'st, Thy work complete,
Till perfected the story
That gives us too our seat;
Then o'er the wide creation
Thy pow'r will stretch its arm,—
Secure from all temptation,
Free from all human harm!

Miss C. L. Smith.

JAMES MACKINTOSH.

PROSPECT.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. Harmonized by A. G. SMITH.

1. Fair - er than Canaan's land, Heav - en so bright; Glo - ry on

ev - 'ry hand, No cloud, no night: God's word does well de - clare,

What makes that place so fair—Je - sus Himself is there; All, all is light.

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2 There shall be sweet employ,
Bright, bright and pure;
Nothing to hinder joy,
Nought to obscure;
There we shall see His face,—
His, who prepares that place,
Made ours in tender grace.
Blesséd and sure.

3 Grief, death, the fruits of sin,
Shall be unknown;
Joy, life, for aye within,
Reigning alone;
Praise to the Lamb, indeed!
Who for our sins did bleed,
Who lives to intercede,
There for His own.

4 Lord Jesus, ever near,
Waiting are we,
Waiting Thy shout to hear,
Thy face to see;
Then shall be fullest joy,
Then shall be sweet employ,
Freed from the world's alloy,
Ever with Thee.

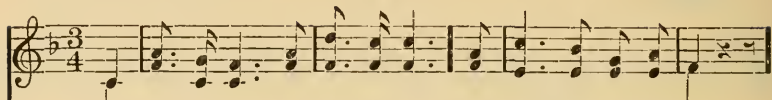
James Mackintosh.

397 How Blest a Home—The Father's House.

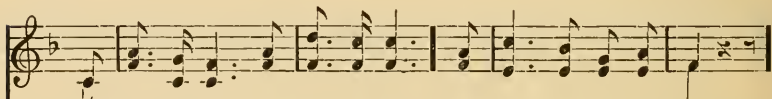
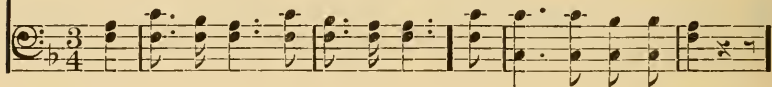
DOMUS PATRIS.

C. M. D.

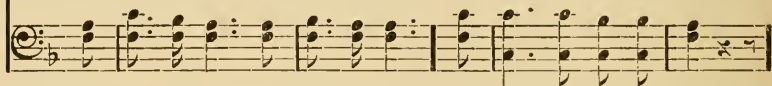
German.



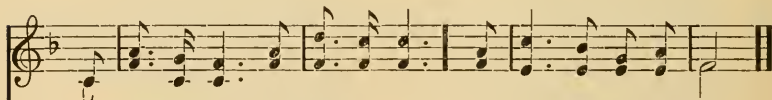
1. How blest a home—the Father's house! There love divine doth rest;



What else could sat - is - fy the hearts Of those in Je - sus blest?



His home made ours, His Father's love—Our hearts' full portion—giv'n:



The por - tion of the first-born Son,—The full delight of heav'n!



2 Oh, what a home! The Son who
He only—all His love, [knows—
And brings us as His well-beloved
To that bright rest above,

Dwells in His bosom—knoweth all
That in that bosom lies,
And came to earth to make it known,
That we might share His joys.

How Blest a Home —The Father's House.—Concluded.

- 3 Oh, what a home! there fullest love
Flows through its courts of light;
The Son's divine affections flow
Throughout its depth and height.
And full response the Father gives,
To fill with joy the heart—
No cloud is there to dim the scene
Or shadow to impart.
- 4 Oh, what a home! But such His love
That He must bring us there,
To fill that home, to be with Him,
And all His glory share.
The Father's house, the Father's heart,
All that the Son is given,
Made ours—the objects of His love,
And He, our joy in heaven.

Mrs. J. A. Trench.

398 Oh, Bright and Blessed Scenes.

MULLAGHMORE.

S. M.

J. STEVEN.

1. Oh, bright and bless - ed scenes, Where sin can nev - er come,
Whose sight our long-ing spir - it weans From earth where yet we roam!

- 2 And can we call our home
Our Father's house on high,—
The rest of God our rest to come,
Our place of liberty?
- 3 Yes! in that light unstained,
Our stainless souls shall live,
Our heart's deep longings more than
gained,
When God His rest shall give.
- 4 His presence there my soul
Its rest, its joy untold
Shall find, when endless ages roll,
And time shall ne'er grow old.
- 5 Our God the centre is,
His presence fills that land,
And countless myriads owned as
His,
Round Him adoring stand.

J. N. Darby.

399

- 1 Our God whom we have known,
Well known in Jesu's love,
Rests in the blessing of His own,
Before Himself above.
- 2 Glory supreme is there,
Glory that shines through all,
More precious still that love to share
As those that love did call.
- 3 Like Jesus in that place
Of light and love supreme,—
- Once Man of Sorrows full of grace,
Heaven's blest and endless theme!
- 4 Like Him! Oh, grace supreme!
Like Him before Thy face!
Like Him to know that glory beam,
Unhindered, face to face!
- 5 Oh, love, supreme and bright,
Good to the feeblest heart,
That gives us now, as heav'nly light,
What soon shall be our part!

J. N. Darby.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks;

The sum-mer morn I've sigh'd for,—The fair sweet morn a - wakes.

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man - uel's land.

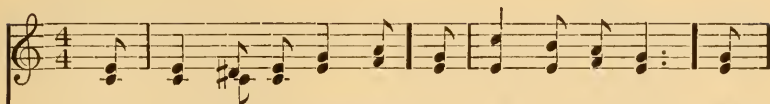
2 Oh, Christ! He is the fountain—
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above!
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh, I am my Belovéd's,
And my Belovéd's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine!"

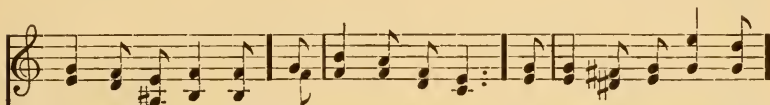
I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercé hand:—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

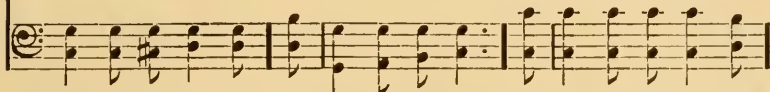
Anne Ross Cousins.



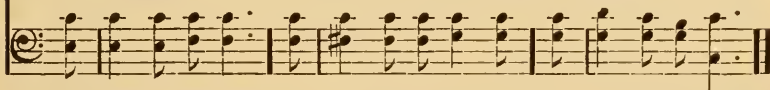
1. For pil-grims and stran-gers Who wear - i - ly roam, 'Mid



sorrows and dangers, There's no place like home, Where rest waits—the bosom



Of God-head a-bove— And yields, in full blossom, The fragrance of love!



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2 For sons whom a Father
Soon hence, from the gloom,
About Him shall gather,
There's no place like home,
Where sunshine forever
So beams from God's face,
His children lack never
The smile of His grace!

3 For hearts that discover,
Aris'n from the tomb,
Their Lord and their Lover,
There's no place like home,
Where love's tender story
Shall reach its floodtide,
When Jesus in glory
Receiveveth His bride!

4 Before us Thou goest,
Blest Saviour,—but come!
Thou knowest, Thou knowest
There's no place like home!
Our spirits require Thee,
Here panting in pain,—
Our hearts, Lord, desire Thee
As deserts the rain!

F. Allaben.

NEARER HOME.

S. M. D. and Refrain.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word—'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty!

Here, in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam;

Yet night-ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.

REFRAIN.
Near - er home! near - er home! A day's march near - er home!

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how dear!
E'en now to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear!

My thirsting spirit faints
To reach the home I love,—
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

REF.—Home I love! home I love!
Jerusalem above!

"Forever With The Lord."—Concluded.

3 There shall all clouds depart,
The wilderness shall cease,
And sweetly ev'ry gladdened heart
Enjoy eternal peace!
And though there intervene
Rough seas and stormy skies,
Though by no mortal vision seen,
Thy glory fills our eyes!

REF.—Fills our eyes! fills our eyes!
Thy glory fills our eyes!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
If, Father, 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Quickly to me fulfil!
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

REF.—With the Lord! with the Lord!
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery.

403 And Shall We See Thy Face.

GREENWOOD.

S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER.

1. And shall we see Thy face, And hear Thy heav'n-ly voice,

Well known to us in pres-ent grace? Well may our hearts re-joice.

2 With Thee in garments white,
Lord Jesus, we shall walk;
And spotless in that heav'nly light,
Of all Thy suff'rings talk.

3 Close to Thy trusted side,
In fellowship divine;
No cloud, no distance, e'er shall hide
Glories that then shall shine.

4 Fruit of Thy boundless love,
That gave Thyself for us;

Forever we shall with Thee prove
That Thou still lov'st us thus.

5 And we love Thee, blest Lord,
E'en now, though feeble here;
Thy sorrow and Thy cross record
What makes us know Thee near.

6 We wait to see Thee, Lord,
Yet now within our hearts
Thou dwell'st in love that doth afford
The joy that love imparts.

7 Yet still we wait for Thee,
To see Thee as Thou art,
Be with Thee, like Thee, Lord, and free
To love with all our heart.

J. N. Darby.

EWING.

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd :

I know not, oh, I know not, What ho - ly joys are there—

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph—
The shout of them that feast;

There they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clothed in robes of white.

4 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced:
The Spirit's food and sunshine,
All other love displaced.
Yea, God our King and portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face!

Bernard of Cluny; J M Neale. tr.

SWEET HOME.

11, 11, 11, 11.

H. R. BISHOP.

1, My rest is in heav - en, my rest is not here: Then

why should I murmur when tri-als are near? Behush'd, my sad spir- it, the

worst that can come But shortens the jour-ney and hast-ens me home.

- 2 'Tis not for me here to be seeking my bliss,
 Nor building my hopes in a region like this;
 I look for a city which hands have not piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow—
 I would not e'en tarry 'midst roses below;
 I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,
 Save that which awaits me on Jesu's kind breast.
- 4 Though trial and danger my progress oppose,
 They only make heaven more sweet at the close:
 Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
 A home with my God will make up for it all.

H. F. Lyte.

1. Per-fect e - ter-nal rest— ev - er to serve, a - dore Thee!

During the endless day, Thee, Lord, Thy saints shall praise: Rapt, in mute ecsta-

sy, casting their crowns be-fore Thee, Prone at Thy feet they fall,

anthems of joy to raise! Prone at Thy feet they fall, anthems of joy to raise!

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- 2 Thee shall we contemplate—gaze on Thy face adoring,
Saviour and Bridegroom-Lord, Beauty Supreme above!
Sounding the soundless depths, measureless heights exploring—
||: Heights of Thy peerless grace, depths of Thy boundless love! :||
- 3 Jesus, from Thee alone borrowing light transcendent,—
Sun, Thou, of Righteousness, lending Thy lustrous rays,—
Radiant, Thy bride shall wear, through the long age resplendent,
||: Glory immaculate—Thine own perfections' blaze! :||
- 4 Us wilt Thou contemplate—pearl of Thy heart's deep longing,
Travail of Thy lone soul, fruit of Thy wondrous cross!
Then wilt Thou rest in love! Thou wilt rejoice with singing,—
||: Rest in triumphant love, singing for joy o'er us! :||

Dr. H. L. Rossier: A. T. Eberhard and F. Allaben, trs.

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